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w. P. abbot







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RETALIATION.

NEW YORK,

BLISHED BY C.P. FESSINDEN 157 BROADWAY.

1881.

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John W. P. abbot







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RETALIATION.

POBLISHED BT C.P. FESSENDEN 157 BROADWAY 1881 .

BRITISH SATIRIST.

COMPRISING

THE BEST SATIRES

OF

'HE MOST CELEBRATED POETS,

FROM

Pope to Byron.

ACCOMPANIED BY

ORIGINAL CRITICAL NOTICES
OF THE AUTHORS

NEW-YORK:—CHARLES P. FESSENDEN, 157 BROADWAY.

MDCCCXXXI.

of Westfield. BOUND JAN 1 0 1910

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THE

BRITISH SATIRIST.



INTRODUCTION.

Among the infinite variety of compilations which have issued from the English Press, few of them, comparatively speaking, have been drawn from the literary stores presented by our satirical poets. We have innumerable volumes selected from the productions of every muse, but the muse of satire; and though no species of poetry affords stronger attractions, or, in a moral point of view, can be deemed more highly important, yet none has been so strangely and generally neglected by those who are accustomed towater for the amusement or instruction of the public. No English editor or publisher has hitherto bethought himself of a complete collection of satirical poetry; and a work, exclusively of that nature embracing all the higher productions of our best satirists, is still a disideratum in the list of our miscellaneous literature. The little volume now presented to the reader, can hardly be said to supply so obvious a want, but a cursory examination of the pieces it contains will be sufficient to prove, that so far as it goes, it is exceedingly complete. publishers, for reasons which the very portable size of the work will explain, have excluded all the older satirists, and have carried their selection no farther down than the era of Pope. For similar reasons they have omitted three celebrated productions, written in later times,-the satires of Young-the Baviad and Maviad of Gifford—and the well known poem entitled 'The Pursuits of Literature.' To have included these, though it might have added to the interest of the collection, would have both greatly increased its size, and too much enhanced its price,—objects at all times of which paramount importance, that they can never be over-looked in a publication of this kind. With the omission of those three pieces, however, the publishers flatter themselves that the work will still be found to be unique as a compilation; and if it does not comprise the whole body of British Satire, yet for the period which it embraces, it offers to the taste and discrimination of the lovers of that species of poetry, the most classical selection of pieces that has ever been published.

The authors of these pieces, for the most part, stand so high in the estimation of the public, and the merit of the poems themselves has been so long and so generally recognized, that any particular criticism would now be deemed superfluous. But it is the nature of satire to be so linked with the circumstances, manuers, and opinions of the times in which it was written, that without explanation or comment, the justice of its application, and the beauty of the verse in which it is conveyed, pass alike unperceived by the reader. For this

criticism tended but to rouse his dormant energies, and the malignity of the writer only provoked him to revenge. The effect which it produced, was afterwards well described by himself in a conversation with Cap-"When I first saw the review of my tain Medwin. Hours of Idleness," said his Lordship, "I was furious : in such a rage as I have never been in since. I dined that day with Scroope Davies, and drank three bottles of Claret to drown it; but it only boiled the more. That critique was a masterpiece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash in it, which was meant for humour, about people being thankful for what they could get,not looking a gift-horse of the mouth, and such stable expressions. The severity of the Quarterly had killed poor Keats, and neglect destroyed Kirke White: but I was made of different stuff, and tougher materials. So far from being bullied or deterred from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me. I set to work immediately, and in good earnest, and produced in a year 'The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' For the first four days after it was announced, I was very nervous about its fate. Generally speaking, the first fortnight decides the public opinion of a new book. This made a prodigious impression, more perhaps than any of my works, except 'The Corsair.' Such was the origin of this celebrated satire, which has been more read and admired, and has had a stronger effect on the fate of contemporaneous literary productions, and in fixing the character of various literary men, than any work of the kind since the Dunciad of Pope. In less than a year and a half it passed through four extensive editions, and being afterwards attempted tobe suppressed, the price of single copies rose to five guineas. Public interest was the more strongly excited, in consequence of its being known that the suppression was anxiously wished for by the author himself. The motives which prompted such a desire on his

Lordship's part, he afterwards explained to Captain Medwin as follows: "I will tell you my principal reason : I had good grounds to believe that Jeffrey, though perhaps really responsible for whatever appears in the Review, was not the author of the article which had given me offence. He disowned it; and though he would not give up the aggressor, he said he would convince me, if I ever came to Scotland, who the person was. But there was another reason that influenced me even more than my cooled resentment against Jeffrey, to suppress the poem. In the duel scene, I had unconsciously made part of the ridicule fall on Moore. The fact was, that there was no imputation on the courage of either of the principals. One of the balls fell out in the carriage, and was lost, and the seconds not having a farther supply, drew the remaining one." Wholly to suppress the work, however, proved quite unavailing. Galignani reprinted it in Paris, and a numerous impression was again circulated all over Europe.

Without being malignant, this poem is perhaps the severest satire in our language, and though his Lordship never retracted his opinion of the works of any of the authors who fell under the lash of his criticism, yet there can be little doubt he must often have regretted the literary crucifixion to which he had compelled many of them to submit. There is this to be said, however, in behalf of the satirist, that throughout the whole poem, he displays the most fearless impartiality. The high and the low are consigned with indiscriminate justice to the literary rack, and the joints of Sir Walter Scott are dislocated with the same merciless indifference, as those of Amos Cottle. It may be remarked also, that the victims are uniformly punished with dig nity; for no similar poem, except the Dunciad, so completely maintains, from its commencement to its close, the utmost elevation of thought, and the highest pomp of poetical expression. Probably to this circumstance, it may in some degree be owing, that so little resentment has been shown by any of the characters

satirised. None of them, with the exception of Dr. Southey, ever attempted to take literary revenge, and many of them afterward, even became the friends and correspondents of the satirist himself. The repentance which the noble author displayed in his attempt to suppress the poem, would no doubt have its due weight with some. But that no vindictive spirit should have afterward been exhibited, except in one solitary instance, shows, as his Lordship was accustomed to remark, that there are men, who can 'forgive and forget,' and the circumstance does honour to the literary temper of the age.

NEW MORALITY.

This elegant satire was originally contributed to a noted political work entitled the Anti-jacobin, started in London during the effervescence of the French Revolution, and conducted with great spirit and bitterness in opposition to a host of democratic Journals which at that time advocated, in their widest latitude, the political and moral principles of Voltaire, Rousseau, Condoret, and others of the French Philosophers. Mr. Canning is very generally understood to have supported the Anti-jacobin throughout, with occasional contributions, both in verse and prose; but the only around Morality.

The general scope of the satire in this piece is directed against a prevailing mania at that period, the great object of which was to push every principle in politics and morals to excess. The extravagant notions entertained on these topics by individuals, were propagated through a thousand channels by the press, and a species of moral and political furor raged from one end of the kingdom to the other. The system of opinions which became thus fashionable, was generally recognised by the affected title of The New Philosophy, but never was the name of Philosophy so abominably prostituted, and never was satire more justly directed than when it aimedat driving so vile a species of imposture and quackery

from the land. A poem on such a subject beh cessarily to be exceedingly general in its views. in New Morality the reader will find that ther much personality, and very little of the custon rulence of satirical writing,-the object of the being rather to convince by reasoning, than by invective. There is a fine strain of moral tion, however, breathed in every sentiment it c with which the elegance and dignity of the ve all times in admirable keeping. It conveys impression of the loftiest patriotism, while always endear it to every reader of real English and sound judgment. Though Mr. Canning he been otherwise known than as the author of th it would of itself have entitled him to rank a of genius. But it has so happened that politi left him little leisure to cultivate the muses, poetical talents have been either lost in the p higher aims, or obscured in the blaze of his o complishments. As an orntor, a statesman, ar he is acknowledged to be without a rival-Leisu has been wanting to constitute him also a pothis-and to verify the truth of his possessing versal genius which has been so justly ascribe

A FOETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY EPIST!
JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

In 1773, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell carreffect, a resolution, which they had formed years before, of paying a visit to the Hebridea afterward gave the result of their respective attention to the world, in separate publications, which appeared under the title of The Journ Tour to the Hebridea with Semuel Johnson, I unfortunately for himself, exhibited so many peculiarities which afterward distinguished hands but desultory labours on the Doctor's bid that, as a literary production, it excited very

ridicule among the wits of the day. Indeed, its general details went so minutely into the memorabilia (if the expression may be used) of Johnson's temper, person, and character, for the time being, and portrayed, upon the whole, so many incongruous and ludicrous features, that it could not fail to afford a handle for satire. It was next to impossible that such a volume, on such a subject, should escape mockery from the muses, but more particularly the muse of Peter Pindar. Accordingly, the public had hardly ceased to smile at Mr. Boswell's good-humeured egotism, with his literary and travelling absurdities, when their risible faculties were again called into action by the facetious Peter's Poetical and Congratulatory Epietle.

This poem, which is at once playfully humorous and bitterly sarcastic, is in Peter's happiest vein; and, smike many other personal satires, will at all times constitute a bonse bouche for the amateurs of that sort of writing. The characters, personal as well as literary, both of Johnson and Boswell, may be said to be now identified with the English language. He that is familiar with the one, must henceforth necessarily be familiar with the other. The ridicule in this instance, therefore, must, to an English reader, be just as fresh and piquant at the distance of a century, as it was at the very period in which it first dropped from the pen of its author.

BOZZY AND PLOZZI.

This mock-pastoral is generally allowed to be wrought up in the happiest manner of its author. The wit and ridicule it contains, are all directed against the absurd zeal displayed by Mr. Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi, in raking together so many minute and trifling incidents of fir. Johnson's life, and afterward retailing them in their respective Biographies of him. According to the argument of the poem "these two Parties are supposed by the author to have in contemplation the Lipe of Johnson, and to prove their biographical abilities, they are made to appeal to Sir John Hawkins (another Biogra-

pher of the Rambler) for his decision on their respective merits, by quotations (versified) from their printed anecdotes of the Doctor. Sir John hears them with uncommon patience, and determines very property on the pretensions of the contending parties." The reader will readily perceive how successfully the poet has executed this plan, and in how ludierous a light the contending Biographers are exhibited.

HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT.

As an official personage, Sir William Chambers was of no small note in his time, holding among other good gifts the Comptroller-Generalship of His Majesty's Works; but not contented with such solid advantages, Sir William must needs sigh after the "bubble reputation," and become an author. He accordingly published a bulky Dissertation on Oriental Gardening, in which he attempted to depreciate the natural designs of English Gardeners, and to introduce among his countrymen a taste for all 'the extravagant monstrosities usually exhibited in the Gardens of the Chinese. It was in ridicule of this ill-judged attempt that the Heroic Epistle was written, and the author completely succeeded in exposing the tasteless absurdity of Sir William, and his Eastern system. A fine vein of solemn irony, and delicate though keen satire, runs through the whole poem. But the Comptroller-General and his work are not the only objects of its derision. His patrons, the King and the Courtiers, are alike involved in the charge of barbarism and bad taste, and all are compelled to writhe under the lash of the poet's ridicule and wit.

It has never been completely determined who was the writer of this satire. A person of the name of M'Gregor, published it and took the credit of its authoship, but it is generally understood that the real authowas Mr. Mason the Poet. The Heroic postscript to tlpublic is a continuation of the poem by the same han on the same subject, and quite in the same spirit.

LONDON.

As a general satire, this poem is admitted to be one of the finest productions in the English language. it was originally published anonymously, but its merit was so conspicuous, that it reached a second edition in a single week, and at once stamped its author with the reputation of a man of genius. The biographers of Johnson state that he was then living in a sort of literary obscurity, as a mere contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine; and when he offered the poem to Mr. Cave, the publisher, it was "to dispose of for the benefit of the author, under very disadvantageous circumstances of fortune." "Cave," say they, "who had so much distinguished himself by his generous encouragement of poetry," communicated it to Dodsley, the bookseller, who had taste enough to perceive its merit, and who agreed to give ten guineas for the copyright; a sum utterly disproportioned to the author's labour and ingenuity; but he was actually in such distress, that the small profit which so short a poem could yield was counted as a "relief," and received with gratitude. It came out on the same morning with Pope's satire, entitled "1738,"—and the general inquiry was—Who, can be the author? Lyttleton, the instant it appeared, carried it in rapture to Pope, who then filled the poetical threne without a rival, and who was so struck with its merit, that he sought to discover the author, and prophesied his future fame, "Whoever he is," said he, "he will soon be deterre." Future events verified the prognostication, -and Johnson came afterward to be in the literary world, what Pope then was-Lord of the ascendant.

The peem of London breathes the true vehement and contemptuous indignation of its Roman prototype, the third satire of Juvenal. It blazes forth with original fire in the liveliness of its correspondent allusions, the energy of its expressions, and the frequency of its expressions, bowever, the English poet takes from the Roman nothing more than the authorit

napplicability of the con-

t, that he does so; but it is in places where the and the moral use are as applicable to London as the o ancient Rome. Boileau has imitated the same with great success, applying it to Paris as Johas applied it to London; but it is generally adon a comparison of the two poems, that the latter away the palm.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

In January 1749, eleven years after the publ of his London, Dr. Johnson gave to the world t cond imitation of the Roman Satirist, with his Though his reputation as an author had, in the val, been progressively advancing, yet he go Dodsley only fifteen guineas for the copy right, reservation to print one edition for his own This production, generally speaking, is not equ whole to his poem of London : but in some part it may be considered superior. It has less of c life and the exaggeration of party spirit,-more losophic dignity, and sublime morality; an beginning to end there is a nearer approximatio lony and energetic tone of the great Roman o Indeed it has been said by some that it chalk comparison with Juvenal in every line, and in

s riches, state-preferment, eloquence, military mg life, and beauty. For the characters which has chosen to illustrate his doctrine, Johnson stituted others from modern history. Owing to the of great modern examples, however, Johnson fewer characters than the Roman Satirist; se aptness of his allusions and the happiness of allels, he has succeeded wonderfully; and in strict truth it can hardly be said that he has dhis prototype, yet he has supported the compobly, and given to his ministion all the air of mal. The Vanity of Human Wishes is, withby, as high an effort of ethic poetry as any e can show.

THE ROSCIAD.

author of this poem is generally reputed the croises of English satirists. He is at all the most rough, vehement, and indiscriminate; and, the most manly and vigorous of any that I betwirt his own times and those of Pope. sciad, which was his first attempt in poetry, birth to the success which attended a similar by Lloyd, under the title of "The Actor," was published in 1760. The applause with nat poem was received, induced Churchill to owers in the same line, though on a more peran. Having been always fond of dramatic ments, he had been a constant attendant of the and an accurate observer of the several per-

His various observations on these he imverse, and gave to the public autorymously
under the title of The Roseias; but, as the
as invidiously ascribed to Thomson, Colman,
of, at that time the reigning triumvirate in the
f wit, he immediately reprinted it with his
id claimed the k-motive of a satirical post. Few
ave eyer been better received by the public,
incore generally read. The subject was fami
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paramount importance, that they can never be over looked in a publication of this kind. With the omissio of those three pieces, however, the publishers flatt themselves that the work will still be found to be uniques a compilation; and if it does not comprise the who hody of British Satire, yet for the period which it embraces, it offers to the taste and discrimination of the lovers of that species of poetry, the most classic selection of pieces that has ever been published.

The authors of these pieces, for the most part, star so high in the estimation of the public, and the me of the poems themselves has been so long and so gen rally recognized, that any particular criticism wou now be deemed superfluous. But it is the nature satire to be so linked with the circumstances, manner and opinions of the times in which it was written, the without explanation or comment, the justice of its a plication, and the beauty of the verse in which it is co veyed, pass alike unperceived by the reader. For the reason, the publishers have thought it necessary subjoin the following short explanatory notices of the various pieces in the volume.

ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

This caustic but beautiful poem, like many oth satires, had its origin in personal motives, and owes its bitterness to the vindictive feelings which prevail in the breast of its noble author at the time it w penned. In 1807, the first efforts of Lord Byron's mus were given to the public under the title of Hours Idleness. A general criticism on the contents of t volume appeared in the Edinburgh Review for Janu ry following, in which the critic, with uncomm virulence, arraigned both the poems and their author Few youthful productions, as these were represent to be, have ever been handled with more truculent set rity, and had the mind or disposition of their auth been fashioned after that of ordinary men, he must ha sunk at once under the castigation. Fortunately was not so with Lord Byron. The injustice of

criticism tended but to rouse his dormant energies, and the malignity of the writer only provoked him to revenge. The effect which it produced, was afterwards well described by himself in a conversation with Captain Medwin. "When I first saw the review of my Hours of Idleness," said his Lordship, "I was furious; in such a rage as I have never been in since. I dined that day with Scroope Davies, and drank three bottles of Claret to drown it; but it only boiled the more. That critique was a masterpiece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash in it, which was meant for humour, about people being thankful for what they could get,not looking a gift-horse in the mouth, and such stable expressions. The severity of the Quarterly had killed poor Keats, and neglect destroyed Kirke White: but I was made of different stuff, and tougher materials. So far from being bullied or deterred from writing, I was bent on falsifying their raven predictions, and determined to show them, croak as they would, that it was not the last time they should hear from me. I set to work immediately, and in good earnest, and produced in a year 'The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' For the first four days after it was announced, I was very nervous about its fate. Generally speaking, the first fortnight decides the public opinion of a new book. This made a prodigious impression, more perhaps than any of my works, except 'The Corsair.' Such was the origin of this celebrated satire, which has been more read and admired, and has had a stronger effect on the fate of contemporaneous literary productions, and in fixing the character of various literary men, than any work of the kind since the Dunciad of Pope. In less than a year and a half it passed through four extensive editions, and being afterwards attempted to be suppressed, the price of single copies rose to five guineas. Public interest was the more strongly excited, in consequence of its being known that the suppression was anxiously wished for by the author himself. The motives which prompted such a desire on his recommended thin, little, by a summended themselves to royal patronage, it we found that either the secondary patron, or the pottertained an antipathy to courts or courtiers any low Whatever, however, may have been the tergiver of this author as a politician, his merit as a poet very considerable. The State Dunces sufficiently that he possessed a manly strength of thought, rich vein of poetical expression.

ADVICE AND REPROOF.

All the essentials for satirical writing, were of cuous in the genius and temper of Smollett, and much to be regretted the tense productions are the poetical specimens of his talents in that line while ever gays to the world. It is true, every line of bears testimony to the poetical and literary prejof their author, but they abound in manly sent and indignant satire, expressed in the most fund indignant satire, expressed in the most fund elegant language. In 1746 Smollett beginterary career by publishing Advice, without his in 4to. In this performance he attacks, with severity of Juvenal, several individuals of ranfortune, who were suspected of some of the moous vices of the times; and indulges his ironic with no emall degree of freedom, in pointing out scorn and reproach of the nation, the most po

fice of general satirist, which he had unof the resentment which his poem might breasts of individuals; but he was little rough the whole course of his life, by s of prudence, and never intimidated from sentiments of public men, from the fear of erful enemies. Accordingly, in 1747, he proof, in 4to, as a second part of the satire In this new effort of his muse, which is all the energy of expression and acrimony thich distinguishes the first, he unkennels vith double severity, the whole pack of erds, army contractors, usurers, gamesters, mps and prostitutes; and not only renews on General Sir John Cope, the great obar dislike and abuse at that time, but also proceedings of the board of inquiry which a, in a strain of allegorical sarcasm and t cannot easily be exceeded. In short, the author of Advice and Reproof, appears ter of a disinterested and indignant censor of vile passions, the perpetrators of des, the dupes of folly, and the agents of ntion, and villany. He is keen, animated, nent, and indignant; but, in some instances, nfessed, his acrimony is too severe, his inviolent, and his chastisement too indiscrioduce reformation, which is undoubtedly iseworthy object of satire.

TASTS.

g, like Smollett, had qualifications both of mper, richly adapted for satisfical writing; sately, the little in that line which he hath, r sufficient to gratify curiosity, and to make at he did not do mose. His poem entitled general satire, levelled at all pretendent to in matters of literature. The cognition planting at them at second hand, pass judgilantly without understanding him, are

lashed with an unsparing hand; and those, who fashion sometimes raises to the rank of wits, witho any solid quality to support the spurious promotic are treated with equal severity. It must be confesse however, that though in general there is display great vigour of thought and expression in this poet there is little harmony in the numbers, and the subjet is not nearly so well treated as it has been by other Pope had already shone in precisely the same line, as with so fine an example before him, Armstrong shoul have done better. As it is, the piece merely rises above mediocrity. The satire is good, but the poem is unwo thy of the author of The Art of Preserving Health

A DAY.

In this production, as in the poem of Taste, there a spirited conciseness, a lively representation of charaters, and a certain sprightliness and turn of wit, whi gives pleasure to the reader; but at the same tin there is a great want of harmony and polish in t verse; a circumstance which can only be ascribed carelessness in the author; for no poet, in his high efforts, ever exhibited a finer ear for smooth and he monious versification. His poem entitled "The Art Preserving Health," is in this respect, beyond all prais That poem, as a didactic composition, it is well know ranks with the productions of Lucretius, Horace, V gil, Vida, and Boileau; while, for the elegance m harmony of its language, it is not surpassed by ar piece of blank verse in the English language. But other poet, perhaps, exhibits greater irregularities the stamp of perfection in every line, others can hardly deemed superior to the productions of mediocrity.

ON POETRY-A BHAPSODY.

Of all the efforts of the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's muse, this production is allowed to possess the lighest merit, and to exhibit the most sustained fligh of poetical expression. What renders this the more re-

i, is, that it was written at a period marked by ace of infirmities and constitutional irritability, all his faculties, both mental and bodily, were g to decline. It was produced in 1733, and was by the antipathy which he bore to Sir Robert and the Royal Family. The strain of the ironical, and it is so admirably kept up, that ually received the thanks of the Royal Family assages of praise addressed to them in the he most singular instance of obtuseness of mrhaps on record. It has been well remarked an, as a poet, that his numbers and the coincinis rhymes, always correct and natural, though apected, distinguish the current of his compothich exhibit otherwise no mark of the diffih which these graces are attained. In respect too, he seldom elevates his tone above a satiribe, or moral lesson, or a poem on manners.
es, however, the intensity of his satire gives to y a character of emphatic violence, which pon grandeur. Such is peculiarly the characthe Rhapsody on Poetry. Yet this grandeur 1, not on sublimity either of conception or exbut upon the energy of both, and indicates dour of temper, than power of imagination. tignatio versus. The elevation of tone arises strong mood of passion, rather than from po-Swift himself accounted the Rhapeody cy. atire, and surely with great justice.

THE LEGION CLUB.

I an almost general resistance having been Ireland against the tithe of pasturage, the Commons interposed so effectually in behalf ople, that the clergy were intimidated from nd courts of law deterred from receiving, suits ground. This circumstance, combined with a similar kind, which occurred at the same leed Swift and many of his brethren to regarding Itish House of Commons as determmed

roused, and he gave vent to it in mon nant poetical saire. But the productied greatest attention was the poem of the soon as it appeared, it excited a uninumerous prosecutions were threaten actually took place.

In this production, it seems almost in poet should have sustained the extrem vective with which the description of he descends from general to individ line has the sting of a hornet; and it though written in old age and under the case, may be pronounced the most ani and bitter composition that ever came its author. Independent of its satir poem is also remarkable as being the lany length or importance which the trick composed.

LIFE AND DEATH OF DEAN

The subject of these verses, which e compound of knowledge of mankind, at thropy, is founded upon the well-kn Rochefoucault, "That we find something in the misfortunes of our best fr



INTRODUCTION.

XXV

more than any other part of the poem, ordered Faulkeper, the famous Dublin bookselfer, to publish another edition; and accordingly, a full and genuine copy of these verses, with copious notes upon the political allusions, was given to the world. Apart from the satire which it contains, there is in this composition all the merit which belongs to the happier portion of Swift's poetical writings. Of these, in general, it has been said by Dr. Johnson, in language not to be amended, that "they are often humorous, almost always light, and have the qualities which recommend such compositions—easiness and gayety. They are, for the most part, what their author intended. The diction is correct, the numbers are smooth, and the rhymes exact. There seldom occurs a hard-laboured expression, or a redundant epithet; all his verses exemplify his own definition of a good style—they consist of 'proper words i.i proper places.' "

THE DUNCIAD.

This celebrated satire was written by Pope in ridicule of a host of contemporaries, who had previously attacked either himself or his writings, through the riedium of the press. It is computed that prior to its publication, not less than sixty different libels, books, rapers, and copies of verses, had been published in abuse of him, by Dennis, Gildon, Burnet, Ducket, Preston, Mrs. Centlivre, Griffin, Welsted, Cooke, Mrs. Haywood, Oldmixon, Smedley, James Moore, Smith, Theobald, and various others. Those who were "chiefh poets, or pretanders to poetry," had joined their frees together, and produced a volume called the Fopiad, a considerable portion of which was employed ir pointing out the mistakes alleged to have been comatted by him in his translation of Homer. But their resentment was not merely confined to a paper war. They proceeded often to threats of personal violence, ard endeavoured to keep him in a state of continual alum. Of the probability of the latter too, some of th m availed themselves to raise a ridiculous report

that he had been seized one evening in Ham walks, and whipped naked with rods. "Thus attacked on all sides," says one of his biographers, "it would have been fruitless for Pope to have attempted to defend himself and his writings against every individual. Neither the variety and importance of his occupations, the state of his health, nor the claims of affection and friendship, could have admitted of such a sacrifice. He. therefore, determined to take them in the mass, and as sail the whole hive of hierary hornets, and to pour out the vial of his wrath in one full portion. To this reso-lution we are indebted for the Dunciad."

To have produced such a poem as this from any materials, would have been sufficient praise to any author; but to have extracted and formed from the most worthless and noxious of created things, from the partizens of envy, malignity and dulmess, a work of such abundant fancy and inexhaustible wit, and to have compelled his adversaries to unite together, in crecting an imperishable monument to their own disgrace. may justly be considered as one of the happiest instances of the power of genius. This satire, beyond any other perhaps of its author's productions, displays the full force and effect of his poetical powers, the fertility of his invention, the variety of his illustrations, the unrivalled facility and force of his diction, and his perfect acquaintance with every excellence of this art.

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: ENGLISH BARDS

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS.



PREFACE.

ny friends, learned and unlearned, have urged to publish this Satire with my name. If I were turn'd from the career of my humour by quibick, and paper bullets of the brain," I should mplied with their counsel. But I am not to be by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or withs. I can safely say that I have attacked none lly who did not commence on the offensive. As a works are public property; he who purchases dge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and how I have endeavoured to commemorate may se as I have done by them; I dare say they will better in condemning my scribbings, than ing their own. But my object is not to prove that Title well, but, if possible, to make others write

- e Poem has met with far more success than I d, I have endeavoured in this Edition to make ditions and alterations, to: ender it more worthy is perusal.
- s First Edition of this Satire, published anony, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Poperitten and inserted at the request of an ingenicus of mine, who has now in the press a volume of In the present Edition they are erased, and my own substituted in their stead; my only reathis being that, which I conceive would operate y other person in the same manner, a determinate publish with my name any production which tentirely and exclusively my own composition.

PREFACE

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the Author that there can be but little difference of opinion in the Public at large; though, like other sectaries, each line his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are overrated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured, renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten; perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the Author, that some known and able writer had undertaken fheir exposure, but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to MASSINGER, and in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatmen of the mulady. A caustic is here offered, as it is to b feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevaled and distressing rabies for rhyming. -As to the Edin burgh Reviewers, it would, indeed, require a Herould to crush the Hydra; but if the Author succeeds merely "bruising one of the heads of the serpent themselves are the server of the server. though his own hand should suffer in the encount he will be amply satisfied.

1 St. W. Co.

ENGLISH BARDS

AND

SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse *FITEBERALD bawl His creaking couplets in a tavern hall, And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch Reviews Should dub me Scribbler, and denounce my Muse? Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong; Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song.

Oh! Nature's noblest gift—my gray goose-quill! Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will, Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen. That mighty instrument of little men! The pen! foredoomed to aid the mental throes of brains that labour, big with Verse or Prose, Though Nymphs forsake, and Critics may deride, The Lover's solace, and the Author's pride. What Wits! what Poets dost thou daily raise! How frequent is thy use, how small thy praise!

* IMPLATION.

"Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamns reponam
"Vexatus totles rauci Theseide Codri?"

Javenal, Satire I.

Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the "Small Beer Poet," inflicts his annual tribute of verse on the "Literary Fund;" not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

Condemned at length to be forgotten quite, With all the pages which 'twas thine to write. But thou, at least, mine own especial pen! Once laid aside, but now resum'd again, Our task complete, like Hamet's shall be free; Tho' spurned by others, yet beloved by me: Then let us soar to-day, no common theme, No eastern vision, no distempered dream Inspires—our path, though full of thorns, is plain; Smooth be the verse, and easy be the strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sovireign sway, And men, through life her willing slaves, obey; When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime, Unfolds her motley store to suit the time; When Knaves and Fools combined o'er all prevail, When Justice halts, and Right begins to fail, E'en then the boldest start from public sneers, Afraid of Shame, unknown to other fears. More darkly sin, by Satire kept in awe, And shrink from Ridicule, though not from Law,

Such is the force of Wit! but not belong
To me the arrows of satiric song:
The royal vices of our age demand
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,
And yield at least amusement in the race:
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame,
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game:
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and amall,
Ode! Epic! Elegy!—have at you all!
I too, can serawl, and once upon a time
I poured along the town a flood of rhyme,
A school-boy freak, unworthy praise or blame:
I printed—older children do the same.

^{*} Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen in the last chapter of Don Quixote. Oh! that our voluntious gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengelf.

**Amat, sure, to see one's name in print; 'as Book, altho' there's nothing in't.

It a Title's sounding charm can save wlor scribbler from an equal grave:

AMBE must own, since his Patrician name o preserve the spurious Farce from shame.*

ter, GEORGE continues still to write,†

w the name is veiled from public sight.

by the great example I pursue

same road, but make my own review:

great JEFFERY's, yet like him will be situued Judge of Poesy.

n must serve his time to ev'ry trade nsure, Critics all are ready made, ekneyed jokes from Miller, got by rote, st enough of learning to misquote; well skilled to find or forge a fault, or punning, call it Attic salt; "EFF go, be silent and discreet, is just ten sterling pounds per sheet: to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit, not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit; for feeling—pass your proper jest, id a Critic hated yet careased.

nall we own such judgment? no—as soon es in December—ice in June; nstancy in wind, or corn in chaff, a woman, or an epitaph, ther thing that's false, before in Critics who themselves are sore; one single thought to be misled REY's heart, or LAMBE'S Bœotian heasl.?

ingenuous youth is mentioned more particularly, avoluction, in another place.

• Edinburgh Review.

rs. Jeffrey & Lambe are the Alpha and Omega, the last, of the Edinburgh Review; the others are discrete.

But yet so near all modern working.
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
'Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our Bards and Censors are so much alike.

†Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er The path that Pore and Girronn trod before? If not yet sickened, you can still proceed; Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days Ignoble themes obtained mistaken praise, When Sense and Wit with Poesy allied, No fabled Graces, flourished side by side, From the same fount their inspiration drew, And, rear'd by Taste, bloomed lairer as they grew. Then, in this happy Isle, a Pork's pure strain Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in van A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim, And rais'd the people's, as the poet's fame. Like him great DRYDEN poured the tide of song In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong. Then CONGREYE'S scenes could cheer, or Ory For Nature then an English audience felt. But why these names, or greater still, retrace, When all to feebler Bards resign their place?

ingering looks are cast, with those times are past. urn each trifling page, orks that please the age; satire's self allow, n be complained of now: th her labour groans, ake their weary bones, s cram the creaking shelves, shine in hot-pressed twelves,

her;* "nought beneath the sun change to change we run.
empt us as they pass!
s, Galvanism, and Gas,
e the vulgar stare
ursts—and all is air!
if Poetry arise,
grapple for the prize:
e Pseudo-bards prevail;
ib bows the knee to Baal,
enius from the throne,
l of its own:
whom it matters not,
y down to grovelling Stott.†

t in the "Morning Post" by the erson is at present the most prothos. I remember, when the reigna special ode of Master Stott's bo-

uond Hibernia.)
'ing of Braganza,
ec with a Stanza." &c. &c.
well worthy of the subject, and a
mmencing as follows:
ay! loud as the surge
apland's sounding shore."
'the "Lay of the Last Minstre!"

Behold! in various throngs the scribbling crew, For notice eager, pass in long review; Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace, And Rhyme and Blank maintain an equal race; Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on ode; And Tales of Terror jostle on the road; Immeasurable measures move along, For simpering Folly loves a varied song, To strange mysterious Dullness still the Iriend, Admires the strain she cannot comprehend. Thus Lays of Minstrels*—may they be the last!—On half-strung harps whine mournful to the blast, While mountain spirits prate to river sprites, That dames may listen to the sound at nights;

* See the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," passim. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the ground-work of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning prologuising to Bayes' Fragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, "a stark moss-trooper," videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of this magical lady's injunction not to read, can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although to use his own elegant phrase, "twas his neck verse at hairibee," I. e. the gallows.

The biography of Gilion Horner, and the marvellous pe-

The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as last as this master's horse, without the aid of seven leagued boots, are cheddauvres in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear, bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a Knight and Charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful Boxeslers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money, and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his gentus which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black letter bailed imitations.

And goblin brats of Gilpin Horner's brood Decoy young Border-nobles through the wood, And skip at every step, Lord knows how high, And frighten foolish bubes, the Lord knows why, While high-born ladies in their magic cell, Porbidding Knights to read who cannot spell, Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave, And fight with honest men to shield a knave.

è

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan, The golden-crested haughty Marmion, Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight, Not quite a Felon, yet but half a Knight, The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scorr! by vain conceit perchance, On public taste to foist thy stale romance, Though MURRAY with his MILLER may combine To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line? No! when the sons of song descend to trade, Their Bays are sear, their former laurels fade. Let such forego the poet's sacred name, Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame; Low may they sink to merited contempt, And scorn remunerate the mean attempt ! Such be their meed, such still the just reward Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard! For this we spurn Apollo's venal son. And bid a long "good night to Marmion."*

These are the themes that claim our plaudits now; These are the Bards to whom the Muse must bow: While MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE, alike forgot, Resign their hallowed Bays to WALTER SCOTT.

The time has been, when yet the Muse was young, When Homen swept the lyre, and Mano sung

"Good night to Marmion"—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Bleunt, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

An Epic scarce ten centuries could claim, While awe-struck nations hailed the magic na The work of each immortal Bard appears The single wonder of a thousand years.* Empires have mouldered from the face of earth, Tongues have expired with those who gave them bi Without the glory such a strain can give, As even in ruin bids the language live. Not so with us, though minor Bards content, On one great work a life of labour spent; With eagle pinion soaring to the skies, Behold the Ballad-monger Southey rise! To him let Camoens, Militon, Tasso, yield, Whose annual strains, like armies, take the field. First in the rank see Joan of Arc advance, The scourge of England and the boast of France: Though burnt by wicked BEDFORD for a witch. Behold her statue placed in Glory's niche; Her fetters burst, and just released from prison, A virgin Phenix from her ashes risen. Next see tremendous Thalaba come on, t Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wond'rous son; Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'erthrew More mad magicians than the world e'er knew. Immortal Hero! all thy foes o'ercome, For ever reign-the rival of Tom Thumb!

As the Odyssey is so closely connected with the sterthe Illad, they may almost be classed as one grand his cal poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we comthe "Paradise Lost," and "Gierusalemme Laberata, their standard efforts, since neither the "Jerusalem of quered" of the Italian, nor the "Paradise Regained" of English Bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will am

[†] Thalaba, Mr. Southey's second poem, is written defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S wished duce something movel, and succeeded to a miracy of Arc was mervellous enough, but Thalaba those poems, "which," in the words of Porsread when Homer and Virgil are forgotten,"

ce startled metre fled before thy face. il wert thou doomed the last of all thy race! Il might triumphant Genii bear thee hence. strious conqueror of common sense! w, last and greatest, Madoc spreads his sails. rique in Mexico, and Prince in Wales; ls us strange tales, as other travellers do. re old than Mandeville's and not so true. ! Souther! Souther!* cease thy varied song! Sard may chaunt too often and too long: thou art strong in verse, in mercy spare ! ourth, alas! were more than we could bear. if in spite of all the world can say, ou still wilt verseward plod thy weary way ; till in Berkley Ballads most uncivil, ou wilt devote old women to the devil+ : habe unborn thy dread intent may rue : od help thee" Southey, and thy readers too.

ext comes the dull disciple of thy school, a mild apostate from poetic rule, simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay, oft as evening in his favourite May,

We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: "Madoc disdains the aded title of epic." See his preface. Why is Epic deed? And by whom? Certainly the late Romaunts of ors Cottle, Laureat Pye, Oglivy, Hole, and gentle Misi-Cowley, have not exalted the Epic Muse; but as Mr. hey's poem "disdains the appellation," allow us to ask s he substituted any thing better in its stead? or must a content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore, in the quanss well as quality of his verse?

See "The Old Woman of Berkley," a Ballad by Mr.

See "The Old Woman of Berkley," a Ballad by Mr. hey, whereh an aged gentlewoman is carried away by zebub, on a "high trotting horse."

The last line, "God help thee," is an evident plagiafrom the Anti-jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dacty-

iod help thee, silly one."-Poetry of the Anti-jacobin,

Who warns his friend "to shake off toil and trouble, And quit his books for fear of growing double;" Who both by precept and example shows That prose is werse, and verse is merely prose. Convincing all, by demonstration plain, Poetic souls delight in prose insane; And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme Contain the essence of the true sublime: Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Fog. The tilot mother of "an idiot boy;" A moon-struck silly lad who lost his way. And, like his bard, confounded night with day; So close on each pathetic part he dwells, and each adventure so sublimely tells, That all who view the "idiot in his glory," Conceive the Bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleands pass unnoticed here. To turgid ode, and turnid stanza dear? Though themes of innoceace amuse him best, Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest. If Inspiration should her aid refuse To him who takes a Pixy for a muse,† Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass The bard who soars to elegize an ass.

Lyrical Ballads, page 4—"The tables turned." Stanss
"Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks,
"Why all this toil and trouble ?
"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books.

"Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
"Or surely you'll grow double"

Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove that proand verse are much the same, and certainly his precepts an practice are strictly conformable.

"And thus to Betty's question he

"Made answer like a traveller bold,
"Made answer like a traveller bold,
"The cock did crow to-whoo, to-whoo,
"And the sun did shine so cold." &c. &c.
Lyrical Ballads, page 122

† Coleridge's Poems, page 11. Songs of the Pixies, i. e Devonshire Fairies: p. 42, we have "Lines to a youn Lady," and p. 52, "Lines to a young Ass."



AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

How well the subject suits his noble mind! "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.

Oh! wonder-working Lewis! Monk or Bard,
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a churchyard!
Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy brow,
Thy Muse a Sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy stand,
By gibb'ring spectres hailed, thy kindred band;
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,
To please the females of our modest age,
All hail, M. P. !* from whose infernal brain
Thin sheeted phantoms glide, a gristly train;
At whose command "grim women" throng in crowds,
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,
With "small gray men,"—"wild yagers," and what
not.

To crown with honour, thee, and WALTER SCOTT: Again all hail! if tales like thine may please, St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease; Even Satan's self with thee might dread to dwell, And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir
Of Virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion flushed,
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames are
hushed?

'Tis LITTLE! young Catullus of his day,
As sweet, but as immoral in his lay!
Grieved to condemn, the Muse must still be just,
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar burns;
From grosser incense with disgust she turns:
Yet, kind to youth, this expiation o'er,
She bids thee "mend thy line and sin no more."

[&]quot;For every one knows little Matt's an M. P."—See a Poem to Mr. Lewis, in The Statesman, supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,
To whom such glittering ornaments belong,
Hibernian Stransgord! with thine eyes of blue,
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustien half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine nuthor's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place,
By dressing Camoenst in a suit of lace?
Wend, Stransgord! mend thy morals and thy Taste;
Be warm, but pure, be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfered harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy Moore.

In many marble-covered volumes view
HAYLEY in vain attempting something new:
Whether he spins his comedies in rhyme,
Or, scrawl, as Woon and BARCLAY walk, 'gainst time
His style in youth or age is still the same;
For ever feeble and for ever tame.
Triumphant first see "Temper's Triumphs" shine!
At least I'm sure they triumphed over mine.
Of "Music's Triumpha" all who read may swear
That luckless music never triumphed there.

^{&#}x27;The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this may refer to "Strangford's Camoens," page 127, note to page 56, or to the last page of the Edinburgh; Review of Strangford's Camoens.

[†] It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as Poems of Camoens, are no more to be found in the original Portuguese, that in the Song of Solomon.

Hayley's two most notorious verse productions as:
"Triumphs of Temper," and "Triumphs of Muste." He
has also written much Cornedy in Rhyme, Epistles, &c. &c.
As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biograph,
let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley, to Mr. H.
consideration: viz. "to convert his poetry into prewhich may be easily done by taking away the final syllabof each counlet.

Moravians rise! bestow some meet reward On dull devotion—lo! the Sabbath Bard, Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime, In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to rhyme; Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke, And boldly pilters from the Pentateuch; And, undisturbed by conscientious qualms, Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the Psalms.*

Hail Sympathy! thy soft idea brings A thousand visions of a thousand things, And shows, dissolv'd in thine own melting tears, The maudlin Prince of mournful sonneteers. And art thou not their Prince, harmonious Bowles! Thou first, great oracle of tender souls? Whether in sighing winds thou seek'st relief. Or consolation in a yellow leaf; Whether thy muse most lamentably tells What merry sounds proceed from Oxford Bells, † Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend, In every chime that jingled from Ostend? Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap, If to thy bells thou would'st but add a cap! Delightful BowLEs! still blessing, and still blest, All love thy strain, but children like it best. "Tis thine, with gentle LITTLE's moral song, To sooth the mania of the amorous throng! With thee our nursery damsels shed their tears, Era Miss, as yet, completes her infant years: But in her teens thy whining powers are vain; She quits poor Bowles, for LITTLE's purer strain. Now to soft themes thou scornest to confine The lofty numbers of a harp like thine; "Awake a louder and a loftier strain," Such as none heard before, or will again!

^{*}Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of Cant, under the name of "Sabbath Walks," and "Biblical Pictures."

*Bee Bowles' Sonnets, &c. — "Sonnet to Oxford," and Banxas on hearing the Bells of Ostend."

*"Awake a louder," &c. &c., is the first line in Bowles'

Where all discoveries jumbled from the flood, Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud. By more or less, are sung in every book, From Captain Noan down to Captain Coor Nor this alone, but pausing on the road, The Bard sighs forth a gentle episode;* And gravely tells-attend each beauteous Miss ! When first Madeira trembled to a kiss. Bowles! in thy memory let this precept dwell, Stick to thy Sonnets, man! at least they sell. But if some new-born whim, or larger bribe, Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for a scribe If 'chance some bard, though once by dunces fear'd Now, prone in dust, can only be revered; If Pope, whose fame and genius from the first Have foiled the best of critics, needs the worst, Do thou essay : each fault, each failing scan : The first of poets was, alas! but man! Rake from each ancient dunghill ev'ry pearl, Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in CURLL : Let all the scandals of a former age, Perch on thy pen and flutter o'er thy page: Affect a candour which thou canst not feel, Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal ; Write, as if St. John's soul could still inspire, And do for hate, what MALLET did for hire.

"Spirit of Discovery;" a very spirited and pretty dwaff Epic. Among other exquisite lines, we have the following:— "A kiss

"Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet

"Here heard; they trembled even as if the power," &c.
That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss, very modastonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon

The Episode above alluded to, is the story of "Blobed a Machin," and "Anna d'Arfet," a pair of constant loven, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

† Curil is one of the Heroes of the Dunciad, and was bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Harvey, author of "Lines to the Imitator of Horace."

I Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after

Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with DENNIS, and with RALPH to rhyme,*
Thronged with the rest around his living head,
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead,
A meet reward had crowned thy glorious gains,
And linked thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.†

Another Epic; who inflicts again More books of blank upon the sons of men? Beetian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast. Imports old stories from the Cambrian coast, And sends his goods to market—all alive! Lines forty thousand, Cantos twenty-five! Fresh fish from Helicon! who'll buy? who'll buy? The precious bargain's cheap—in faith not I. Too much in turtle Bristol's sons delight, Too much o'er bowls of Rack prolong the night: If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the brain, And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain. In him an author's luckless lot behold! Condemned to make the books which once he sold. Oh! Amos Cottle!-Phœbus! what a name To fill the speaking trump of future fame !-Oh! Amos Cottle: for a moment think What meagre profits spring from pen and ink! When thus devoted to poetic dreams, Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?
Oh! pen perverted! paper misapplied! Rad Correct still adorned the counter's side.

his decesse, because the Poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke (the Patriot King,) which that Plendid, but malignant genius, had ordered to be destroyed.

Dennis, the critic, and Ralph the rhymester.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howle,

Kilence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howle,

Kilence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howle,

Ralph Bowles! late edition of Papels works for which here

22

11

t See Bowles' late edition of Pope's works, for which he seeleved 3000; thus Mr. B. has experienced how much earlier is in to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

1 Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one

Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils, Been taught to make the paper which he soils, Ploughed, delved, or plied the our with lusty limb, He had not sung of Wules, nor I of him.

As Sisyphus against the infernal steep Rolls the huge rock, whose motions ne'er may sleep, So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond! heaves Dull Maunton* all his granke weight of leaves: Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain! The petrifactions of a plodding brain, That ere they reach the top fall lumbering back again.

With broken lyre and cheek serenely pale,
Lo! sad Alexus wanders down the vale!
Though fair they rose, and might have bloomed at last.
His hopes have perished by the Northern blast:
Nipped in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!
O'er his lost works let classic Sheffeld weep:
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep;

Yet say! why should the Bard, at once, resign His claim to favour from the sacred Nine! For ever startled by the mingled how! Of Northern wolves that still in darkness prowl;

or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and nor writers of books that do not sell, have published a pair of Epics. "Alfred," (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!) "Alfred," and the "Pail of Cambria."

Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component pure of a pondecous quarte, upon the beauties of "Richmond Ilin," and the like:—It also takes in a charming view of Turnhers Green, Hammeranith, Brentford, Old and New, and Usparis adjacent.

Poor Montgomery! though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. Affill, the Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable manifels "Bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable manifels" bis "Wanderer of Switzerland" is worth a thousand "Lajrical Ballada," and at least fifty "Degraded Epics."

A coward brood which mangle as they prey, By hellish instinct, all that cross their way:
Aged or young, the living or the dead,
No mercy find,—these harpies must be fed.
Why do the injured unresisting yield
The calm possession of their native field?
Why tamely thus before their fangs retreat,
Nor hunt the bloodhounds back to Arrhur's seat?

Health to immortal JEFFREY! once, in name, England could boast a judge almost the same: In soul so like, so merciful, yet just, Some think that Satan has resigned his trust, And given the Spirit to the world again, To sentence Letters, as he sentenced men. With hand less mighty, but with heart as black, With voice as willing to decree the rack; Bred in the Courts betimes, though all that law As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw, Since well instructed in the patriot school To rail at party, though a party tool, Who knows? if chance his patrons should restore Back to the sway they forfeited before, His scribbling toils some recompense may meet, And raise this DANIEL to the Judgment seat. Let JEFFRIES' shade indulge the pious hope, And greeting thus, present him with a rope; "Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind! "Skilled to condemn as to traduce mankind. "This cord receive! for thee reserved with care, "To wield in judgment, and at length to wear."

Health to great JEFFREY! Heaven preserve his life, To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife, And guard it sacred in his future wars, Since Authors sometimes seek the field of Mars! Can none remember that eventful day, That eyer glorious, almost fatal fray,

Arthur's seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

When LITTLE's leadless pistol met his eye, And Bow-street Myrmidons stood laughing by Oh! day disastrous! on her firm set rock, Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock; Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth, Low grouned the startled whirlwinds of the North; Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear, The other half pursued its calm career ;f ARTHUR's steep summit nodded to its base, The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place; The Tolbooth felt-for marble sometimes can, On such occasions, feel as much as man-The Tolbooth felt defrauded of her charms, If JEFFREY died, except within her arms : 1 Nay, last not least, on that portentous morn The sixteenth story where himself was born, His patrimonial garret fell to ground, And pale Edina shuddered at the sound : Strewed were the streets around with milk-white reams, Flowed all the Cannongate with inky streams; This of his candour seemed the sable dew. That of his valour showed the bloodless hue.

^{*} In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm The duel was prevented by the interference of the Magie racy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols, like the courage of the combatants, were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggery in the Daily Prints.

[†] The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

I This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth, (the principal prison in Edinburgh,) which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front, might have rendered the Edice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

And all with justice deemed the two combined The mingled emblems of his mighty mind. But Caledonia's Goddess hovered o'er The field, and saved him from the wrath of MOORE; From either pistol snatched the vengeful lead. And straight restored it to her favourite's head. That head, with greater than magnetic power, Caught it, as Danae caught the golden shower, And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine, Augments its ore, and is itself a mine. "My son," she cried, "ne'er thirst for gore again, "Resign the pistol, and resume the pen; "O'er politics and poesy preside, "Boast of thy country, and Britannia's guide! "For long as Albion's heedless sons submit, "Or Scottish taste decides on English wit, "So long shall last thine unmolested reign, "Nor any dare to take thy name in vain. "Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan, "And own thee chieftain of the critic clan. "First in the ranks illustrious shall be seen "The travelled Thane-Athenian Aberdeen !* "HERBERT shall wield Thor's hammer, t and sometime "In gratitude thou'lt praise his rugged rhymes. "Smug Sydney too thy bitter page shall seek, "And classic HALLAMS much renowned for Greek.

• His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athen. Soc., and reviewer of Gell's Topography of Troy of Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry One of the principal pieces is a "Song on the recovery o" Thor's Hammer;" the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:

"Instead of money and rings, I wot,
"The hammer's bruises were her lot—

"Thus Odin's son his hammer got"

The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymer's Letters and smally criticisms.

Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.

Mr. Hallam reviewed Psyno Knight's Taste, and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein: it was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press redered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands a everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.

- "Scorr may perchance his name and influence lend,
- "And paltry PILLANS" shall traduce his friend.
- "While gay Thalia's luckless votary, LAMBE, †
- "As he himself was damned, shall try to damn.
- "Known be thy name, unbounded be thy sway! "Thy HOLLAND's banquets shall each toil repay;
- "While grateful Britain yields the praise she owes
- "To HOLLAND's hirelings, and to Learning's foes.
- "Yet mark one caution, ere thy next Review
- "Spreads its light wings of Saffron and of Blue,
- "Beware lest blundering BROUGHAMI destroy the sale
- "Turn Beef to Bannocks, Cauliflowers to Kail." Thus having said, the kilted Goddess kist

Her son, and vanished in a Scottish mist.\$

The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused seeing that he never dineth at Holland house.-If this ! true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions—If he did not review lord Holland's performance, I am glad, because it must have been painful to read and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the test. provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse; till then Hallam must stand for want of a better

" Pillans is a tutor at Eton.

† The honourable G. Lambe reviewed " Beresford's Miseries," and is, moreover, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stammore; and damned with great expedition at the late Theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled "Whistle for It."

† Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV. of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, he displayed more politics than policy: many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscrip-

It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed but a borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom, from

Trent to Tay-so be it.

6 I ought to apologize to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice; but alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's istrious Holland! hard would be his lot nirelings mentioned, and himself forgot! .AND, with HENRY PETTY at his back. whipper-in and huntsman of the pack. be the banquets spread at Holland House. e Scotchmen feed, and Critics may carouse! , long beneath that hospitable roof. Grub-street dine, while duns are kept aloof. onest HALLAM lay aside his fork. me his pen, review his Lordship's work. rrateful to the founder of the feast. re his landlord can translate at least !* din! view thy children with delight, write for food, and feed because they write: est, when heated by the unusual grape, glowing thoughts should to the press escape, inge with red the female reader's cheek, idy skims the cream of each critique; hes o'er the page her purity of soul, ms each error and refines the whole. †

w to the Drama turn—oh! motley sight! precious scenes the wondering eyes invite!

s, it being well known there is no genius to be found Clackmannan to Caithness; yet without supernatural y, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The uational "kelect. are too unpoetical, and the "brownies" and "gude ours," (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extrime. A goddess, therefore, has been called for the purand great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing is only communication he ever held, or is likely to with any thing heavenly.

rd H. has translated some specimens of Love de Vega, ed in his life of the author: both are bepraised by his erested guests.

artain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having dislar matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review: howhat may be, we know from good authority, that the cripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt for corn. Puns, and a Prince within a barrel pent,* And DIBDIN's nonsense, yield complete content. Though now, thank heaven! the Rosciomania's o'er And full-grown actors are endured once more : Yet, what avails their vain attempts to please, While British critics suffer scenes like these? While REYNOLDS vents his "dammes, poohs," a " zounds,"t

And common place, and common sense confounds? While Kenny's World, just suffered to proceed, Proclaims the audience very kind indeed? And BEAUMONT's pilfered Caratach affords A tragedy complete in all but words ?# Who but must mourn, while these are all the rage, The degradation of our vaunted stage? Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent gone? Have we no living bard of merit?-none?

Awake, George Colman, Cumberland, awak Ring the alarum bell, let folly quake! Oh! SHERIDAN! if aught can move thy pen, Let Comedy resume her throne again, Abjure the mummery of German schools, Leave new Pizarros to translating fools; Give, as thy last memorial to the age, One classic drama, and reform the stage. Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear her head, Where GARRICK trod, and KEMBLE lives to tread? On those shall Farce display Buffoonery's mask, And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask? Shall sapient managers new scenes produce From CHERRY, SKEFFINGTON, and Mother GOOSE,

^{*} In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is cla into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed !

¹ All these are favourite expressions of Mr. R. and pronoun in his Comedies, living and defunct.

1 Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane The tre, stripped the Tragedy of Bonduca of the Dialogue, a exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Caractacus,—We this worthy of his sire, or of himself?

While SHAKSPEARE, OTWAY, MASSINGER, forgot, On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot? Lo! with what pomp the daily prints proclaim The rival candidates for Attic fame! In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise. Still SEEFINGTON and GOOSE divide the prize. And sure great SEEFFINGTON must claim our praise, For skirtless coats, and skeletons of plays Renowned alike: whose genius ne'er confines Her flight to garnish GREENWOOD's gay designs;* Nor sleeps with "Sleeping Beauties," but anon In five facetious acts comes thundering on,† While poor John Bull, bewildered with the scene, Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean; But as some hands applaud, a venal few, Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now, ah! wherefore should we turn To what our fathers were, unless to mourn? Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame, Or, kind to dulness, do ye fear to blame? Well may the nobles of our present race Watch each distortion of a Nald's face; Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons, And worship Catalant's pantaloons. Since their own Drama yields no fairer trace Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let AUSONIA, skilled in every art To soften manners, but corrupt the heart, Pour her exotic follies o'er the town, To sanction vice and hunt decorum down:

Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene painter to Drury Lane Theatre—as such, Mr. S. is much indebted to him. † Mr. S. is the lilustrious author of the "Sleeping Beauty," and some comedies, particularly "Maids and Bacheiors." Beculauril baculo magis quam lauro dignf.

Naidi and Catalani require little notice,—for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds; besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the hij's appearance; in prowers.

Let wedded strumpets languish o'er DESHAVES, And bless the promise which his form displays; While GAYTON bounds before the enraptured looks Of hoary Marquises and stripling Dukes : Let high-born lechers eye the lively PRESLE Twirl her light limbs that spurn the needless veil; Let AngioLini bare her breast of snow, Wave the white arm and point the pliant toe; COLLINI trill her love-inspiring song, Strain her fair neck and charm the listening throng! Raise not your scythe, Suppressors of our Vice! Reforming Saints! too delicately nice! By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save, No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave; And beer undrawn and beards unmown display Your holy rev'rence for the Sabbath-day.

Or, hail at once the patron and the pile Of vice and folly, GREVILLE and ARGYLL !* Where you proud palace, Fashion's hallowed fane, Spreads wide her portals for the motley train, Behold the new PETRONIUST of the day, The Arbiter of pleasure and of play!

To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state, that it is the Institution, and not

the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to.

A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in
the Argyll Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon but it is justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of disapprobation was manifested, but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or carst with such connexions, to hear the billiard tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify. as a late unworthy member of an institution which materi ally affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle with out a chance of indictment for rictous behaviour. I Petronius "Arbiter elegantiarum" to Nero, "and a very pretty fellow in his day," as Mr. Congreve's Old Backelor

salth.

There the hired Eunuch, the Hesperian choir, The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre, The song from Italy, the step from France, The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance, The smile of heauty, and the flush of wine, For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and Lords combine : Each to his humour-Comus all allows; Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse. Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade, Of piteous ruin which ourselves have made : In Plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask, Nor think of Poverty, except "en masque," When for the night some lately titled ass Appears the beggar which his grandsire was. The curtain dropped, the gay Burletta o'er, The audience take their turn upon the floor; Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep, Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap: The first in lengthened line majestic swim, The last display the free, unfettered limb: Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair With art the charms which nature could not spare; These after husbands wing their eager flight, Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease!

Where, all forgotten but the power to please,
Each maid may give a loose to genial thought,
Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:
There the blithe youngster, just returned from Spain,
Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;
The jovial Caster's set, and seven's the nick,
Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick!
If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,
And all your hope or wish is to expire,
Here's POWELL's pistol ready for your life,
And, kinder still, a PAGET for your wife:
Fit consummation of an earthly race
Begun in folly, ended in disgrace,

While none but menials, o'er the bed of death, Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy wavering breath: Traduced by liars, and forgot by all, The mangled victim of a drunken brawl, To live like CLODIUS,* and like FALKLAND† fall.

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand

To drive this pestilence from out the land. Even I-least thinking of a thoughtless throng, Just skilled to know the right and choose the wrong, Freed at that age when Reason's shield is lost To fight my course through Passion's countless host, Whom every path of Pleasure's flowery way Has lured in turn, and all have led astray-E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must feel Such scenes, such men destroy the public weal: Although some kind, censorious friend will say, "What art thou better, meddling fool, than they " And every brother rake will smile to see That miracle-a moralist in me. No matter-when some bard in virtue strong, GIFFORD perchance, shall raise the chastening song, Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice Be only heard to hail him and rejoice; Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though I May feel the lash that virtue must apply.

Mutato nomine de te Fabula narratur.

† I knew the late lord Falkland well. On Sunday nightle beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pulse of hospitality; on Wednesday moraing, at three o'clock! saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer; his faults were the faults of a sallor—as such, firtons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last mome would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in shoals, From silly HAFIZ* up to simple BowLES, Why should we call them from their dark abode In broad St. Giles's, or in Tottenham Road ? Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare To scrawl in verse) from Bond street or the Square? If things of ton their harmless lays indite, Most wisely doomed to shun the public sight. What harm? in spite of every critic elf. Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself a MILES ANDREWS still his strength in couplets try, And live in prologues, though his dramas die. Lords too are bards, such things at times befall. And 'tis some praise in Peers to write at all. Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times. Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes? ROSCOMMON! SHEFFIELD! since your spirits fled, No future laurels deck a noble head; No Muse will cheer with renovating smile The paralytic puling of CARLISLE: The puny Schoolboy and his early lay Men pardon, if his follies pass away : But who forgives the Senior's ceaseless verse. Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse? What heterogeneous honours deck the Peer? Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, pamphleteer !t So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age. His scenes alone had damned our sinking stage; But Managers for once cried "hold, enough!" Nor drugged their audience with the tragic stuff.

rary poachers for the daily prints.
† The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteenpenny pamphlet on the state of the Stage, and offers his plan
for building a new theatre: it is to be hoped his lordship will
be permitted to bring forward any thing for the Stage, ex-

cept his own tragedics.

[•] What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreo-, Haffa, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz, where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the Oriental Homer and Catulius, and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poge-hers for the daily prints.

Yet at their judgment let his Lordship laugh, And case his volumes in congenial calf; Yes-doff that covering where Morocco shines, And hang a calf-skin* on those recreant lines.

With you, ye Druids, rich in native lead, Who daily scribble for your daily bread; With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand Has crushed, without remorse, your numerous bane On "all the Talents" vent your venal spleen, Want your defence, let Pity be your screen. Let Monodies on Fox regale your crew, And Melville's Mantlet prove a blanket too! One common Lethe waits each hapless bard, And, peace be with you-tis your best reward. Such damning fame as Dunciads only give Could bid your lines beyond a morning live; But now at once your fleeting labours close, With names of greater note, in blest repose. Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade, Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her mind, Leave wondering comprehension far behind. Though BELL has lost his nightingales and owls, MATILDA snivels still, and HAFIZ howls, And CRUSCA's spirit, rising from the dead, Revives in LAURA, QUIZ, and X. Y. Z.S.

" Doff that lion's hide And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.

These are the signatures of various worthies who h in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a stall, Employs a pen less pointed than his awl, Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store of shoes, St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the Muse, Heavens!—how the vulgar stare!—how crowds applaud!

How ladies read, and Literati laud! If 'chance some wicked wag should pass his jest, 'Tis sheer ill-nature: don't the world know best? Genius must guide when wits admire the rhyme, And CAPEL LOFFT* declares 'tis quite sublime. Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless trade! Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless spade; Lo! Bunns and BLOOMFIELD, t nay, a greater far, GIFFORD, was born beneath an adverse star, Forsook the labours of a servile state, Stemmed the rude storm, and triumphed over Fate: Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on you, BLOOMFIELD, why not on brother NATHAN too? Him too the Manis, not the Muse, has seized-Not inspiration, but a mind diseased: And now no boor can seek his last abode. No common be enclosed, without an ode. Oh, since increased refinement deigns to smile On Britain's sons and bless our genial Isle, Let Poesy go forth, pervade the whole, Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul: Ye tuncful cobblers-still your notes prolong, Compose at once a slipper and a song; So shall the fair your handy work peruse, Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps your shoes:

^{*} Capel Lofft, Esq the Maccenas of shoemakers, and Preface-writer-General to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accomponeur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring it forth.

t See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he ar any one chooses to call it, on the exclosure of "Honington Green."

May Moorland* weavers boast Pindaric skill, And tailors' lays be longer than their bill! While punctual beaux reward the grateful notes, And pay for poems—when they pay for coats.

To the famed throng now paid the tribute due, Neglected Genius! let me turn to you. Come forth, oh CAMPBELL ! give thy talents scope; Who dares aspire if thou must cease to hope? And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at last, Recall the pleasing memory of the past; Arise-let blest remembrance still inspire And strike to wonted tones thy hallowed lyre; Restore Apollo to his vacant throne, Assert thy country's honour and thine own. What! must deserted Poesy still weep Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep? Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns, To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel, Bunns! No! tho' contempt hath marked the spurious brood, The race who rhyme from folly, or for food, Yet still some genuine sons 'tis her's to boast, Who least affecting, still affect the most; Feel as they write, and write but as they feel-Bear witness GIFFORD, SOTHEBY, MACNEIL.

Vide "Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire."

It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," and the "Pleasures of Hope," the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's Essay on Man't but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.

[‡] Gifford, author of the Baviad and Maviad, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.

Sotheby, translator of Wieland's Oberon, and Virgi's Georgies, and author of Saul, an epic poem.

Macnell, whose poems are deservedly popular; particularly "Scotland's Scaith, or the Wass of War," or which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

"Why slumbers GIFFORD?" once was asked in vain: "Why slumbers GIFFORD?" let us ask again. Are there no follies for his pen to purge? Are there no follies for his pen to purge? Are there no sins for Satire's Bard to greet? Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street? Shall Peers or 2'rinces tread pollution's path, And 'scape alike the Law's and Muse's wrath? Nor blaze with guilty glare through future time, Eternal beacons of consummate crime? Arouse thee, GIFFORD! be thy promise claimed, Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.

Unhappy White!t while life was in its spring, And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing. The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair, Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there. Oh! what a noble heart was here undone, When Science 'self destroyed her favourite son! Yes! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit, She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit. 'Twas thine own genius gave the final blow, And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low: So the struck Eagle stretch'd upon the plain, No more through rolling clouds to soar again, Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart, And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart: Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel,

 Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the Baviad and Mæda should not be his last original works: let him remember; "Mox in reluctantes Dracones."

[†] Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge in October, 1896, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured, a mind which disense and poverty could not impair, and which Death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents, which would have dignified wen the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

While the same plumage that had warmed his nest Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

There be who say, in these enlightened days,
That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;
That strained invention, ever on the wing;
Alone impels the modern Bard to sing;
'Tis true, that all who rhyme, nay, all who write,
Shrink from the fatal word to Genius—Trite;
Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest fires,
And decorate the verse herself inspires:
This fact in Virtue's name let Charber attest,
Though Nature's sternest Painter, yet the best.

And here let Shee* and Genius find a place, Whose pen and pencil yield an equal grace; To guide whose hand the sister Arts combine, And trace the Poet's or the Painter's line; Whose magic touch can bid the canvass glow, Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious flow, While honours doubly merited attend The Poet's rival, but the Painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach the bower Where dwelt the Muses at their natal hour; Whose steps have pressed, whose eye has marked afar, The clime that nursed the sons of song and war, The scenes which Glory still must hover o'er; Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore: But doubly blest is he whose heart expands With hallowed feeling for those classic lands Who rends the veil of ages long gone by, And views their remnants with a poet's eye! Wateht!'twas thy happy lot at once to view Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;

^{&#}x27; Mr. Shee, author of "Rhymes on Art," and "Elements of Art."

f Mr. Wright, late Consul-General for the Seven blands, is author of a very beautiful poem just published: it is cotitled "Horse Ionics," and is descriptive of the Isles and the adjacent coast of Greeve.

And sure no common Muse inspired thy pen To hail the land of Gods and Godlike men.

And you, associate Bards!* who snatched to light, Those gems too long withheld from modern sight; Whose mingling taste combined to cull the wreath Where Attic flowers Aonian odours breathe, And all their renovated fragrance flung; To grace the beauties of your native tongue; Now let those minds that nobly could transfuse The glorious Spirit of the Grecian Muse, Though soft the echo, scorn a borrowed tone; Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just applause, Restore the Muse's violated laws; But not in filmsy DARWIN's pompous chime, That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme; Whose gilded cymbals, more adorned than clear, The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear, In show the simple lyre could once surpass, But now worn down, appear in native brass; While all his train of hovering sylphs around, Evaporate in similes and sound:

Him let them shun, with him let tinsel die: False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.†

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordswork stoop, The meanest object of the lowly group, Whose verse of all but childish prattle void, Seems blessed harmony to Lambe and Lloup & Let them—but hold, my Muse, nor dare to teach A strain, far, far beyond thy humble reach;

^{*} The translators of the Anthology have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

[†] The neglect of the "Botanic Garden," is some proof of seturning taste: the scenery is its sole recommendation.

Mesers. Lambe and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of southey and Co.

The native genius with their feeling given Will point the path, and peal their notes to heaven And thou, too, Scort !* resign to minstrels rude, The wilder Slogan of a Border feud: Let others spin their meagre lines for hire; Enough for Genius if itself inspire! Let Southey sing, altho' his teeming muse, Prolific every spring, be too profuse; Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish verse, And brother COLERIDGE lull the babe at nurse; Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most, To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost: Let Moore be lewd; let STRANGFORD steal from MOORE,

And swear that CAMOENS sang such notes of yore ; Let HAYLEY hobble on : MONTGOMERY rave ; And godly GRAHAME chant a stupid stave; Let sonneteering Bowles his strains refine, And whine and whimper to the fourteenth line; Let STOTT, CARLISLE, + MATILDA, and the rest Of Grub-street, and of Grosvenor-place the best,

By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to "Gramarye," and nore to Grammar, than the Lady of the Lay, and her Bravo

William of Deloraine.

[†] It may be asked why I have censured the Earl of Car-lisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago. The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but his Lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burthen my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjuncondemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, asks or ignoble, has for a series of years beguiled a "discorman public" (as the advertisements have it) with divers ream of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides I do not us maids to vituperate the Earl: no—his works come fairit is review with those of other Patrician Literati. If, before realized to a proposed to the patrician of the proposed to the patrician of the patrician in favour different to the patrician in favour different patrician in favour different to the patrician in favour different patrician in favour di scaped from my teens, I said any thing in favour c Lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful delle



AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

Scrawl on, till death release us from the strain, Or common sense assert her rights again; But Thou, with powers that mock the aid of praise, Shouldst leave to humbler Bards ignoble lays: Thy country's voice, the voice of all the Nine, Demand a hallowed harp—that harp is thine. Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield, The glorious record of some nobler field, Than the vile foray of a plundering clan, Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name of man? Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter food For outlawed Sherwood's tales of Robin Hood? Scotland! still proudly claim thy native Bard, And be thy praise his first, his best reward! Yet not with thee alone his name should live, But own the vast renown a world can give; Be known perchance, when Albion is no more, And tell the tale of what she was before: To future times her faded fame recall, And save her glory, though his country fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine Poet's hope? To conquer ages, and with Time to cope! New eras spread their wings, new nations rise, And other Victors* fill the applauding skies.

cation, and more from the advice of others than my ewn judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: If so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated, and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from Elegies, Eulogies, Odes, Episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark:

"What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!"

So says Pope. Amen!

Tollere humo, victorque virum volltare per ora.
Virgil.

And glory, like the Phonix must ner Exhales her odours, blazes, and expire

Shall hoary Granta call her sable so Expert in science, more expert at pun Shall these approach the Muse? ah, I And even spurns the great Seatonian Though Printers condescend the press With rhyme by HOARS, and epic blar Not him whose page, if still upheld by Requires no sacred theme to bid us its Ye, who in Granta's honours would Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grow A foal well worthy of her ancient dan Whose Helicon is duller than her Ca

There CLARKE, still striving piteous Forgetting doggrel leads not to degre A would-be saturist, a hired buffoon, A monthly scribbler of some low lam Condemned to drudge the meanest of And furbish falsehoods for a magazin Devotes to scandal his congenial min Himself a living libel on mankind,†

[.] The "Games of Hoyle," well know

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race !* At once the boast of learning, and disgrace; So sunk in dulness and so lost in shame. That SMYTHE and Hodgsont scarce redeem thy fame! But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave, The partial Muse delighted loves to lave, On her green banks a greener wreath is wove, To crown the bards that haunt her classic grove, Where RICHARDS wakes a genuine poet's fires. And modern Britons justly praise their sires.

For me, who thus unasked have dared to tell My country, what her sons should know too well, Zeal for her honour bade me here engage The host of idiots that infest her age. .No just applause her honoured name shall lose, As first in Freedom, dearest to the Muse. Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy fame And rise, more worthy, Albion, of thy name! What Athens was in science, Rome in power, What Tyre appeared in her meridian hour, "Tis thine at once, fair Albion, to have been-Earth's chief dictatress, Ocean's mighty queen: But Rome decayed, and Athens strewed the plain, And Tyre's proud piers lie shattered in the main; Like these thy strength may sink in ruin hurled, And Britain fall, the bulwark of the world.

the Satirist. If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventu-

ally prove more serviceable than his present salary.

Into Cambridgesbire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandais."—Gibbon's Decline and Fail, page 83, vol. 2. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

† This gentleman's name requires no praise; the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius, may well be expected to excel in original composition, of which it is to be hoped we shall soon see a splendid specimen. ? The "Aboriginal Britons," an excellent poem, by

Richards.

But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's fate, With warning ever scoffed at, till too late; To themes less lofty still my lay confine, And urge thy bards to gain a name like thine

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers blest, The senate's oracles, the people's jest ! Still hear thy motley orators dispense The flowers of rhetoric, though not of sense While CANNING's colleagues hate him for his wit, And old dame PORTLAND* fills the place of PITT.

Yet once again adieu! ere this the sail That wasts me hence is shivering in the gale: And Afric's coast and Calpe'st adverse height, And Stamboul'st minarets must greet my sight : Thence shall I stray through Beauty's native clime, Where Kaffil is clad in rocks, and crowned with sac sublime.

But should I back return, no lettered rage Shall drag my commonplace-book on the stage : Let vain VALENTIAN rival luckless CARR, And equal him whose work he sought to mar; Let ABERDEEN and ELGIN** still pursue The shade of fame through regions of vertu;

" A friend of mine being asked why his Grace of P. w likened to an old woman? replied "he supposed it was because he was past bearing."

Calpe is the aucient name of Gibraltar.

Stamboul is the Turkish word for Constantinople Georgia, remarkable for the beauty of its inhabitants

Mount Caucasus.

Mount Cancasus.

**Lord Valentia (whose tremendous travels are forthcoming with due decorations, graphical, topographical, and
typographical), deposed, on Sir John Carr's unincky sult,
that Dubois' satire prevented in spurchase of the "Stranger
in Ireland," On fie, my Lord! Has your Lordship no more
feeling for a fellow-tourist! but "two of a trade," they
say, c.c.

Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figure
with and without access in his storeschop, are the start of

with and without noses, in his stone-shop, are the work of

Phidias; " Credat Judeus!"

Waste useless thousands on their Phidian freaks, Misshapen monuments, and maimed antiques; And make their grand saloons a general mart For all the mutilated blocks of art: Of Dardan tours, let Dillettanti tell, I leave topography to classic Gell;* And quite content, no more shall interpose, To stun mankind with poesy, or prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturbed career, Prepared for rancour, steeled 'gainst selfish fear: This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdained to own-Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown, My voice was heard again, though not so loud, My page, though nameless, never disavowed, And now at once I tear the veil away .-Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at bay, Unscared by all the din of MELBOURNE house. By LAMBE's resentment, or by Holland's spouse, By JEFFREY's harmless pistol, HALLAM's rage, EDINA's brawny sons and brimstone page. Our men in buckram shall have blows enough, And feel they too are "penetrable stuff:" And though I hope not hence unscathed to go, Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe. The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall From lips that now may seem imbued with gall, Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise The meanest thing that crawled beneath my eyes; But now so callous grown, so changed since youth, I've learned to think, and sternly speak the truth; Learned to deride the Critic's starch decree, And break him on the wheel he meant for me; To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss, Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss:

Mr. Gell's Topography of Troy and Ithaca cannot fail neuror the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. G. conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters frown, I too can hunt a Poetaster down:
And, armed in proof, the gauntlet cast at once
To Scotch marauder, and to Southern dunce.
Thus much I've dared to do; how far my lay
Hath wronged these righteous times, let others say:
This, let the world, which knows not how to spare,
Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

•

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the Press, that my trusty and well beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, unresisting Muse, whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry:

"Tantene animis coelestibus Ire!"

I suppose I must say of JEFFREY as Sir Anthony AGUECHEEK saith, "an I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him." What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus, before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My Northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality toward their great literary Anthropophagus, Jeffery; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by "lying and slandering," and slake their thirst by "evil speaking?" I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeferrer's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury:—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there "persons of honour and wit about town," but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from

fears, literary or personal; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thors my name has not been concealed; I have been most in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas, alas in tanny expectation in some y age of chivalry is over," or in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth yeloped Hewson Clarke (S bandi, Esquire,) a Sizer of Emanuel College, an believe a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I h introduced in these pages to much better company he has been accustomed to meet: he is, not with stand a very sad dog, and for no reason I can discover cept a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the lousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from cess, has been abusing me, and what is worse, fenceless innocent above mentioned, in the Satu one year and some months. I am utterly unco of having given him any provocation; indeed guildess of having heard his name till coupled Sairist. He has therefore, no reason to comp I dare say that, like Sir Freetful Plagias rather pleased than otherwise. I have now n all who have done me the honour to notice me that is, my Bear and my Book, except the Ed Satirist, who, it seems, is a gentleman, Gwish he could imparta little of his gentlity! ordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jean about to take up the cudgels for his Mas CARLISLE; I hope not; he was one of the in the very short intercourse 1 had with me with kindness when a boy, and whate say or do, "pour on, I will endure," I h farther to add, save a general note of the renders, purchasers, and publisher, and is SCOTT, I wish

"To all and each a fair good nig "And rosy dreams and slumbers

In the Preface, Lord Byron has alluded to fourteen lines, by another hand, which appeared in the first edition of this poem, but which his Lordship afterward thought proper to erase. These lines are ascribed to the pen of J. C. Hoshouse, Eaq., Representative for Westminster in Parliament, and for the gratification of the curious reader are hereto subjoined. In the original copy they followed the couplet in page 16, of this edition, ending with—

"Stick to thy sonnets, man! at least they sell."

"Or take the only path that open lies For modern worthies who would hope to rise; Fix on some well-known name, and, bit by bit, Pare off the merits of his worth and wit; On each alike employ the critic's knife, And, when a comment fails, prefix a life; Hint certain failings, faults before unknown, Revive forgotten lies and add your own; Let no disease, let no misfortune 'scape, And print, if luckily deformed, his shape. Thus shall the world, quite undeceived at last, Cleave to their present wits, and quit their past; Bards once revered no more with favour view, But give to modern sonneteers their due : Thus with the dead may living merit cope-Thus Bowles may triumph o'er the shade of Pope.



NEW MORALITY.

A Poem.

BY THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, M. P.

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NEW MORALITY.

From mental mists to purge a nation's eyes;
To animate the weak, unite the wise;
To trace the deep infection, that pervades
The crowded town, and taints the rural shades;
To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste;
To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chase the varying falsehood as it flies;
The long arrears of ridicule to pay.
To drag reluctant Duliness back to day;
Much yet remains.—To you these themes belong,
Ye favoured sons of Virtue and of Song!
Say, is the field too narrow? Are the times
Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Yet venial vices, in a milder age,
Could rouse the warmth of Pope's satiric rage;
The doating miser, and the lavish heir,
The follies, and the foibles of the fair,
Sir Job, Sir Balaam, and old Euclio's thrift,
And Sappho's diamonds, with her dirty shift,
Blunt, Charteris, Hopkins,—meaner subjects fired
The keen-eyed Poet; while the Muse inspired
Her ardent child—entwining, as he sate,
His laurelled chaplet with the thorns of hate.

But say,—indignant does the Muse retire, Her shrine deserted, and extinct its fire? No pious hand to feed the sacred flame, No raptured soul a Poet's charge to claim.

Bethink thee, Gifford; when some future age
Shall trace the playful promise of thy page;—
"*The hand which brushed a swarm of fools away,
Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey!"
Think then, will pleaded indolence excuse
The tame secession of thy languid muse †

Ah! where is now that promise? Why so long
Sleep the keen shafts of Satire and of Song!
Oh! come with Taste and Virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride;
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe:
No pause—no rest—till weltering on the ground
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a
wound.

Thou too!—the nameless Bard,† whose honest zeal For law, for morals, for the public weal, Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes. The stream of verse, and many-languaged prose; Thou too!—though oft thy ill-advised dislike. The guiltless head with random censure strike,—Though quaint allusions, vague and undefined, Play faintly round the ear, but mock the mind; Through the mixed mass yet taste and learning shine, And manly vigour stamps the nervous line; And patriot warmth the generous rage inspires, And wakes and points the desultory fires!

Mox in reluctantes dracones.

^{*} See the motto prefixed to "The Baviad," a satirizal poem, by W. Gifford, Esq; unquestionably the best of its kind since the days of Pope: Nunc in ovilla

[†] The author of "The Pursuits of Literature."



Yet more remain unknown: for who can tell What bashful genius, in some rural cell, As year to year, and day succeeds to day, In joyless leisure wastes his life away? In him the flame of early fancy shone; His genuine worth his old companions own; In childhood and in youth their chief confessed, His master's pride, his pattern to the rest. . Now far aloof retiring from the strife Of busy talents and of active life, As, from the loopholes of retreat, he views Our stage, verse, pamphlets, politics, and news, He loathes the world; or, with reflection sad, Concludes it irrecoverably mad; Of taste, of learning, morals, all bereft, No hope, no prospect to redeem it, left.

Awake! for shame! or ere thy nobler sense
Sink in the oblivious pool of indolence!
Must wit be found alone on Falsehood's side,
Unknown to Truth, to Virtue unallied?
Arise! nor scorn thy country's just alarms;
Wield in her cause thy long neglected arms;
Of lofty Satire pour the indignant strain,
Leagued with her friends, and ardent to maintain
'Gainst Learning's, Virtue's, Truth's, Religion's foes,
A kingdom's satety, and the world's repose.

If Vice appal thee—if thou view with awe Insults that brave, and crimes that 'scape the law; Yet may the specious bastard brood, which claim A spurious homage under Virtue's name, Sprung from that parent of ten thousand crimes, The New Philosophy of modern times,—Yet, these may rouse thee! With unsparing hand, Oh! lash the vile impostures from the land.

First, stern Philanthropy; not she, who dries The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes; Not she, who, sainted Charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide;
But French Philanthropy; whose boundless mind
Glows with the general love of all mankind;
Philanthropy, beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.

Taught in her school t' imbibe thy mawkish strain. Condorcet, filtered through the dregs of Paine, Each pert adept discouns a Briton's part, And plucks the name of England from his heart.

What! shall a name, a word, a sound control
Th' aspiring thought, and cramp th' expansive soul?
Shall one half-peopled Island's rocky round
A love, that glows for all Creation, bound?
And social charities contract the plan
Framed for thy freedom, UNIVERSAL MAN?
—No!—through th' extended globe his feelings run—
As broad and general as th' unbounded sun!
No narrow bigot he; his reason'd view
Thy interests, England, rank with thine, Pern!
France at our doors, he sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for Turkey's woes th' impartial sigh;
A steady Patriot of the World alone,
The friend of every Country—but his own.

Next comes a gentler Virtue.—Ah! beware Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare; Visit her not too roughly; the warm sigh Breathes on her lips: the tear-drop gems her eye. Sweet Sensibility! who dwells enshrined In the fine foldings of the feeling mind; With delicate Mimosa's sense endued, Who shrinks instinctive from a hand too rude; Or, like the Anagallis, prescient flower, Shuts her soft petals at the approaching shower. Sweet child of sickly Fancy!—her of yore From her loved France Rousseau to exile bore;

hile midst lakes and mountains wild he ran, himself, and shunned the haunts of man, there o'er each lone vale and alpine steep the story of his wrongs, and weep; ler tears a plentiful supply, there to cherish still in either eye, nur them in the brooks that babbled by;—t by nice scale to meet her feelings strong, by degrees, and exquisitaly wrong; crushed beetle first—the widowed dove, I the warbled sorrows of the grove; or poor suffring guilt—and, last of all, arents, Friends, a King and Country's fall.

c her fair votaries, prodigal of grief, ureless pangs, and woes that mock relief, in soft sorrow* o'er a faded flower. dead jack-ass pour the pearly shower; ar, unmov'd, of Loire's ensanguined flood i up with slain-of Lyons drenched in blood; nes that blot the age, the world with shame, rimes, but sicklied o'er with Freedom's name: and thrones subverted, social life led to earth-the husband from the wife, from child, with ruthless fury torn; nts, honour, virtue, wit, forlorn, idless exile; of the wise and good ig the daily scaffold with their blood; age cruelties, that scare the mind, ge of madness with hell's lusts combined: rts torn recking from the mangled breast; near-and hope, that ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

I hope!—but Justics sanctifies the prayer; z!—here, Satire, strike! 'twere sin to spare! e in British Courts that takes her stand, wdling balance dangling in her hand,

^{*} Vide Sentimental Journey.

Adjusting punishments to fraud and vice, With srupulous quirks, and disquisition nice :— But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance, Th' avenging angel of regenerate France, Who visits ancient sins on modern times, And punishes the Pope for Casar's crimes,

Such is the liberal JUSTICE which presides. In these our days, and modern patriots guides: JUSTICE, whose blood-stained book one sole decree, One statute fills—"The People shall be free." Free by what means?—by folly, madness, guilt, By bounteous rapines, blood in oceans spilt; By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils. The poor man's pittance with the rich man's spoils, Mixed in one common mass, are swept away. To glut the short-lived tyrant of the day:—By laws, religion, morals, all o'erthrown; Rouse then, ye sovereign people, claim your owns. The license that enthrals, the truth that blinds, The wealth that starves you, and the power the grinds.

So JUSTICE hids.—'Twas her enlighten'd doom, Louis, thy holy head devoted to the tomb! 'Twas JUSTICE claim'd, in that accursed hour, The fatal forfeit of too lenient power. Mourn for the Man we may; but for the King, Freedom, oh! Freedom's such a charmaing thing!

^{*} The manes of Vercengetorix are supposed to have been very much gratified by the invasion of Italy, and the plands of the Roman territory. The defeat of the Burgundians to be revenged on the modern inhabitants of Switzerland But the Swiss were a free people, defending their liberte against a tyrant. Moreover, they happened to be in alliance with France at the time. No matter, Surgundy is since he come a province of France, and the French have acquire a property in all the injuries and defeats which the people of that country may have sustained, together with the to revenge and retaliation to be exercised in the present any future centuries, as may be found most glorious as convenient.

"Much may be said on both sides."—Hark! I hear A well known voice that murmurs in my ear,—
The voice of Candour.—Hail! most solem sage,
Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
Candour, which softens party's headlong rage,
Candour,—which spares its foes;—nor e'er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
Candour,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of acting foolishly, but meaning well;
Too nice to praise by wholsale, or to blame,
Convinced that all men's motives are the same;
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
LACK'S pot so black;—nor whith so very white.

"Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong; But then Pitt's words you'll own were rather strong. Both must be blamed, both pardon'd;—'twas just so With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago; So Walpola, Pulteney;—factions in all times, Have had their follies, ministers their crimes."

Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe; Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow; But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send, Save, save, oh! save me from the Candid Friend!

"Barras loves plunder,—Merlin takes a bribe,—
What then?—shall Candouz these good men proscribe?
No! ere we join the loud accusing throng,

Prove—not the facts—but that they thought them urrong.

"Why hang O'Quigly?—he, misguided man, In sober thought his country's weal might plan. And, while his deep-wrought treason sapp'd the throne, Might act from taste in morals all his own."

Peace to such Reasoners !—let them have their way; Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day. Priestly's a Saint, and Stone a Patriot still! And La Fayette a Hero, if they will.

I love the bold uncompromising mind,
Whose principles are fix'd, whose views defined:
Who scouts and scorns, in canting Candour's spite
All taste in morals, innate sense of right,
And Nature's impulse, all uncheck'd by art,
And feelings fine, that float about the heart:
Content, for good men's guidance, bad men's awe,
On moral truth to rest, and Gospel law.
Who owns, when Traitors feel the avenging rod,
Just retribution, and the hand of God;
Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs the

Of him who mock'd, misled, betray'd his King—Hears unappall'd;—though Faction's zealots preach Unmov'd, unsoften'd by F-tzp-tr-ck's speech.
—That speech on which the melting Commons hum "While truth divine came mended from his tongue, How loving husband clings to duteous wife, How pre religion soothes the ills of life, How Popish ladies trust their pious fears and naughty actions in their chaplain's ears. Half novel and half sermon on it flow'd; With pious zeal the Opposition glow'd;

[&]quot;The speech of General F—tzp—tr—ck, on his motion is an Address of the House of Commons to the Emperor Germany, to demand the deliverance of M. La Fayette for the prison of Olmutz, was one of the most dainty piece oratory that ever drew tears from a crowded gullery, and telerks at the table. It was really quite moving to baset General talk of religion, conjugal fidelity, and "mbranches of learning." There were a few who haughed deed, but that was thought hard hearted and immoral streligious, and God knows what. Crying was the order the day. Why will not the Opposition try these topics and La Fayette indeed (the more's the pity) is out. But not a motion for a general gaol-delivery of all State Prisonly and Europe 1.

reach the soft infection crept, ne whined, and as he whimper'd, wept; —n* dropt a sentimental tear, 3t. A—ne—w yelp'd a softer "Hear!"

9 of crimes and fashions! which in vain servile spirits would attain, e ape thee, France! but blundering still, he pattern by our want of skill. I'd step our awkward gait reveals: r C-rtn-yt mars the verse he steals.)

the while did not this stony-hearted cur shed berchant of Venice.

a serious charge against an Author, and ought apported. To the proof, then ! of the late Lord Nugent's, are the following spi-

ough Cato lived—though Tully spoke agh Brutus dealt the godlike stroke, Yet perish'd fated Rome!"

or above-mentioned, saw these lines, and liked ell he might: and as he had a mind to write himself, he did not scruple to enlist them into but he thought it right to make a small alteraappearance, which he managed thus—Speaking says it is the place

" Where Cato lived"-

uth: which gets rid at once of all the poetry and original, and reduces the sentiment from an manners, virtue, patriotism, from the vita exof Lord Nugent, to a mere question of habitancy. Vit Cate—where he was an inhabitant-houseng scot and lot, and had a house on the right f the way, as you go down Esquiline Hill, just the poulterers. But to proceed—

ere Cato lived—where Tully spoke,
s Brutus dealt the godlike stroke—
By which his glory rose!!"

ine is not borrowed.

on whether the history of modern Literature can instance of a theft so shamcless, and turned to antage.

How do we ape thee, France !--nor claim alone Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals for our own, But to thy Worthies render homage due, 60 Their "hair-breadth 'scapes" with anxious interest

Statesmen and heroines whom this age adores, Tho' plainer terms would call them rogues and w

See Louvet, patriot, ramphleteer, and sage, Tempering with amorous fire his virtuous rage. Form'd for all tasks, his various talents see, The luscious novel, the severe decree.

Then mark him weltering in his nasty stye, Bare his lewd transports to the public eye. Not his the love in silent groves that strays, Quits the rude world, and shuns the vulgar gore. In Lodoiska's full possession blest, One craving void still aches within his breast; Plunged in the filth and fondness of her arms, Not to himself alone he stints her charms ; Clasp'd in each other's foul embrace they lie, But know no joy unless the world stands by-The fool of vanity, -for her alone He lives, loves, writes, -and dies but to be known.

His widow'd mourner flies to poison's aid, Eager to join her Louvet's parted shade, In those bright realms where sainted lovers stray But harsh emetics tear that hope away,

* See Recit de mes Perils, by Louvet; Memoires Detenu, by Rioure, &c. The avidity with which the ductions were read, might, we should hope, be as for upon principles of mere curiosity, as we read upon principles of mere curiosity, as we read upon calendar, and the history of the Buccaneers, is any interest in favour of a set of wretches, infante detestable than all the robbers and pirates that ever

† Every lover of modern French literature, and of modern French characters, must remen which was made about Louvet's death, and Lodo —Yet hapless Louvet! where thy bones are laid, The easy nymphs shall consecrate the shade.* There, in the laughing morn of genial spring, Unwedded pairs shall tender couplets sing; Eringoes o'er the hallow'd spot shall bloom, And flies of Spain buzz softly round the tomb.†

But hold, severer virtue claims the muse—
Roland the just, with Ribands in his shoes \(\text{\text{--}} \)
And Roland's spouse who paints with chaste delight
The doubtful conflict of her nuptial night;—
Her virgin charms what fierce attacks assail'd,
And how the rigid Ministers prevail'd.

And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien, Guide of the world, preferment's golden queen, Neckar's fair daughter,—Stael, the Epicese! Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and pimplel nose The bloom of young desire unceasing glows! Fain would the Muse—but ah! she dares no more, A mournful voice from lone Guyane's shore.**

son. The attempt at self-slaughter, and the process of the recovery, the arsenic, and the castor oil, were served up in daily messes from the French papers, till the public absolutely stekened.

- * Faciles Naper.
- † See Anthologia passim.
- 3 Such was the strictness of this Minister's principles, that he positively refused to go to court in shoc-buckles. See Dunourier's Memoirs.
- § See Madama Roland's Memoirs—"Rigide Ministre," Brissot a ses Commetans.
 - If The "pimple-nosed attorney of Furnival's Inn".—Congreye's Way of the World.
 - "These lines contain the secret History of Quatremer's deportation. He presumed in the Council of Five Hundred to arraign. Madame de Stael's conduct, and even to hint a doubt of hersex. He was sent to Guyana. The transaction naturally brings to one's mind the dialogue between Faistaff and Hostess Quickly in Shakspeare's Henry IV.

-Sad Quatremer—the bold presumption checks. Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.

To thee, proud Barras bows;—thy charms control Rewbell's brute rage, and Merlin's subtle soul; Raised by thy hands, and fashion'd to thy will. Thy power, thy guiding influence, governs still, Where at the blood-stain'd board expert he plies. The lame artificer of fraud and lies; He with the mitred head and cloven heel; Doom'd the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel; To stand the playful buffet, and to hear The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear: While all the five directors laughed to see "The limping priest so deft at his new ministry."

Last of the ANOINTED FIVE behold, and less, The Directorial Lame, Sovereign Priest,— Lepaux! whom atheists worship: at whose nod-Bow their meek heads the men without a God...

Fal. Thou art neither fish nor flesh—a man cannot tell where to have thee.

Quick. Thou art an unjust man for saying so-thou

any man knows where to have me.

For instance, in the course of a political discussion Rewbell observed to the Ex-bishop—"that his understanding was as crooked as his legs"—"Vil Emigre, tu n'as jes le sens plus droit que les pieds,"—and therewithal threw as inkstand at him. It whizzed along, as we have been informed, like the fragment of a rock from the hand of one of Ossian's heroes:—but the willy apostate shrunk beneath the table, and the weapon passed over him immocuous, and guilfless of his blood or brains.

t See Homer's description of Vulcan. First Hind. Inextinguibilis vero exoriebatur risus beatis numinibus Ut viderunt Vulcanum per domos ministrantem.

1 The men without a God—one of the new sects—Their religion is intended to consist in the adoration of a Great Hook, in which all the virtuous actions of the Society are be entered and registered. "In times of Civil Communication of the Society are to come forward, to exhort the Citizens to unsature of the come forward, to exhort the Citizens to unsature of the come forward, to exhort the Citizens to unsature of the come forward, to exhort the Citizens to unsature of the come forward, to exhort the Citizens to unsature of the come forward, the come forward the

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonish'd Isle,
Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
Shall Buonaparte's victor fleet protect
The genuine Theo-philanthropic sect,—
The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,—
Led by their pontiff, good La Reveillere.
—Rejoiced our Clubs shall greet him, and install
The holy Hunch-back in thy dome, St. Paul!
While countless votaries thronging in his train
Wave their Red Caps, and hymn this jocund strain:

"Couriers and Stars, Sedition's Evening Host, Thou Morning Chronicle and Morning Post, Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme, Your Country libel, and your God blaspheme, Or dirt on private worth and witue throw, Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux!

And ye five other wandering Birds, that move In sweet accord of Marmony and love, Coleridge, and Southey, Lloyd, and Lambe and Co. Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!

Priestey and Wakefield, humble holy men, Give praises to his name with tongue and pen! Thelwall, and ye that lecture as ye go, And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux! Preise him each Jacobin, or fool, or knave, And your cropp'd heads in sign of worship wave!

All creeping creatures, venomous and low,
Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft, praise Lepaux!
—and—with—join'd,
And every other beast after his kind.

mity, and to read them a chapter out of the Great Book. When oppressed or proscribed, they are to retire to a burying-ground, to wrap themselves up in their great coats, and wait the approach of death," &c.

And thou, Leviathan! on ocean's brim
Hugest of living things that sleep and swim;
Thou, in whose nose by Burke's gigantic hand
The hook was fixed to drag thee to the land,
With, ____, and _____* in thy train,
And _____wallowing in the yeasty main,†
Still as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,
In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux!

Britain, beware; nor let the insidious foe,
Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow.
Thy peace, thy strength, with devilish wiles assail,
And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.
True, thou art rich, art powerful!—through thine I
Industrious skill, coatented labour smile;
Far sens are studded with thy countless sails;
What wind but wafts then, and what shore but hai
True, thou art brave!—o'er all the busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myends stand;
Thy foes behold with impotent anaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze!

But what avails to guard each outward part, If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart, Spite of thy courage, of thy power, and wealth, Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?

So thine own Oak, by some fair streamlet's side, Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride, Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies:

The Reader is at liberty to fill up the blanks accord to his own opinion, and after the chances and change the times. It would be highly unfair to hand down to perity as followers of Leviathan, the names of men way, and probably will soon grow ashamed of their less than the reader that the contract were soon as the second of the less than the reader than the second of the less than the reader than the second of the less than the reader than the reader than the second of the less than the second of the second of the less than the second of the

† Though the yeasty sea

Consume and swallow navigation up.

Macb
The Ship boring the Moon with her mainmast, and a
swallowed with yeast and foam as you would thrust a c
into a hogshead.

Winter's T

Its ample branches shield the fowls of air,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair.
The treacherous current works its noiseless way,
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;
Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its siletter, perish in its fall.

O thou!—lamented Sage!—whose prescient scan Pierced through foul Anarchy's gigantic plan, Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes; Thou, on whose name each distant age shall gaze, The mighty sea-mark of these troubled days! O large of soul, of genius unconfined, Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind; Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd; Whose copious tongue, with Grecian richness flowed; Well hast thou found (if such thy Country's doom) A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb!

As in far realms, where Eastern kings are laid, In pomp of death, beneath the cypress' shade, The perfumed lamp with unextinguish'd light Flames thro' the vault, and cheers the gloom of night,—So, mighty Burke! in thy sepulchral urn, To Fancy's view, the lamp of Truth shall burn. Thither fate times shall turn their reverent eyes, Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise.

There are to whom (their taste such pleasures cloy) No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy. Peace to their heavy heads, and callous hearts, Peace—such as sloth, as ignorance imparts!—Pleased may they live to plan their Country's good, And cop, with calm content, their flow'ry food?

What though thy venturous spirit loved to urge The labouring theme to Reason's utmost verge, Kindling and mounting from the enraptured sight;— Still anxious wender watch'd thy daring flight! While vulgar minds, with mean malignant stare, Gazed up, the triumph of thy fall to share! Poor triumph! price of that extorted praise, Which still to daring Genius, Envy pays.

Oh! for thy playful smile, thy potent frown To abash bold Vice, and laugh pert folly down! So should the Muse in Humour's happiest vein, With verse that flow'd in metaphoric strain. And apt allusions to the rural trade, Tell of what wood young Jacobins are made: How the skill'd Gardener grafts with nicest rule The slip of Coxcomb, on the stock of fool; Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig, A thing to wonder at, * perhaps a Whig. Should tell, how wise each half-fledged pedant praise Of weightiest matters, grave distinctions states That rules of policy, and public good, In Saxon times were rightly understood; That Kings are proper, may be useful things, But then some Gantlemen object to Kings; That in all times the Minister's to blame ; That British Liberty's an empty name, Till each fair burgh, numerically free, Shall choose its members by the Rule of Three.

So should the Muse, with verse in thunder clothed Proclaim the crimes by God and Nature loathed. Which, when fell poison revels in the veins— (That poison fell, which frantic Gallia drains From the crude fruit of Freedom's blasted tree) Blots the fair records of Humanity.

i. e. Perhaps a Member of the Whig Club—a Societhat his presumed to monopolize to itself a title to which never had any claim, but from the character of those w have now withdrawn themselves from it. "Perhaps" a lifes that even the Whig Club sometimes rejects a can date, whose Principles (risum reneatis) it affects to disprove.

To feebler nations let proud France afford Her damning choice,—the chalice or the sw rd,— To drink or die; oh fraud! oh specious lie: Delusive choice! for if they drink, they die.

The sword we dread not: of ourselves secure,
Firm were our strength, our Peace and Freedom sure,
Let all the world confiderate all its powers,
" Be they not back'd by those that should be ours,"
High on his rock shall Barrars's Grintus stand,
Seatter the crowded hosts, and vindicate the land.

Guard we but our own hearts with constant view, To ancient morals, ancient manners true; True to the manlier virtues, such as nerved Our fathers' breasts, and this proud Iale preserved For many a rugged age:—and scora the while, Each philosophic atheist's specious guile—The soft seductions, the refinements nice, Of gay morality, and easy vice: So shall we brave the storm; our 'stablish'd power Thy refuge, Europe, in some happiar hour. But, French in heart—tho' victory arowns our brow, Low at our feet though prostrate nations bow, Wealth gild our cities, commerce crowd our shore, London may shine, but England is no more,



A

POETICAL AND CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE

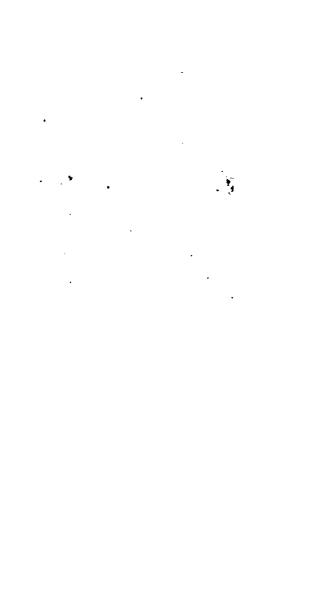
TO

JAMES BOSWELL, Esq.

ON

IS JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES
WITH THE CELEBRATED
DOCTOR JOHNSON.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.





A CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE

TO JAMES BOSWELL Esq.

O Boswart, Rossy, Bruse, * whate'er thy name,
Thou might have fer anecdete and fame;
Thou Jack and ting Lian Johnson figth
To est Made the Helpide in the native North;
To frighten grave Professors with his roar,
And shake the Helpides from shore to shere:
All hail !—At length, ambitious Thane, thy rage
To give one spark to Fame's bespangled page,
Is amply gratified; a thousand eyes
Survey thy books with rapture and surprise.
Load, of thy Tour, a thousand tongues have spoken,
And wondered that thy bones were never broken.

Prismphant, thou through Time's vast gulf shall sail,
The Pilot of our Literary While;
Close to the Classic Rambier shalt thou cling,
Close eas, supple Courtier us a King;
Fate shell not shake thee of, with all its power;
Stuck, like a Bat to some old ivied Tower.

* File note, page 16 of his " Journal." The Translator (but in Dr. Johnson's opinion the Author) of the Poems attributed to Casian.

Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had bless'd thy eyes, Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies; Yes; his broad wing had raised thee (no had hack,) A Tom-Tit twittering on an Eagle's back.

Thou, curious Scrapmonger, shalt live in song When Death has still'd the rattle of thy tongue; E'en future babes to lisp thy name shall learn, And Bozzy join with Wood and Tommy Hearn, Who drove the Spiders from nuch prose and rhyme, And snatch'd old stories from the jaws of Time. Sweet is thy page,* I ween, that doth recite How thou and Johnson, arm in arm, one night, March'd through fair Edinburgh's Pactolian show'rs, Which Cloacina bountifully pours;
Those gracious showr's that fraught with fragmace flow.

And gild, like Gingerbread, the World below.
How sweetly grumbled too was Sam's remark,
"I smell you, Master Bozzy, in the dark!"
Alas! Historians are confounded dull,
A dim Bootia reigns in every skull:
Mere Beasts of Burden, broken-winded, slow,
Heavy as Cart-horses, along they go;
While thou, a Will-o'-th'-wisp, art here, art there,
Wild darting corruscations every where.

What tasteless mouth can gape, what eye can close, What head can nod, o'er thy enlivening Prose? To others' Works, the Works of thy inditing Are downright Diamonds to the Eyes of Whiting. Think not I flatter thee, my flippant Friend; For well I know that Flattery would offend: Yet honest Praise, I'm sure, thou wouldst not shun, Born with a stomach to digest a tun. Who can refuse a smile that reads thy page, Where surly Sam, inflamed with Tory rage,

Nassau bescoundrels; and, with anger big,
Swears Whigs are Rogues, and every Rogue a Whig?
Who will not too thy pen's minutize bless,
That gives Posterity the Rambler's Dress?*
Methinks I view his full plain suit of brown,
The large gray bushy wig that graced his crown,
Black worsted stockings, little silver buckles,
And shirt that had no ruffles for his knuckles.
I mark the brown great-coat of cloth he wore,
That two huge Patagonian pockets bore,
Which Patagonians (wondrous to unfold!)
Would fairly both his Dictionaries hold.
I see the Ramblert on a large bay Mare,
Just like a Centaur, every danger dare;
On a full gallop dash the yielding wind,
The Colt and Bozzy scampering close behind.

Of Lady Lochbuy with what glee we read, Who offered Sam, for breakfast, cold Sheep's Head; Who, press'd and worried by this Dame so civil, Wish'd the sheep's head and aromen's at the Devil!

I see you sailing both in Buchan's Pot: \$
Now storming an old woman and her cot; ||
Who terrified at each tremendous shape,
Deemed you two Demons ready for a rape.
I see all marvelling at Macleod's together,
At Sam's remarks on whey and tanning leather. ¶
At Corrichatachin's, ** the Lord knows how,
I see thee, Bozzy, drunk as David's Sow,
And begging, with raised eyes and lengthen'd chin,
Heaven not to damn thee for the deadly sin.
I see too the stern Moralist regale,
And pen a Latin Ode to Mistress Thrale. ††
I see, without a night-cap on his head,
Rare sight! bald Sam in the Pretender's bed. ‡‡

^{*} Vide page 9. † P. 376. † P. 429. § P. 104. ¶ P. 143. ¶ P. 289. P. 317. † P. 177.

DCC 100, 11411111111 ----The humble servant of a horse's leg ;5 And Saip the Taylor, from the Isle of Muck," Who stitch'd in Sky with tolerable luck. I see the Horn that Drunkards must adore: The Horn, the mighty Horn, of Rorie More :** And bloody Shields that guarded Hearts in quarrels, Now guard from Rats the milk and butter Barrels. Methinks the Caledonian Dame I see Familiar sitting on the Rambler's knee: Charming, with kisses sweet, the chuckling Sage; Melting with sweetest smiles the frost of age; Like Sol, who darts at times a cheerful ray O'er the wan visage of a Winter's Day. "Do it again, my dear," I hear Sam cry;
"See who first tires, my Charmer, you or 1." I see thee stuffing, with a hand uncouth, An old dried Whiting in thy Johnson's mouth; And lo! I see, with all his might and main, Thy Johnson spit the Whiting out again. Rare Anecdotes! 'tis Anecdotes like these That bring thee glory, and the Million please: On these shall future times delighted stare. Thou charming Haberdasher of Small Ware. Stewart and Robertson from thee shall learn, The simple charms of History to discern :

nce, to grace this Asiatic treat, Haddocks, which the Rambler could not eat.

sed, on thy Book thy Sovereign's eye-balls roll, ives a Gossip's Story from his soul. with the memory of the Persian king,* sry body knows, and every thing; dead, who's married, what poor Girl beguil'd ost a paramour and found a child; Gardener hath most cabbages and peas, hich Old Woman has most hives of bees; Farmer boasts the most prolific sows, bens, geese, turkeys, goats, sheep, bulls, and cows;

Barber best the Ladies' locks can curl: house in Windsor sells the finest Purl; Chimney-sweep best beats, in gold array, ush and shovel, on the first of May; Dancing-dogs in rigadoons excel; hose the Puppet-show that bears the bell; clever smith the prettiest Man-trap makes,† e from thieves the Royal ducks and drakes, uinea hens and peacocks, with their eggs, tch his loving Subjects by the legs. ince the Prince of Gossips reads thy book, at high honours may not Bozzy look? inshine of his Smile may soon be thine: ince, in converse thou mayest hear him shine: ince, to stamp thy merit through the Nation, gs of Johnson's Life thy dedication; juestions of thee, O thou lucky elf, indly answers every one himself.‡

rus

Majesty hath planted a number of these trusty ans around his Park at Windsor, for the benefit of blic.

st after Dr. Johnson had been honoured with an inv with a certain Great Personage, in the Queen's y at Buckingham House, he was interrogated by a concerning his reception, and his epinion of the intellect. "His Majesty seems to be possessed of

Blest with the classic learning of a College,* Our King is not a miser in his knowledge: Nought in the storehouse of his brains turns musty; No Razor-wit, for want of use, grows rusty : Whate'er his head suggests, whate'er he knows Free as Election Beer from tubs it flows; Yet, ah! superior far, it boasts the merit Of never fuddling people with the spirit.

Say, Bozzy, when, to bless our anxious sight, When shall thy Volumet burst the gates of light I Oh! clothed in calf, ambitious Brat, be born; Our kitchens, parlours, libraries, adorn. My Fancy's keen anticipating eye, A thousand charming Anecdotes can spy : I read, I read, of George the learn'd display On Lowth's and Warburton's immortal fray; Of George, whose Brain, if right the mark I hit, Forms one hugh Cyclopedia of wit; That holds the wisdom of a thousand ages, And frightens all his Workmen and his Pages. O Bozzy, still thy tell-tale plan pursue ! The World is wondrous fond of something new; And let but Scandal's breath embalm the page,

some good nature and much curiosity," replied the Doctor! "as for his vove, it is far from contemptible. His Maje indeed was multifarious in his questions; but, thank God, he answered them all himself."

This is a very extraordinary circumstance, as the late Princess Downger retained three parts of the money ordered for the education of her Children. The effect of this absurd conduct was so conspicuous in her Daughter Matida, that the letters received from her during her residence in Denmark were absolutely uniatelligible.

+ The Life of Dr. Johnson.

His Majesty's commentary on the quarrel in which the Bishop and the Boctor pelled one another with dist pracefully, will be a treasure to the Lovers of Literature. Mr. Boswell hath as good as promised it to the Public, and we hope means to keep his word.

It lives a welcome guest from age to age.
Not only say who breathes an arrant knave,
But who has sneak'd a rascal to his grave:
Make o'er his turf (in Virtue's cause) a rout,
And, like a damned good Christian, pull him out.
Without a fear, on families harangue;
Say who shall lose their ears, and who shall hang;
Publish the demireps, and punks; nay more,
Declare what virtuous wife will be a whore.
Thy brilliant brain conjecture can supply,
To charm through every leaf the eager eye.
The Blue Stocking Society* describe,
And give thy comment on each joke and jibe:
Tell what the women are, their wit, their quality,
And dip them in thy streams of immortality.

Let Lord Macdonald threat thy breech to kick,† And o'er thy shrinking shoulders shake his stick : Treat with contempt the menace of this Lord; 'Tis History's province, Bozzy, to record. Though Wilkes abuse thy Brain, that airy Mill, And swear poor Johnson murdered by thy quill; What's that to thee? Why, let the Victim bleed; Thy end is answered, if the Nation read. The fiddling Knight, and tuneful Mistress Thrale, Who frequent hobb'd or nobb'd with Sam in ale, Snatch up the pen (as thirst of fame inspires.) To write his jokes and stories by their fires; Then why not thou each joke and tale enrol, Who, like a watchful Cat before a hole. Full twenty years (inflamed with letter'd pride) Didst mousing sit before Sam's mouth so wide,

* A Club chiefly composed of most learned Ladies, to which Mr. Boswell was admitted.

A letter of severe remonstrance was sent to Mr. Foswell; who, in consequence, omitted in the second edition of his Journal, what is so generally pleasing to the Public, viz. the scandalous passages relative to this Nobleman.

¹ Sir John Hawkins, who (as well as Mrs. Thrale, now Madame Piczzi,) threatens us with a Life of the Lexicographer.

As Mr. Boswell's Journal hath afforded such versal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents the great Moralist's opinions of men and things. his Northern Tour; it will be adding greatly Anecdotical treasury, as well as making Mr. Ika happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that place between Dr. Johnson and the Author of thi gratulatory Epistle, a few months before the D paid the great debt of nature. The Doctor cheerful that day: had on a black cost and wa a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted a ings; a handsome gray wig, a shirt, a muslin needs a black pair of buttons in his shirt-sleeves, a pa shoes ornamented with the very identical little that accompanied the Philosopher to the Heler his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fr shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenius

Savigny.

P. P. "Pray Doctor, what is your opinion of

Boswell's literary powers ?"

Johnson. "Sir, my opinion is, that whenever Be expires, he will create no vacuum in the region of rature: he seems strongly affected by the case scribendi; wishes to be thought a rara aris, an

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

with what laurels shall thy head be a Forest, shall thy ears surround, ile the Rambler shall a comet blaze, a world of darkness with its rays, that world with wonderment shall hail, bouncing Cracker at his tail.

POSTSCRIP

As Mr. Boswell's Journal hath afforded such and versal pleasure by the relation of minute incidents, and the great Moralist's opinions of men and things, during his Northern Tour; it will be adding greatly to the Anecdotical treasury, as well as making Mr. Boswell happy, to communicate part of a Dialogue that took place between Dr. Johnson and the Author of this Con gratulatory Epistle, a few months before the Bocto and the great debt of nature. The Doctor was ver cheerful that day; had on a black coat and waisted a black plush pair of breeches, and black worsted stor ings; a handsome gray wig, a shirt, a musim neokelo a black pair of buttons in his shirt-sleeves, a pair a bluck part of sales and the very identical little buck shoes ornamented with the very memoral made of that accompanied the Philosopher to the Hebrid his nails were very neatly pared, and his beard fre shaved with a razor fabricated by the ingenius

Savigny. "Pray Doctor, what is your opinion of

Johnson, "Sir, my opinion is, that whenever I Boswell's literary powers ?" expires, he will create no vacuum in the region o rature: he seems strongly affected by the cae scribendi; wishes to be thought a rara aris, truth so he is your knowledge in Ornitholog will easily discover to what species of Bird I s (Here the Doctor shook his head, and laughe P. P. a What think you, Sir, of his Account

Johnson. "Sir, he hath made a Mountain of But Paoli has virtues. The Account is a farrage gusting egotism and pompous inanity.

P. P. "I have heard it whispered, Doctor, that should you die before him, Mr. Boawell means to write

your Life."

Johnson. "Sir, he cannot mean me so preparable an injury. Which of us shall die first, is only known to the Great Disposer of events; but were I sure that James Boswell would write my Life, I do not know whether I would not anticipate the measure by taking his."

(there he made three or four strides across the room,

and returned to his chair with violent emotion.)

P. P. "I am afraid that he means to do you the

favour."

Jahnees. "He dares not: he would make a Scarecrow of me. I give him liberty to fire his blunderbuss in his corn face, but not murder me. Sir, I need not his cores eps. Boswell write my Life! why the fellow passesses not abilities for writing the Life of an enhancemen."



BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

OR THE

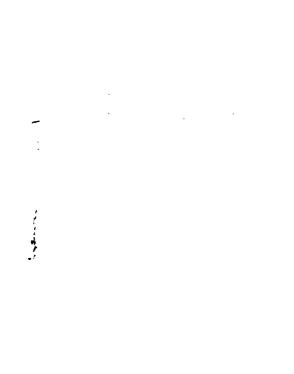
BRITISH BIOGRAPHERS.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

By PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

Virgil.



BOZZY AND PIOZZI,

A TOWN ECLOGUE

WHEN Johnson sought (as Shakspeare says) that bourn From whence, alas! no travellers return (In humbler English, when the Doctor died,) Apollo whimper'd, and the Muses cried; Parnassus moped for days, in business slack, And, like a Hearse, the Hill was hung with black; Minerva, sighing for her favourite Son, Pronounced, with lengthen'd face, the World undone; Her Owl too hooted in so loud a style, That people might have heard the Bird a mile : Jove wiped his eyes so red; and told his Wife, He ne'er made Johnson's equal in his life : And that 'twould be a long time ere, if ever, His art could form a fellow half so clever: Venus, of all the little Loves the Dam. With all the Graces, sobb'd for Brother Sam; Such were the heavenly howlings for his death, As if Dame Nature had resigned her breath. Nor less sonorous was the grief, I ween, Amidst the natives of our earthly scene : From Beggara to the Great who hold the helm, One Johnso-mania raged through all the Realm:

"Who," cried the World, "can match his Prose or Rhyme?

O'er Wits of modern days he towers sublime: An Oak, wide-spreading o'er the Shrubs below, That round his roots, with Puny foliage, blow;

A Pyramid amidst some barren waste, That frowns o'er Huts the sport of every blast ; A mighty Atlas, whose aspiring head O'er distant regions cast an awful shade. By Kings and Beggars, lo! his tales are told, And every Sentence glows a Grain of Gold. Blest who his philosophic Phiz can take, Catch even his weaknesses, his Noddle's shake, The lengthen'd Lip of scorn, the forehead's Scowl, The louring Eye's contempt, and Bear-like Growl. In vain the Critics aim their toothless rage : Mere Sprats, that venture war with Whales to wage: Unmoved he stands, and feels their force no more Than some huge Rock amidst the watry roar, That calmly bears the tumults of the deep, And howling tempests that as well may sleep."

Strong 'midst the Rambler's Cronies was the rage To fill with Sam's Bon-mots and tales the page; Mere flies, that buzz'd around his setting Ray, And bore a splendour on their wings away: Thus round his orb the pigmy Planets run, And catch their little lustre from the Sun.

At length, rush'd forth two Candidates for fame;
A Scotchman one, and one a London Dame:
That, by th' emphatic Johnson christened Bozzy;
This, by the Bishop's license, Dame Piozzi;
Whose widowed name, by Topers loved, was Thrule,
Bright in the annals of Election Ale;
A name, by marriage that gave up the ghost,
In poor Pedocchio (no; Piozzi) lost.
Each seized with ardour wild the gray-goose Quill:
Each set to work the intellectual Mill;
That pecks of Bran so coarse began to pour,
To one poor solitary grain of Flour.

^{*} The Author was nearly committing a blunder: fortunate indeed was his recollection; as Pedocchio significa, in the Italian language, that most contemptible of animals, a lower

Forth rush'd to light their books; but who should

Which bore the palm of Anecdote away? This to decide, the rival Wits agreed Before Sir John their tales and jokes to read ; And let the Knights' opinion in the strife, Declare the properest pen to write Sam's Life: Sir John, renowned for Musical palavers;* The Prince, the King, the Emperor, of Quavers: Sharp in solfeggi, as the sharpest Needle; Great in the noble art of tweedle-tweedle: Of Music's College formed to be a Fellow, Fit for Mus. D. or Maestro di Capella; Whose Volume, though it here and there offends, Boasts German meril-makes by bulk amends. High-placed the venerable Quarto sits, Superior frowning o'er Octavo wits And Duodecimos: ignoble scum, Poor Prostitutes to every vulgar thumb; While, undefiled by literary rage, He bears a spotless leaf from age to age.

Like School-boys, lo! before a two-armed chair. That held the Knight wise-judging, stood the Pair: Or like to Ponies on the sporting-ground, Prepared to gallop when the drum should sound, The Couple ranged; for victory both as keen, As for a tottering Bishopric a Dean; Or patriot Burke, for giving glorious bastings. To that intolerable fellow Hastings. Thus with their songs contended Virgil's Swains, And made the valleys vocal with their strains, Before some Graybeard sage, whose judgment ripe Gave Goats for Prizes to the prettiest pipe.

[&]quot;Alternately.in Anecdotes go on; But first begin you, Madam," cried Sir John. The thankful dame low curtseyed to the Chair, And thus, for victory panting, read the Fair:—

^{*} Vide his History of Music.

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sam Johnson was of Michael Johnson born;
Whose shop of books did Litchfield town adorn;
Wrong-headed, stubborn as a halter'd Ram;
In short, the model of our Hero Sam;
Inclined to madness too; for when his shop
Fell down, for want of cash to buy a prop,
For fear the theives might steal the vanish'd store
He duly went each night and lock'd the door.

Bozzy.t

While Johnson was in Edinburgh, my Wife, To please his palate, studied for her life: With every rarity she fill'd her house, And gave the Doctor, for his dinner, grouse.

MADAME PIOZZI.T

Dear Doctor Johnson was in size an Ox;
And from his uncle Andrew learn'd to box:
A man to wrestlers and to Bruisers dear,
Who kept the ring in Smithfield a whole year.
The Doctor had an uncle too, ador'd
By jumping gentry, called Cornelius Ford;
Who jump'd in Boots, which Jumpers never choose
Far as a famous Jumper jump'd in Shoes.

Bozzy.II

At supper rose a dialogue on Witches,
When Crosbie said there could not be such bitches;
And that 'twas blasphemy to think such Hags
Could stir up storms, and on their broomstick Nags
Gallop along the air with wondrous pace,
And boldly fly in God Almighty's face;
But Johnson answer'd him, "There might be Witche
Nought proved the non-existence of the bitches."

Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 3. Bozzy's Tour, p. 38

MADAME PIOZZI.*

When Thrale, as nimble as a Boy at School, Leap'd, though fatigued with hunting, o'er a Stool; The Doctor, proud the same grand feat to do, His powers exerted, and jump'd over too; And, though he might a broken back bewail, He scorn'd to be eclips'd by Mister Thrale.

Bozzy.t

At Ulinish, our Friend, to pass the time, Regaled us with his Knowledges sublime; Showed that all sorts of Learning fill'd his knob, And that in Butchery he could bear a bob. He sagely told us of the different feat Employed to kill the Animals we eat.

"An Ox," says he, "in country and in town, Is by the Butchers constantly knock'd down; As for that lesser animal, a Calf, The knock is really not so strong by half; The beast is only stunn'd; but as for Goats, And Sheep, and Lambs, the Butchers cut their throats, Those fellows only want to keep them quiet, Not choosing that the brutes should breed a riot."

MADAME PIOZZI.

When Johnson was a child, and swallowed pap 'Twas in his mother's old maid Catherine's lap.
There while he sat, he took in wondrous Learning; For much his bowels were for Knowledge yearning: There heard the story which we Britons brag on, The story of Saint George and eke the Dragon.

Bozzy.

When Foote his leg, by some misfortune, broke, Says I to Johnson, all by way of joke, "Sam, Sir, in Paragraph, will soon be clever, And take off Peter better now than ever."

P. 6, † P. 300. ‡ P. 15. | P. 141.

On which says Johnson, without hesitation, "George* will rejoice at Foote's depeditation." On which says I, (a penetrating elf') "Doctor, I'm sure you coin'd that word yourself." On which he laugh'd, and said I had divin'd it, For bona fide he had really coin'd it: "And yet, of all the words I've coin'd," says he, "My Dictionary, Sir, contains but three."

MADAME PIOZZI.

The Doctor said, "In literary matters A Frenchman goes not deep; he only smatters:"
Then ask'd what could be hoped for from the dogs;

Fellows that lived eternally on Frogs.

Bozzy.†

In grave procession to St. Leonard's College,
Well stuff'd with every sort of useful knowledge,
We stately walk'd, as soon as supper ended:
The landlord and the Waiter both attended.
The landlord, skill'd a piece of grease to handle,
Before us march'd, and held a tallow Candle;
A Lantern (some famed Scotchman its creator)
With equal grace was carried by the Waiter.
Next morning, from our beds we took a leap,
And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

MADAME PIOZZL‡
In Lincolnshire, a Lady showed our Friend
A Grotto, that she wish'd him to commend.
Quoth she, "How cool in summer this abode!"
"Yes, Madam," answer'd Johnson, "for a toad."

Bozzy. ||
Between old Scalpa's rugged isle and Rasay's,
The wind was vastly boisterous in our faces:

George Faulkner, the printer at Dublin, taken off by Foote under the character of Peter Paragraph.

† P. 55. † P. 108. | P. 185.

was glorious, Johnson's figure to set sight on : gh in the boat, he looked a noble Triton.

t, lo! to damp our pleasure Fate concurs,

r Joe (the blockhead!) lost his Master's spurs :
is for the Rambler's temper was a rubber,

no wonder'd Joseph could be such a lubber.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

ask'd him if he knock'd Tom Osbornet down: such a tale was current through the town. ys I, "Do tell me, Doctor, what befell."-Vhy, dearest Lady, there is nought to tell: onder'd on the properest mode to treat him; e dog was impudent, and so I beat him. m, like a fool, proclaim'd his fancied wrongs; ners that I belaboured, held their tongues," lany one, "that he was happy," cry anson would tell him plumply, 'twas a lie. Lady told him she was really so; which he sternly answer'd, "Madam, no. :kly you are, and ugly; foolish, poor; d therefore can't be happy, I am sure. would make a fellow hang himself, whose ear ere, from such creatures, forced such stuff to hear."

Bozzy.ii

'Lo! when we landed in the Isle of Mull, e megrims got into the Doctor's scull; th such bad humours he began to fill, tought he would not go to Icolmkill: t, lo! those megrims (wonderful to utter!) re banish'd all by tea, and bread and butter.

MADAME PIOZZI.

Quoth I to Johnson: "Doctor, tell me true, to was the best man that you ever knew?" answer'd me at once, "George Psalmanzar, m in the English language as a Razor."

P. 232. † The Bookseller. † P. 285. || P. 386.

Such was the strange, the strangest of replies, That raised the whites of both my wondering eyes: As this same George, in imposition strong, Beat the first Liars that e'er wagg'd a tongue.

Bozzy.*

I wonder'd yesterday, that one John Hay,
Who served as cicerone on the way,
Should fly a man of war, a spot so blest,
A fool! nine months too after he was prest,
Quoth Johnson, "No man, Sir, would he a Sailor,
With sense to scrape acquaintance with a Jailor."

MADAME Prozzi.†

I said, I liked not Goose, and mention'd why:
"One smells it roasting on the spit," quoth L.—
"You, Madam," cried the Doctor with a frown,
"Are always gorging, stuffing something down:
Madam, 'its very natural to suppose,
If in the pantry you will poke your nose,
Your maw with every sort of victuals swelling,
That you must want the bliss of dinner-smelling."

Bozzy.

As at Argyll's grand house my hat I took,
To seek my alehouse, thus began the Duke:
"Pray, Mister Boswell, won't you have some tea?"
To this I made my bow, and did agree.
Then to the drawing-room we both retreated,
Where Lady Betty Hamilton was seated
Close by the Duchess; who, in deep discourse,
Took no more notice of me than a Horse.—
Next day, myself and Doctor Johnson took
Our hats, to go and wait upon the Duke.
Next to himself the Duke did Johnson place;
But I, thank God, sat second to his Grace.
The place was due most surely to my merits;
And, faith, I was in very pretty spirits.



A TOUR DECOUR.

I plainly saw (my penetration such is,)
I was not yet in favour with the Dutchess.
Thought I, "I am not disconcerted yet;
Before we part, Fill give her Grace a succat."
Then looks of intrepolity I put on,
And ask'd her if she'd have a plate of mutten.
This was a glorious deed, must be confess'd;
I knew I was the Duke's and not her guest.
Knowing (as I'm a man of tip-top breeding)
That great folks drink no healths while they are feed-

ing;
I took my glass, and, looking at her Grace,
I stared her like a Devil in the face;
And in respectful terms, as was my duty,
Said I, "My Lady Duchess, I salute ye."
Most audible indeed was my salute,
For which some folks will say I was a Brate;
But faith, it dash'd her, as I knew it would;

But faith, it dash'd her, as I knew it would; But then, I knew that I was flesh and blood.

Manara Pross.

Once at our house amidet our Afric feasts,

We liken'd our Acquaintances to Beasts;
As for example—some to calves and hogs,
And some to bears and monkeys, cats, and dogs.

We baid (which charm'd the Doctor much, no doubt,)
His Mind was like of Elephants the Snout,
That could pick pins up, yet possess'd the vigour,
For trianning well the jacket of a Tiger.

Boxsy.t

Angust the fifteenth, Sunjay, Mister Scott
Did breakfast with us; whith upon the spot,
To him, and unto Dostor Johnson, lo!
Sir William Forbes, so elever, did I show;
A man that doth not after roguery hanker;
A charming Christian, though by trade a Banker;

Made too of good companionable stuff;
And this, I think, is saying full enough.
And yet it is but justice to record,
That when he had the Measles, 'pon my word,
The people seemed in such a dreadful fright,
His house was all surrounded day and night,
As if they apprehended some great evil;
A General Conflagration, or the Devil.
And when he better'd, oh t'was grand to see 'em
Like mad folks dance, and hear 'em sing Te Deum.

Quoth Johnson, "Who d'ye think my Life will write?"
"Goldsmith," said I. Quoth he, "The dog's vile spite, Beside the fellow's monetrous love of lying, Would doubtless make the Book not worth the buying."

That worthy gentleman, good Mister Scott,
Said 'twas our Socrates's luckless lot
To have the waiter, a sad nasty blade,
To make, poor Gentleman! his Lemonade;
Which waiter, much against the Doctor's wish,
Put with his pass the sugar in the dish.
The Doctor, vexed at such a filthy fellow,
Began, with great propriety, to bellow;
Then up he took the dish, and nobly flung
The liquor out of window on the dung:
And Doctor Scott declared, that, by his frown,
He thought he would have knock'd the fellow down.

MADAME PIOZZI,

Dear Doctor Johnson left off Drinks fermented;
With quarts of chocolate and cream contented;
Yet often down his throat's prodigious gutter,
Poor man 1 he poured a flood of melted butter.

Bozzy. the Doctor did my Girl behold; 1e Veronica, just four months old. ne Veronica, a name though quaint, loriginally to a Saint: y old Great-grandam it was given. woman as e'er went to Heaven: at must add to her importance much, ly's genealogy was Dutch. who did espouse this Dame divine. xander, Earl ot Kincardine; red along my Body, like a Sluice, e noble, noble blood of Bruce : that own'd this blood could well refuse the World acquainted with the news? :urn unto my charming Child :r Doctor Johnson she was wild: n he left off speaking, she would flutter, r him to begin again, and sputter; near him a strong wish express'd: oves he was not such a horrid Beast. ness for the Doctor pleased me greatly; 1 loud exclaimed in language stately, recollect aright, I swore, fortune add five hundred more.

MADAME PIOZZI.*
y, as we were all in talking lost,
er's favourite Spaniel stole the toast;
immediately I screamed, "Fie on her."
le," said I, "you used to be on honour."
ohnson cried; "but, Madam, pray be told
in for the vice is, Belle grows old."
on never could the Dog abide,
ay Mother wash'd and comb'd his hide.
on't is, Belle was not too well bred,
se would insist on being fed;
often, too, the saury Slut
pon having the first cut.

Bozzy.

Last night much care for Johnson's Cold was used, Who hitherto without his night cap snooz'd. That nought might treat so wonderful a man ill, Sweet Miss Macleod did make a Cap of Flannel; And, after putting it about his head, She gave him Brandy as he went to bed.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

One night we parted at the Doctor's door,
When thus I said, as I had said before:
"Don't forget Dicky, Doctor; mind poor Dick."
On which he turn'd round on his heel so quick;
"Madam," quoth he, "and when I've served that elf,
I guess I then may go and hang myself."

Bozzy.t

At night, well soak'd with rain, and wondrous wearf, We got as wet as Shags to Inverary. We supp'd most royally; were vastly frisky: When Johnson order'd up a gill of Whisky. Taking the glass, says I, "Here's Mistress Thrale."—"Drink her in Whisky not," said he, "but Ale."

MADAME PIOZZI.

The Doctor had a Cat, and christen'd Hodge. That at his house in Fleet-street used to lodge. This Hodge grew old, and sick; and used to wish That all his dinners might be form'd of Fish. To please poor Hodge, the Doctor, all so kind, Went out, and bought him Oysters to his mind. This every day he did; nor ask'd Black: Frank, Who deemed himself of much too high a rank, With vulgar fish-fags to be forced to chat, And purchase Oysters for a managy Cut.

P. 204.

F.P. 483

: F. 102.

Dr. Jol nson's servant.

SIR JOHN.

For God's sake stay each Anecdotic scrap: Let me draw breath, and take a trifling nap. With one half-hour's restoring slumber blest, And Heaven's assistance, I may bear the rest. Aside.]—What have I done, inform me, gracious Lord. That thus my ears with nonsense should be bored? Oh! if I do not in the trial die, The Devil and all his Brimstone I defy: No punishment in Other worlds I fear; My crimes will all be expiated here. Ah! ten times happier was my lot of yore, When, raised to consequence that all adore, sat each session, King-like, in the Chair, Awed every rank, and made the Million stare; Lord-paramount o'er every Justice riding, in causes, with a Turkish sway, deciding Yes, like a noble Bashaw of three tails, I spread a fear and trembling through the Jails. Blest, have I brow-beaten each thief and strumpet And blasted on them, like the last day's Trumpet. I know no paltry weakness of the soul: No snivelling pity dares my deeds control: Ashamed, the weakness of my King I hear; Who, childish, drops on every death a tear.* Return, return again, thou glorious hour That to my grasp once gavest my idol, Power; When at my feet the humble knaves would fall, The thundering Jupiter of Hicks's Hall. +--

The Knight thus finishing his speech so fair, Sleep pulled him gently backward on his chair;

Mr John withes in vain: his hour of insolence returns no more.

[&]quot;Such is the report concerning his most tender-hearted layesty, when he suffers the law to take its course on cri-binals. How unlike the Great Frederick of Prussia, who delights in a hanging!





A TOWN ECLOGUE.

PART II.

Now from his sleep the Knight affrighted sprung, While on his ear the words of Johnson rung; For, lo! in Dreams the surly Rambler rose, And, wildly staring, seemed a Man of Woes. "Wake, Hawkins," glowed the Doctor with a frown, "And knock that Fellow and that Woman down. Bid them with Johnson's Life proceed no further: Enough already have they dealt in murther. Say, to their tales that little truth belongs: If fame they mean me, bid them hold their tongues.

- "In vain at glory Gudgeon Boswell snaps: His Mind's a Paper Kite, composed of scraps; Just o'er the tops of Chimneys formed to fly, Not with a wing sublime to mount the Sky. Say to the dog, his Head's a downright Drum, Unequal to the History of Tom Thumb: Nay, tell of Aneodote that thirsty Leech, He is not equal to a Tyhurn Speech,*
- "For that Piozzi's Wife, Sir John, exhort her To draw her immortality from Porter; Give up her Ancodotical inditing, And study Housewifery instead of Writing: Bid her a poor Biography suspend; Nor crucify, through wanty, a friend.
- Composed for "the unfortunate Brave" of Newgate different Historians.



He hised to eat it so much overdone.

That one might shake the fiesh from off the bone.

A Veal-pie too, with sugar cramm'd and plums,
Was wondrous grateful to the Doctor's gums.

Though used from morn to night on fruit to stuff,
He vowed his belly never had enough.

Bozzy.*

One Thursday morn did Doctor Johnson wake, And call out, "Lanky, Lanky," by mistake; But recollecting, "Bozzy, Bozzy," cried: For in Contractions Johnson took a pride.

MADAME PIOZZI.†

Whene'er our Friend would read in bed by night, Poor Mister Thrale and I were in a fright:
For, blinking on his book too near the Flame,
Lo! to the foretop of his Wig it came;
Burnt all the hairs away, both great and small,
Down to the very net work, named the Caul.

Bozzy.‡

At Corrachatachin's, in hoggism sunk, I got with punch, alas! confounded drunk: Much was I vex'd that I could not be quiet; But, like a stupid Blockhead, breed a riot.
I scarcely knew how 'twas I reeled to bed.—
Next morn I waked with dreadful pains of head, And terrors too, that of my peace did rob me; For much I feared the Moralist would mob me. But, as I lay alone, a heavy Log, The Doctor entering called me "drunken dog." Then up I rose with Apostolic air And read in Dame Mackinnon's Book of Prayer; In hopes for such a sin. to be forgiven, And make, if possible, my peace with Heaven. "Twas strange, that in that Volume of Divinity I oped the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity,

° P. 384.

t P. 237.

1 P. 317.

And read these words: "Pray be not drunk with wine, Since drunkenness doth make a Man a Swine." "Alas," says I, "the sinner that I am!" And, having made my speech, I took a dram.

MADAME PIOZZI.*

One day, with spirits low and sorrow fill'd,

I told him that I had a Cousin kill'd.

"My Dear," quoth he, "for Heaven's sake hold your

ounting;
Were all your Cousins kill'd, they'd not be wanting;
Though Death on each of them should set his mark,
Though every one were spitted like a Lark,
Roasted, and given that dog there for a meal,
The loss of them the World would never feel:
Trust me, dear Madam, all your dear Relations
Are Nits, are Nothings, in the eyes of Nations."—
Againt says I, one day, "I do believe,
A good Acquaintance that I have will grieve
To hear her Friend hath lost a large estate."
"Yes," answer'd he; "lament as much her fate
As did your Horse (I freely will allow)
To hear of the miscarriage of your Cow."

Bozzy.‡

At Enoch, at Macqueen's, we went to bed;
A coloured handkerchief wrapp'd Johnson's head.
He said, "God bless us both; good night!"—and then,
I, like a Parish-clerk, pronounced "Amen."
My good Companion soon by sleep was seized,
But I by lice and fleas was sadly teazed.
Methought a Spider, with terrine claws,
Was striding from the wainscot to my jaws;
But slumber soon did every sense entrap,
And so I sunk into the sweetest map.

MADAME PIOZZI.\$

Travelling in Wales, at dinner-time we got on Where, at Leweny, lives Sir Robert Cotton.



A TOWN ECLOGUE.

At table, our great Moralist to please, Says I, "Dear Doctor, arn't those charming Pear?" Quoth he, to contradict, and run his rig. "Madam, they possibly might please a Pig."

Boury *

Of Thatching, wall the Doctor knew the art; And with his Threwing, wisdom made as sunt: Described the greatest sucrets of the Mint, And plade folles fancy that he had been in t. Of Hops and Mait 'tis whether what he man; And well as any Brewer he could have?

MADAME PIOZZI.

In Ghosts the Doctor strongly did believe, And pinn'd his faith on many a liar's alseve. He said to Bostor Layrence, "Sura Laya, I heard my poor dear Bother call out," hand, I'm sure," said he, "that I can trust my said; and yet my Mother had been dead for years,"

Bozzy.‡

When young ('twee rather silly, I allow,)
Much was I pleased to imitate a Gew.
One time, at Drury-Lane with Doctor Blair,
My Imitations made the playhouse stark.
So wery charming was I in my Poor,'
That both the Galleries clapped and cfied, "Ensere."
Blest by the general plaudit and the laugh,
I tried to be a Jackass and a Calf;
But who, alsa, in all things can be great?
In short, I met a terrible defeat:
So vile I brayed and bellowed, I was hiss'd;
Yet all who knew me, wonder'd that I mise'd.
Blair whisper'd me, "You've lost your credit now:
Stick, Boswell, for the future, to the Cow."

† P. 199.

· P. 294.

‡ P. 499.

Th' affair of Blacks when Johnson would discuss 104 He always thought they had not souls like us; And yet, whene er his family would fight, He always said Black Frank† was in the right,

I must confess that I enjoyed a pleasure, In learing to the North so great a freasure. Thinks I, I'm like a Bulldog or a Hound, Who when a lump of Liver he hath found, Runs to some corner, to avoid a riot, To gobble down his piece of meat in quiet. I thought this good as all Joe Miller's jokes; And so I up, and told it to the folks.

Some of our friends wish'd Johnson would compo The Lives of Authors who had shone in Prose; The Lives of Authors who may shone in Prose;
As for his power, no mortal man could doubt it.
Sir Richard Musgrave he was warm about it.
Got up, and sooth'd, entreated, begg'd and prayed,
Door man Louis be hard involved. Poor man? as if he had implored for bread. "Sir Richard," cried the Doctor with a frown, "Since you're got up, I pray you, Sir, sit down.

Of Doctor Johnson having given a sketch, Permit me, Reader, of myself to preach. The World will certainly receive with glee The slightest bit of history of me. Think of a Gentleman of ancient blood, Prouder of title than of being good ; A Gentleman just thirty-three years old; Married four years, and as a Tiger bold; Whose bowels yearn'd Great Britain's foes to And from the cannon's mouth to swallow flar

[†] The Doctor's man-servant. P. 912



A TOWN BOLOGUE.

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To get his limbs by broad swords carv'd in wars, Like some old Bedstead, and to beast his scars; And, proud immortal actions to achieve, See his hide bor'd by bullets like a Sieve. But, lo ! his Father, a well-judging Judge, Forbade his Son from Edinburgh to budge; Resolv'd the French should not his backside claw: So bound his Son apprentice to the Law. This Gentleman had been in foreign parts, And, like Ulysses, learnt a world of Arts: Much Wisdom his vast travels having brought him, He was not half the fool the people thought him. Of prudence, this same Gentleman was such, He rather had too little than too muck. Bright was this Gentleman's Imagination, Well calculated for the highest station: Indeed so lively, give the Devil his due, He ten times more would utter than was frue; Which forced him frequently, against his will, Poor man! to swallow many a bitter pill. One bitter pill among the rest he took, Which was, to out some scandal from his Book .--By Doctor Johnson he is well portray'd: Quoth Sam, "Of Bozzy it may well be said, That, through the most inhospitable scene, One never can be troubled with the spleen, Nor even the greatest difficulties chafe at. Whilst such an animal is near to laugh at."

MADAME PIOSSI.*

For me, in Latin, Doctor Johnson wrote Two lines, upon Sir Joseph Banka's Goat, A goat that round the world so curious went; A goat that now eats grass that grows in Kent?

Bossy.

To Lord Monbodde a few lines I wrote, And by his servant Joseph sent this note:

. P. 79.

† P. 207.

For thoughts of Johnson, you I know your Lordship likes him less than So near we are, to part I can't tell how Without so much as making you a bow: Besides, the Rambler says, to see Montodd, He'd go at least two miles out of his road; Which shows that he admires (whoever rails The pen which proves that Men are born with tails. Hoping that as to health your Lordship does well, JAMES BOSWELL

MADAME PIOZZI.

On Mister Thrale's old hunter Johnson rode, Who, with prodigious pride, the beast bestrode; And as on Brighton Downs he dash'd away, Much was he pleas'd to hear a Sportsman say, That at a chase he was as tight a hand As e'er a sporting Lubber in the land.

One morning, Johnson, on the Isle of Mull, Was of his Politics excessive full. Quoth he, "That Pulteney was a rogue is plain Besides, the fellow was a Whig in grain.

Then to his principles he gave a banging.

Whig was ever worth a hanging.

As Wilkes unhappily your friendship shared, The dirty Anecdote might well be spared.

Bozzy.

Madam, I stick to Truth as much as you, And damme if the Story be not true.
What you have said of Johnson and the Larks, As much the Rambler for a savage marks.
'Twas scandalous, even candour must allow, To give the history of the Horse and Cow.
What but an enemy to Johnson's fame, Dared his vile prank at Litchfield Playhouse name; Where, without ceremony, he thought fit To fling the man and chair into the pit?
Who would have register'd a speech so odd On the dead Stay-maker and Doctor Dodd?*

MADAME PIOZZI.

Sam Johnson's Threshing-knowledge and his Thatching,

May be your own inimitable hatching.
Pray, of his wisdom can't you tell more news?
Could not he make a Shirt, and cobble Shoes,
Knit Stockings; or, ingenious, take up Stitches,
Draw Teeth, dress Wigs, or make a pair of Breeches?
You prate too of his knowledge of the Mint,
As if the Rambler really had been in't:
Who knows, but you will tell us (truth forsaking)
That each Bad Shilling is of Johnson's making;
His, each vile Sixpence that the World hath cheated;
And his, the art that every Guinea sweated?
Alout his Brewing-knowledge you will prate too,
Who scarcely knew a Hop from a Potatoe;
And, though of Beer he joyed in hearty swigs,
I'd pit against his taste my husband's Pigs.

Bozzy.

How could your folly tell, so void of truth, That miserable story of the Youth

Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 51, first edition.

Who, maddening with an Anecount non, Declared that Johnson called his Mother bitch?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Who, from Macdonald's rage to save his snout, Jut twenty lines of Defamation out?

Bozzy.

Who would have said a word about Sam's Wig; Ir told the story of the Peas and Pig? Who would have told a tale so very fist, If Frank the Black, and Hodge the mangy Cat?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Good me! you're grown at once confounded tender; Of Doctor Johnson's fame a fierce defender: I am sure you've mentioned many a pretty Story Not much redounding to the Doctor's Glory. Now for a saint upon us you would palm him; First murder the poor man and then embalm him!

Bozzy.

Why truly, Madam, Johnson cannot boast;
By your acquaintance he hath rather lost.

Sharafar so shockingly you handle,



A TOWN BOLDSUM.

MADAME PROFIL.

One quarter of your Book had Johnson read, First-criticism had restled round your head.
Yet let my satire not too far pursue; It boasts some merit, give the Devil his due. Where Grocers and where Pastry-cooks reside, Thy Book, with triumph, may indulge its pride; Preach to the Pattypans sententious stuff, And hug that Idol of the nose called Snuff; With all its stories Cloves and Ginger please, And pour its sounders to a pound of Cheese.

Bozzy.

Madam, your irony is wondrous fine;
Sense in each thought, and wit in every line:
Yet, Madam, when the leaves of my poor Book
Visit the Grocer or the Pastry-cook,
Yours, to enjoy of fame the just reward,
May aid the Trunk-maker of Paul's Church-yard;
In the same alchouses together used,
By the same fingers they may be amused;
The greasy snuffers yours perchance may wipe,
While mine, high honoured, lights a toper's pipe.
The praise of Courtenay* my Book's fame secures:
Now who the devil, Madam, praises yours?

MADAME PIOZZI.

Thousands, you Blockhead: no one now can doubt it; For not a soul in London is without it. The folks were ready Cadell to devour, Who sold the first edition in an hour. So, Courtenay's praises save you? Ah! that Squire Deals, let me tell you, more in Smoke than Fire.

The lively Rattle of the House of Commons, indeed its Momus; who seems to have been selected by his Constituents more for the purpose of langhing at the misfortunes of his Country, than healing the wounds. He is the Author of a Poem lately published, that endeavours, totic virible to preve that Doctor Johnson was a brute as well as a moralistic

Mere cork in Politics,

Bozzy.

Well, Ma'am, since all that Johnson said or wrote You hold so sacred, how have you forgot To grant the wonder-hunting World a reading Of Sam's Epistle just before your Wedding; Beginning thus (in strains not form'd to flatter) "MADAM,

If that most ignominious matter Be not concluded,"—

Farther shall I say?
No; we shall have it from yourself some day,
To justify your passion for the Youth
With all the charms of eloquence and truth.

MADAME PIOZZI.

What was my Marriage, Sir, to you or him?

He tell me what to do! a pretty whim!

He to propriety (the beast) resort!

As well might Elephants preside at Court.

Lord! let the World to damn my Match agree;

Good God, James Boswell, what's that world to:

The folks who paid respects to Mistress Thrale

Fed on her Pork, poor souls! and swill'd her Ale

**Piozzi, nine in ten;

SER JOHN.

ae, for shame! for Heaven's sake, both be

sgate exhibits such a riot : scandal you have made a feast, your Idol, Johnson, to a beast. hat tales of ghosts are arrant lies, neously would Johnson's rise; noth eat your paragraphs so evil; ur treatment of him, play the devil. ro Mohawks, on the man you fall; er is worse served at Surgeon's Hall. dding splendour to his name, are downright gibbets to his fame. ur Anecdotes, may I be curst you which of them is worst. with posterity can thrive: Rambler's death alone you live; (as in some volume I have read) strange fortune in a Horse's Head. was rather fainting in his glory, s fame lies foully dead before ye: ne dying man (a frequent case) rs come and give the coup de grace. idam! mind the duties of a wife, no more of Doctor Johnson's Life: nowledge in a pie or pudding lelight your friends than all your studying ; n venison, to the heart can speak an ten quotations from the Greek; oin possesses more sublime e airy castles built by rhyme; kin of stingo with a toast, e Streams the Muses' Fount can boast; pint of porter, lo! my belly can res not in all the floods of Helicon. ose Anecdotes your powers have shown: dear Ma'am, will only damn your own.

For thee, James Boswell, may the hand of Fate Arrest thy Goose-quill and confine thy Prate: Thy Egotisms the World disgusted hears; Then load with vanities no more our ears, Like some lone Puppy, yelping all night long, That tires the very echoes with his tongue. Yet, should it lie beyond the powers of Fate To stop thy pen, and still thy darling prate; To live in solitude, oh! be thy luck, A chattering Magpie on the Isle of Muck.

Thus spoke the Judge; then, leaping from the child He left, in consternation lost, the Fair: Black Frank* he sought, on Anecdote to cram, and vomit first a Life of Surly Sam.* Shock'd at the little manners of the Knight, The Rivals marvelling mark'd his sudden flight: Then to their pens and paper rush'd the Twain, To kill the mangled Rambler o'er again.

[N. B. The Quotations from Mr. Boswell made from the second edition of his Journal; th from Mrs. Piazzi, from the first edition of her Ar dotes.]

* Doctor Johnson's Negro Servant.

t The Knight's Volume is reported to be in great forwares, and likely to distance his formidable Competitors

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT.

Comptroller General of his Majesty's Works:

AND AUTHOR OF A LATE

DESCRIPTION ON ORIENTAL LANGUAGES.

Enriched with Explanatory Notes, chiefly extracted from that elaborate performance.

Non emass arbusts juvant, humilesque myrica. - Virgil.

PREFACE.

This Poem was written last summer, immediately after the publication of Sir William Chambers's Dissertation; but the Bookseller, to whom it was offered, degined publishing it, till the Town was full. His reason for this is obvious; yet it would hardly have weighed with the Author, had he not thought that his Hero's fame would increase in proportion to his Publisher's profit. However, he foresaw that, by this delay, one monvenience might arise, which this Preface is written to remove.

Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable, one half of Sir William's may have forgotten the principles which this book inculcates. Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's professed aim in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced; which Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown followed, and which, to our national disgrace, is called the English style of gardening. He shows the poverty of this taste, by aptly comparing it to a dinner which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing, without the assistance of Art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind. In short, such art as is displayed in the Emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin; where fine lizards, and fine women, human giants, and giant baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us, that a perfect garden must contain within itself all

::

the amusements of a great city; that urbs in rure, not rus in urbe, is the thing which an improver of true taste ought to aim at. He says-but it is impossible to abridge all that he says:—Let this therefore, suffice to tempt the reader again to peruse his valuable Dis-sertation; since, without it, he will never relish half the beauties of the following Epistle; for (if her Majesty's Zebra, and the powder mills at Hounslow be excepted) there is scarce a single image in it which is not taken

from that work.

But though the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from his application of them. Sir William says, too modestly, "that European artists must not hope to rival Oriental splendour." The poet shows, that European artists may easily rival it; and, that Richmond gardens, with only the addition of a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may be new modelled, perfectly a la Chinois. He exhorts his Knight to undertake the glorious task, and leaves no cause to doubt but that, under the auspicious patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the ready vote of those who furnish ways and means, the royal work will speedily. be completed.

Knightsbridge, 20th Jan. 1773.

HEROIC EPISTLE.

&c.

Hr of the Polar Star! by fortune plac'd hine the cynosure* of British taste; se orb collects in one refulgent view scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtü; spreads their lustre in so broad a blaze, kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze: the Muse attend thy march sublime, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme; h her, like thee, to gild her splendid song, scenes of Yven-Ming,† and sayings of Li-Tsong;

ynosure, an affected phrase. Cynosura is the constelof Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the
Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

ne of the Imperial gardens at Pekin. [Seyings of LiJ.] "Many trees, shrubs, and flowers," sayeth LiJ., a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best is
noist, situations; many on hills and mountains; some
re a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand,
en upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny pois necessary; but for others the shade is preferable.
e are plants which thrive best in exposed situations,
i general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener,
som study and experience have taught these qualities,
ully attends to them in his operations; knowing that
on depends the health and growth of his plants; and
quently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p.
The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never
vith so much recondite truth as this ancient Chinese
exhibits.

Like thee to searn dame Nature's simple fence; Loan such ha-ha of truth and common sense; And proudly rising in her bold career, Demand attention from the gracious cut Whin, whom we and all the world admit from superme of science, tasts, and wit. loss envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train! Who breathe the sweets of Saturnian reign; Vicinity Hills, ye Johnsons, Scotts, Shebbeares bet to my call, for some of you have ears. e David Rume, from the remotest North, me-mw meptic struples hint his worth; unit, who there supmely deigns to lie he factive bog of Epicurus' sty; anged drunk with Gallie wine, and Gallie praise avid shall bless Old England's Independays; se martiny Home, bemir'd in prose so long. are shall stalk upon the stilts of song; mile bold Mac-Custan, want in ghosts to deal, pe carafti Smollest from his coffin steal : in Malach out his sweet Elysian rest, and a St. Johns' philosophic breast, the old Orders, make some great effort, mone than Hell, and warble Truth of Court.

The arms in Easter's peaceful grove that and Nature vied for Pelham's love," at the healt then with auspirious smile, and that heavy blest their mutual toil. I have been been thy immortal line?

Some then been that in this enlighten'd day, then healt healt with a man that a state with the bean hear in this enlighten'd day, then as we had given them both a state. The arms were had given them both a state.

wair (of is be estant) a posses under this title, for which wair (of is be estant) a Lord Solingtroke's philosophica (or for the postess hare manifested, received a consideration of the Busie's administration.

that is Nature?* Ring her changes round, ree flat notes are water, plants, and ground; g the peal, yet spite of all your elatter, dious chime is still ground, plants, and water. ien some John his dull invention racks il Boodle's dinners, or Almack's, uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes, roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

e then, prolific Art, and with thee bring arms that rise from thy exhaustless spring; hmond come, for see, untutor'd Brown ys those wonders which were once thy own, m his melon-ground the peasant slave dely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's cave; 'd down the waxen wizard, seiz'd his wand, orm'd, to lawn what late was fairy land; orm'd, with impious hand, each sweet design ohen Duck, and good Queen Caroline. bid yon livelong terrace: re-ascend, a each vista, straighten every bend;

is the great and fundamental axiom, on which ortice is founded. It is therefore expressed here with itest precision, and in the identical phrase of the iginal. The figurative terms, and even the explanatile are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Distriction of the control o

Like thee to scorn dame Nature's simple fence; Leap each ha-ha of truth and common sense; And proudly rising in her bold career, Demand attention from the gracious ear Of him, whom we and all the world admit Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit. Does envy doubt? Witness, ye chosen train! Who breathe the sweets of Saturnian reign; Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scotts, Shebbeare Hark to my call, for some of you have ears. Let David Hume, from the remotest North, In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth; David, who there supinely deigns to lie The fattest hog of Epicurus' sty: Though drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic prair David shall bless Old England's haleyon days : The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long, Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song ; While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in ghosts to deal, Bids candid Smollett from his coffin steal; Bids Malloch quit his sweet Elysian rest, Sunk in St. Johns' philosophic breast, And, like old Orpheus, make some great effort, To come from Hell, and warble Truth at Court.

There was a time, 'in Esher's peaceful grove When Kent and Nature vied for Pelbam's love,' That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile. And own'd that beauty blest their mutual toil. Mistaken bard! could such a pair design Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line? Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day, Felr, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray, Thy satire sure had given them both a stab. Call'd Kent a driveller, and the Nymph a drab.

^{&#}x27;Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned, received a considerable pension in the time of Lord Bute's administration.

For what is Nature ?* Ring her changes round, Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground; Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter, The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water. So, when some John his dull invention racks To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's, Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes, Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring; To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Brown Destroys those wonders which were once thy own, Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merin's cave; Knock'd down the waxen wizard, seiz'd his wand, Transform'd, to lawn what late was fairy land; And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline. Haste, bid yon livelong termes re-ascend, Replace each vista, straighten every bend;

"This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which ortal taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. "Nature (say the Chinese, or Sir William's Dissertation." Nature (say the Chinese, or Sir William's pround, and water, are her only productions; and, hough both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of changes rung apon hells, which though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of gingling; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived. Art must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature," &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, like the honest Backelor's feast, which consisted in nobling but a multiplication of his own dinner; three legs of mutton and turnips, three rousied geese, and three butter'd apple pies." Preface, page 1.

Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing Approach the presence of great Ocean's king' No! let barbaric glories feast his eyes, August pagodas round his palace rise, And finish'd Richmond open to his view, " A work to wonder at, perhaps"-a Kew.

Nor rest we here, but at our magic call, Monkeys shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl Huge dogs of Thibet bark in yonder grove, Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love In some fair island will we turn to grass (With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass ; Giants from Africa shall guard the glades Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar maids Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring Damsels alike adroit to sport and sting.

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight, Join we the groves of horror and affright;

So Milton.

"So Milton,
"Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold."
† "In their lofty woods serpents and lizards of many
beautiful sorts crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkeys, cats, and parrots, clamber upon the trees." Page 40.
"In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large,
amongst which are often seen stalking along the elephant,
the rhinoceros, the dromedary, the ostrich, and the giant
baboon." Page 66. "They keep, in their enchanted scenes,
a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles and unimals, which are tanned by art, and guarded by enormous
dogs of Thibet, and African grants, in the habits of magicians." Page 42. "Sometimes in this romantic excursion,
the passenger finds hinself in extensive recesses surroundthe passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surroun the passenger and summer in extensive recesses, surrouna ed with arbours of jessemine, vine, and roses; where bean toous Tartarian damsels, in loose transparent robes the flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invitaling to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets and beds of Camusakin down." Page 40.



Who of three than he can spy Itom.
No more than he can spy Itom.
For him, that blessing of a better time, The muse shall deal awhile in brick and lim Surpass the bold ADAEDI in design, And o'er the Thames fling one stupen Of marble arches, * in a bridge, that cuts From Richmond ferry elant to Brentford-br Brentford with London's charms will we a Brentford, the bishopric of parson Horse. There at one glance, the royal eye shall me Each varied beauty of St. James's-street

Stout Talbort there shall ply with hacker And patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there. Like distant thunder now the coach of su Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath The court hath cross d the stream; the Now Nowel preaches of rebellion's sin

Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with justice; in short, with every thing that is a smaller scale.

a smaller scale.

the slaves of their greatness to appear, who are excluded from it by case women, who are excluded from it by case. divines, who we can be a room to sy em-there represented, several times in the 3 of the palace." Page 32. wers of his strong pathos rise, rs fall from Sir Fletcher's eyes. It form Sir Fletcher's eyes. It form Sir Fletcher's eyes. It form Sir Fletcher's eyes. It fore at sermon show'd his face, 'witcher shambles; stop! stop thief! he Earl of Denbigh's handkerchief. In arrest him in mock fury, it hang the knave without a jury. voice of battle shouts from far, it is likearonies are at war; vail, and, thund'ring from the stocks, ey bind, they circumcise Charles Fox. It mbergen smiles the sport to see, sids of honour cry Te! He IT

rural pastimes that attend ick's leisure: these shall best unbend ick, whene'er from state withdrawn, welvet of his Richmond lawn; colong his Asiatic dream, pe's balance trembles on its beam. William! while thy plastic hand wonder which thy bard has plann'd, art commands, obsequious rise please, or frighten, or surprise, rd his knight's protection claim, a faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

ment reversed this vote also, and restored the to Dr. Nowel, as it originally stood and now d by the publisher.)

re thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers forgot is; that noble profession is usually allotted ser of the most dextrous eunuchs." Vide, he Earl of Sandwich at that time was called ter.)

ch series on the culprit. Vide ibid.

resped before the judge, and sometimes sessed." Ibid.

happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

erty is permitted, there is no distinction of d.

one to divert his imperial majesty, and the sin." Field.



AN

HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

THE PUBLIC.

Occasioned by their favourable reception of a late
HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR WM. CHAMBERS, Knt.

By the Author of that Epistle.

Siclides muse, paulio majora canamus—. Firgil.



HEROIC POSTSCRIPT,

&c.

I THAT of late, * Sir William's bard and squire. March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre (What time the knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd haste, Comptroller-General of the works of taste, 1) Now to the public tune my grateful lays, Warm'd with the sunshine of the public praise: Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time, When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme; - # glittering orbs, and, what endear'd them more, Each glittering orb the sacred features bore Of George the good, the gracious, and the great, Unfil'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight; Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease, Good seemings then were good realities; No senate had convey'd, by smuggling art, . Power to the mob to play Cadogan's part: Now, through the land that impious pow'r prevails, All weigh their sov'reign in their private scales,

*Rezeo qui quondam, &c. Virgil, or somebody for him.
t Fut synonymously for his Majesty's works. See Sir
Wikiam's titlepage.

1 Q. Ten, or twelve?

B ---- -

§ Master of the Mint.

Peace to their manes! may they never feel Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel ; While I again the Muse's sickle bring To cut down dunces, wheresoe'er they spring, Bind in poetic sheaves, the plenteous crop, And stack my full-ear'd load in Almon's shop. For now, my Muse, thy fame is fix'd as fate, Tremble, ye fools I scorn, ye knaves I hate ; I know the vigour of thy eagle wings, I know thy strains can pierce the ear of kings. Did China's monarch here in Britain doze, And was, like western kings, a king of prose,† Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen, And make him wish to see and to be seen. That solemn vein of irony so fine, Which, e'en Reviewers own, adorns thy line, Would make him soon against his greatness sin Desert his sofe, mount his palanquin, And post where'er the goddess led the way, Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay: There should he sees as other folks have seen, That ships have anchors, and that seas are gree.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art founing. Janiel chap. vili. ver. 27.

† Kien Löng, the present emperor of China, is a p de Voltaire did him the honour to treat him as a above two years ago; and my late patron, Sir V

Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine, With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine, And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar, As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

Such is thy pow'r, O Goddess of the song, Come then and guide my careless pen along; Yet keep it in the bounds of pen and verse, Nor, like Mac-Homer make me gabble Erse.* No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes So truly touch the temper of the times, That he who runs may read; while well he knows I write in metre, what he thinks in prose: So shall my song, undisciplin'd by art, Find a sure patron in each English heart, If this it's fate, let all the frippery things Be-plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by Kings, Frown on the page, and with fastidious eye, Like old young Fannius,† call it blasphemy, Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk, Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk, Proud of a single word, nor hope for more, Though Jenkinson is blest with many a score.

For other ears my honest numbers sound, With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,

months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. 'Twas impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

 See, if the reader thinks worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

† The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said, "No, it was as bad as blasphemy."

Before I sent the MS. to the press, I discovered that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful, therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong I ask pardon, not only of the Author but the Lady. The Editor.

Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press. 130 Yes, sons of Freedom! yes, to whom I pay, That lay shall live, tho court and Grub-street sigh, Your young Marcellus was not born to die, The muse shall nurse him up to man's estate, And break the black asperity of fate.

Admit him then your candidate for fame, Pleas'd if in your review he read his name. Though not with Mason and with Goldsmith put-Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote; But if with higher bards that name you range, His modesty must think your judgment strange. So when o'er Crane-court'st philosophic gods,
The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,
The re he chance to wake ou Newton's chair,
He it wonders how the death he games have? He " wonders how the devil he came there."

Whate'er his fame, or fate, on this depend. He is, and means to be his country's friend; This but to try his strength that now he sports With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts: But if that country claim a graver strain, If real danger threat fair Freedom's reign, If hireling peers, in prostitution bold, Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold; Or they, who honour'd by the people's choice Against that people lift their rebet voice, And basely crouching for their paltry pay, Vote the best birthright of her sons away, Permit a nation's in-born wealth to fly In mean, unkingly prodigality;

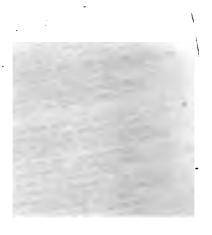
[&]quot;Si qua fata aspera to "Si qua fata aspera to "Si qua fata aspera to "Tu Marcellus eris."

1 The rayal Society held their meetings in Ori Fleet-street, at that time.

TO THE PUBLIC.

give, ask how the sums were spent, ander'd, though so lately lent re, the thunder of his song, wton'd energy along, ith Truth's dread bolt, each miscreant's

uty, senseless e'en to shame, untry. Yes, ye faithless crew, ageance shall your crimes pursue, Satire's rack, and bid you lie the hell-hound, Infamy.



LONDON,

A Poem.

IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

By Samuel Johnson, L. L. D.

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se?



LONDON,

&c.

NHOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injured Thales bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Resolv'd at length, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land, Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand? There none are swept by sudden fate away, But all whom hunger spares, with age decay; Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire, And now a rabble rages, now a fire; Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay, And here the fell attorney prowls for prey; Here falling houses thunder on your head, And here a female atheist talks you dead.

While Thales waits the wherry that contains Of dissipated wealth the small remains, On Thames's bank in silent thought we stood, Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood: Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,* We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth: In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew; And call Britannia's glories back to view:

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise ; In those cursed walls devote to vice and gain, Since unrewarded science toils in vain; Since hope but soothes to double my distress, And every moment leaves my little less; While yet my steady steps no staff sustains, And life still vigorous revels in my veins; Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place, Where honesty and sense are no disgrace; Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play, Some peaceful vale with Nature's paintings gay Where once the harass'd Briton found repose, And safe in poverty defied his foes; Some secret cell, ye powers, indulgent give, Let - live here, for - has learn'd to live. Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite To vote a patriot black, a courtier white; Explain their country's dear-bought rights away; And plead for pirates in the face of day; With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth, And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

Let such raise palaces, and manors buy, Collect a tax, or farm a lottery; no eunuchs fill our silene'd stage d rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown, dd our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

o such the plunder of a land is given,
en public crimes inflame the wrath of heaven:
what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
ho start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Nho scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's horrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art, Can sap the principles, or taint the heart; With more address a lover's note convey, Or bribe a virgin's innocence away: Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong, Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy, Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears? Who shares Orgilio's erimes, his fortune shares: But thou, should tempting villany present, All Marib'rough hoarded, or all Villiers spent, Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye, Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy, The peaceful slumber, self-approving day, Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy favourites see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.

Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day, The land of heroes and of saints survey ; Nor hope the British lineaments to trace, The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace; But lost in thoughtless ease, and empty show, Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau; Sense, freedom, piety, refined away, Of France the munic, and of Spain the prey-

All that at home no more can beg or steal, Or like a gibbet better than a wheel; Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court, Their air, their dress, their politics import; Onsequious, article, volucie, and gays
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap
All spiegges a fusion Monsieur knows All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows, And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah! what avails it, that from slav'ry far I drew the breath of life in English air; Was early taught a Briton's right to prize, And lisp the tale of Henry's victories; If the gull'd conqueror receive the chain, And flattery prevails when arms are vain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit, The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his interest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows
In awary force a thousand graces ships. In every face a thousand graces shine, From every tongue flows harmony divine : These arts in vain our rugged natives try, Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie, And get a kick for awkward flattery.

Besides, with justice, this discerning age Admires their wondrous talents for the stag Well may they venture on the mimic's art, Who play from morn to night a borrow'd p rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown, t our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

such the plunder of a land is given,
public crimes inflame the wrath of heaven:
what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
start at theft, and blush at perjury?
so scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art, Can sap the principles, or taint the heart; With more address a lover's note convey, Or bribe a virgin's imnocence away: Well may they rise; while I, whose rustic tongue Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong, Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy, Live unregarded, unlamented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears? Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares: But thou, should tempting villany present, All Marib'rough hoarded; er ell Villiers spent, Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye, Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy, The peaceful alumber, self-approving day, Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy favourites see!
Mark whom the great careas, who frown on me!
Lendon! the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my frainsports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a Franch metropolis.

Of France the mimic, and of Spam the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap!
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

Ah! what avails it, that from slav'ry far I drew the breath of his in English air; Was early taught a Briton's right to prize, And lisp the tale of Henry's victories; If the gull'd conqueror receive the chain, And flattery prevails when arms are vain?

Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his interest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine:
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,

is'd their master's notions to embrace, at his maxims, and reflect his face; the every wild absurdity comply, id view each object with another's eye; shake with laughter ere the jest they hear, pour at will the counterfeited tear; id, as their patron hints the oold or heat, o shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

How, when competitors like these comand, Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend? Slaves that with serious impudence beguile, And lie without a blush, without a smile: Exalt each trifle, every vice adore, Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore; Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd, They first invade your table, then your breast; Explore your secrets with insidious art, Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart; Then soon your ill-placed confidence repay, Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

By numbers here from shame or censure free, All crimes are aafe but hated poverty. This, only this, the rigid law pursues, This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse. The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke, With brisker air, the sullen courtiers gaze, And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways. Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd, Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest; Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart, Than when a blackhead's insult points the dart.

Has Heav'n reserv'd, in pity to the poor, No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore & SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D;
Sut here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are nerchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But Hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies; Raised from some pleasing dream of wealth and ower, Some pompous palace or some blissful bower, Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light; Swift from pursuing horrors take your way, And leave your little all to flames a prey : Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam, For where can starving merit find a home? In vain your mournful narrative disclose, While all neglect and most insult your woes. Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound And spread his flaming palace on the ground, Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies, And public mournings pacify the skies; The laureat tribe in venal verse relate, How virtue wars with persecuting fate; With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

u resign the park and play content, anks of Severn or of Trent, st thou find some elegant retreat, senator's descried seat; 1y prospects b'ar the smiling land, rent the dungeons of the Strand; thy walks, support thy strooping flowers, rulets, and twine thy bowers; y grounds a cheap repast afferd, lainties of a venal lord:

ush with nature's music rings, recess bears health upon its wings; ure security shall smile, ne evening walk and morning toil.

death, if here at night you roam, r will before you sup from home. p, with new commission vain, n brambles till he kills his man; . runkard, reeling from a feast, roil, and stabs you for a jest. e heroes mischievously gay, street, and terrors of the way; sey are with folly, youth, and wine, t insults to the poor confine; rk the flambeau's bright approach, shining train and golden coach. dangers past, your doors you close, balmy blessing of repose: uilt, and daring with despair, murderer bursts the faithless bar : acred hour of silent rest, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die, ie gallows and the fleet supply. Schemes ye senatorian band, and means support the sinking land, wanting in the tempting spring, ir convoy for the king,



Much could I add, but see the boat at mann,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent:
And, tired like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st successing times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, foreake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cense once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and unimate thy page.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, L.L.D.



Befold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown, Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.

To such the plunder of a land is given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of heaven:
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

Others with softer smiles, and subtler art, Can sap the principles, or taint the heart; With more address a lover's note convey, Or bribe a virgin's innocence away: Well may they rise; while I, whose rustic tongue Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong, Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy, Live unregarded, unismented die.

For what but social guilt the friend endears? Who shares Orgilie's erimes, his fortune shares: But thou, should tempting villany present, All Marlb'rough hoarded; er all Villiers spent, Turn from the glittering bribe thy scomful eye, Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy, The peaceful alumber, self-approving day, Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

The cheated nation's happy favourites see! Mark whom the great careas, who frown on me! London! the needy villain's general home, The common sewer of Paris and of Rome; With eager thirst, by folly or by fate, Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state. Forgive my transports on a theme like this, I cannot bear a French metropolis.

When statutes glean the refuse of the sword, How much more safe the vassal than the lord; Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power, And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower, Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound, Though Confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet* still one gen'ral cry the skies assail,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gale;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Oncet more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thoù who could'st laugh where want enchain't
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;

inge of fav'rites made no change of laws, as heard before they judg'd a cause; d'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe, uick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe? ruth and nature to descry, each scene with philosophic eye; ere solemn toys, or empty show, of pleasure and the veils of wo: farce, and all thy mirth maintain, a are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

as the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind, tev'ry glance on human kind; that scorn ere yet thy voice declare, 'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

ber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate, wealth, and burning to be great; fortune hears th' incessant call, nt, they shine, evaporate, and fall. tage the foes of peace attend, their flight, and insult mocks their end. with hope, the sinking statesman's door ne morning worshipper no more; ng names the weekly scribbler lies, g wealth the dedicator flies: y room descends the painted face, the bright palladium of the place; 'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold, catures yields the frame of gold: o more we trace in ev'ry line rth, benevolence divine: distorted justifies the fall, ation rids th' indignant wall.

not Britain hear the last appeal, oes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal? "reedom's sons no more remonstrance rings, nobles and controlling kings;

^{*} Verse 56- -107.

To him the church, the realm, their powrs Through him the rays of regal bounty shine, Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows. His smile alone security bestows: Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r, Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please, And rights submitted left him none to seize. At length his sovereign frowns-the train of state Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate. Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly Now drops at once the pride of awful state, The golden canopy, the glitring plate, The regal palace, the luxurious board, The liveried army, and the menial lord. With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd, He seeks the refuge of monastic rest. Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings, And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repulsed Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be this Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content, The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?

For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,



On REMYR Atends.

- 149

What marder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde, By kings protected, and so kings allied? What but their wish indulg'd in courts to chine, And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign.

*When first the college rolls receive his name. The young enthusiast quits his case for fame; Resistless burns the fever of renown, Caught from the strong contagion of the gown : O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread, And †Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth, And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth! Yet, should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat Till captive Science yields her last retreat; Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray, And pour on misty Doubt resistless day : Should no false kindness lure to loose delight, Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright; Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain, And sloth effuse her opiate firmes in vain; Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart, Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart; Should no disease thy torpid veins invade, Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade; Yet hope not life from grief or danger free, Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee: Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes, And pause awhile from Letters, to be wise; There mark what ills the acholar's life assail, Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol, See nations, slowly wise and meanly just, To buried merit raise the tardy bust. If dreams yet flatter, once again attend, Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

t There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when greater than Bacon shell pass under the Fee Gent. Mag. Vol. 1xviii. p. 961, 1027.

Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, the Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, the And fatal Learning leads him to the block; Around his tomb let Art, let Genius weep, Around his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

*The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The Senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whir'd,
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Dannbe or the Rhine;
And stain with blood the Dannbe or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till Fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey.
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

†On what foundation stands the warrior's pride, How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide; A frame of adamant, a soul of fire, No dangers fright him, and no labours tire. Other love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,



OF RUMAN WISHES.

151

Pouse courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain : "Think nothing gain's he cries, "till nought remain; On Moscow's walls fill Gothic standards fly, And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins is military state, And nations on his dye suspended wait: Storn Famine guards the solitary coast, And winter barricades the realms of Frost He comes, nor went nor cold his course delay; Hide, blushing glory, hide Pakowa with The vanquistid hero leaves his broken b And shows his missries in distant lands: Condemn'd a mesdy supplicant to wait, While ladies interpose, and slaves debate. But did not Chance at length her error mend ? Did no subverted empire mark his end? Did rival menarchs give the fatal wound? Or hostile millions press him to the ground? His fall was destined to a barren strand, A petty fortress, and a dubious hand; He left a name at which the world grew pale, To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

* All times their scenes of pumpous woes afford, From Persa's tyrant to Esvaria's lord. In gay hostility and barb'rous pride, Wish half maskind embattled at his side, Great Xerzes comes to seize the certain prey, And starves exhausted regions in his way; Attendant Flatt'sy, counts less myriads o'er, Till counted sayriads south his pride no more; Fresh praise is tried till madness first his mind, The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind, New pow'rs are elabin'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd, Till rude resistance leps the spreading god; The daring Greeks slerde the martial abow, And heap their 'halfies with the gandy foe; Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains, A single skiff to speed his flight remains;

With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful chars.
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze.
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom,
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

*Enlarge my life with multitude of days! In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays; Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know That life protracted is protracted wee. Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy, And shuts up all the passages of joy; In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour, The fruit autumal, and the vernal flow'r; With listless eyes the dotard views the store, He views, and wonders that they please no more; Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines, And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns. Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain, Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:

The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade, Lay siege to life, and press the dire blookade; But, unextinguish'd, Av'rice still remains, And, dreaded losses aggravate his pains; He turns, with anxious heart and erippled hands; His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands; Or views his coffers with suspisions eyes, Unlockalhis gold, and counts it till he dies.

But giant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime Bless with an age exempt from soors or erime; An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay, And glide in modest innocence away; Whose peaceful day Beevolence endears, Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers; The gen'ral fav'rise as he gen'ral friend; Such age there is, andwho shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n en this heated Misfortune flings, To press the weary matte's flagging wings; New sorrow rises as the day returns, A sister sichens, or a daghter mourns. Now kindred Merit fillen sable bier, Now lacentaed Friendsp claims a tear; Year chases year, designursues decay, Still drops some joy fred with ring life away; New forms arise, and d'rent views engage, Superfluous legs the wean on the stage, Till pitying Nature signihe last release, and bids afflicted worth live to peace.

From Marib'rough's eyes the sal. And Swift expires a driv'ller and a show.

*The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolie, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your headless charms shall save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines.
The rival batters, and the lover nines.
With distant voice neglected virth calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remostrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, she quits this lipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take herseat in value.
In crowd at once, where none thepass defend.
The harmless freedom, and the printe friend.
The guardians yield, by force surrior plied:
To fut'rest, Prudence; and to Fle'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betrayed, despid, distress'd,

OF HUMAN WISHES.

Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise, No cries invoke the mercies of the skies? Enquirer, cease; petitions yet remain Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice. Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar The secret ambush of a specious pray'r; Implore his aid, in his decisions rest, Secure, what'er he gives he gives the best. Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires, And strong devotion to the skies aspires, Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind, Obedient passions, and a will resign'd; For love, which scarce collective man can fill For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill; For faith, that, panting for a happier seat, Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat: These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain, These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain; With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind, And makes the happiness she does not find.

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1551

THE

ROSCIAD.

By CHARLES CHURCHILL.



THE

ROSCIAD.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair; The buskin'd heroes of the minic stage No longer whine in love, and rant in rage; The monarch quits his throne, and condescends Humbly to court the favour of his friends; For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps, And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps. Thus the victoriofs hiers of ancient Rome, To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume; In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war, And show where honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here; We form our judgment in another way; And they will best succeed who best can pay: Those who would gain the votes of British tribes, Must add to force of Merit, force of Bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon;
And of roast beef, they only know the tune:

For those who laughter love, instead of me Foote, at Old House, for even Foote will be In self-conceit an actor, bribes with tea; Which Wikinson at second-hand receives, And at the New, pours water on the leaves

The town divided, each runs sev'ral way As passion, humour, int'rest, party, sways. Things of no moment, colour of the hair, Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair, A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd, Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll, And thunder Shuter's praises,—he's so dro Embox'd, the ladies must have something a Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part. Seated in pit, the dwart, with aching eyes, Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size Whilst to six feet the vig rous strippling gro Declares that Garrick is another Coan.

When place of judgment is by whim sup And our opinions have their rise in pride; When, in discoursing on each mimic elf. THE PROPERTY OF A SECOND SECTION OF THE PARTY.

For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd, Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd; Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known, He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own; For Colman many, but the peevish tongue Of prudent age found out that he was young. For Murphy some few pilf ring wits declar'd, Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.

To mischief train'd, even from his mother's womb, Grown old in fraud, the' yet in manhood's bloom, Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise, And reach the heights, which honest men despise; Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud, Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud; A pert, prim Prater of the northern race, Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face, Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—And thrice he twirl'd his Tye—thrice strok'd his band—

"At Friendship's call, (thus oft with trait'rous aim, Men void of faith, usurp Faith's sacred name,) At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent, Who thus by me developes his intent, But less, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost, That spirit, which in storms of *rhe!*rick tost, Bounces about, and flies like bottl'd beer.

In his own words his own intentions hear.

"Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born, No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn. Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw; Vain all my wii,—for what is wit in law? Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to gain Admittance 'monget the law-instructed train, Wh. in the Temple and Gray's Inn prepare For clients' wretched feet the legal state; Dead to those arts which pelish and refine,.

Deaf to all worth, because that worth was state,

Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
And, foul rejection! gave me up to shame;
To laws and lawyers then I bid adieu,
And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
Who will may be a Judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd.
Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,
And let Success for once attend Desert."

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace, And, type of vacant head, with vacant face, The Protous Hill put in his modest plea, "Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me."—For who, like him, his various powers could call Into so many shapes, and shine in all? Who could so nobly grace the motley list, Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist? Knows any one so well—sure no one knows,—At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose? Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd away, Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

* With that low cunning, which in fools supplies, And amply too, the place of being wise, Which nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave To qualify the blockhead for a knave; With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms, And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms, Which to the lowest depths of guile descends, By vilest means pursues the vilest ends, Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite, Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night; With that malignant envy, which turns pale, And sickens, even if a friend prevail,

^{*} This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the playhouse riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.

ich merit and success pursues with hate, id damns the worth it cannot imitate; lith the cold caution of a coward's spleen, Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen, Which keeps this maxim ever in her view-What's basely done, should be done safely too; With that dull, rooted, callous impudence, Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense. Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares, She blunder'd on some virtue unawares: With all these blessings, which we seldom find Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind, A motly figure, of the fribble tribe, Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe, Came simp'ring on: to ascertain whose sex Twelve sage impanell'd matrons would perplex. Nor male, nor female, neither, and yet both; Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth; A six foot suckling, mincing in its gait; Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate; Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make, Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake Its tender form, and savage motion spread O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase, Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays; Much too of writings, which itself had wrote, Of special merit though of little note; For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed That what it wrote, none but itself should read; Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws, Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause, Then, with a self-complacent jutting air, It smil'd, it smirkd, it wriggled to the chair; And, with an awkward briskness, not its own Looking around, and perking on the throne, Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame, Known but to few, or only known by name,



THE

ROSCIAD.

By CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE ROSCEAD.

uses but seldom for delay an caffe There has been provided from the second to the provided from the second to the second

The morning came, nor find I has the is he on other great events had do a ne on other great events what be To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain, On plan entirely new, where nothing vain, Nothing magnificent appear'd, but art, With decent modesty, perform d her part, Rose a tribunal: from no other court Rose a unounat : note in over sweethers.
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support: No juries here were pack'd to kull or clear, No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here; No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause, To their own purpose turn'd the pliant laws. Each judge was true and steady to his trust, As Mansfield wise, and as old Posters just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes, In the tiret sout, it was a state of the south of the wildness finshing from his eyes. A nonie whatese manning arous are eyes. Sat Shakspeare—In one hand a wand be bore, For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore; For migney womens and an any say of the other held a globe, which to his will Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill: Things of the noblest kind his genius drew, And look'd through nature at a single view : A loose he gave to his unbounded soul, And taught new lands to rise, new sens to roll And passing nature's bounds, was something more And mugnic new unions to rise, new before, Call'd into being scenes unknown before,

Next Joneson sat, in encient learning train de His rigid judgment to have yet learning train de Correctly print de sand who luxurent thoughts. Marked out her seconds Correctly prure course, ner spar'd a glorious and · Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the

Bench.

The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd folly more than law.

But hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd giv way, And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line, Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine; Invoke the muse to quit her calm abode, And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode, For how should mortal man, in mortal verse, Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse? But give, kind Dullness, memory and rhime, We'll put off Genius till another time.

First, order came,—with solemn step, and slow, In measur'd time his feet were taught to go. Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye, Lest this should quit his place, that step awry. Appearances to save his only care; So things seem right, no matter what they are. In him his parents saw themselves renew'd, Begotten by Sir Critic, on Saint Prude.

Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute, Next enuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute; Legions of angels all in white advance; Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance: Pantomime figures then are brought to view, Fools, hand in hand with fools, go two by two Next came the treasurer of either house; One with full purse, t'other with not a sous.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and a His easy vacant face, proclaim'd a heat Which could not feel emotions, nor imp With him came mighty Davies.—On m That Davies hath a very pretty wife: Statesman all over !—In plots famous g He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a

Next Holland came.—With truly truy
He creeps, he flies,—A Hero should no
As if with Heaven he warr'd, his cage:
Planted their batteries against the skies
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his ov
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, perhaps, have pleas'd an ea
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before
The actor, who would build a solid fam
Most imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom sta
I hate even Garrick thus at second ham

Behind came King.—Bred up in mod Bashful and young he sought Hibernia

THE ROSCIAD.

When hot impatience is in full careet, How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear? When active funcy from the brain is sent, And stands on tup-toe for some wish'd event, I hate those careless blunders which recal Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould, Where nature's coarsest features we behold, Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace, Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face, There Yates with justice strict attention draws, Acts truly from himself, and gains applause. But when, to please himself, or charm his wife, He aims at something in politer life, When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan, He treads the stage, by way of gentleman, The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows, Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's clot. Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown, Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown, From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates, And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various powers of face Great master in the science of grimace, From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town, Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown; A speaking Harlequin made up of whim, He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb, Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art, And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart. We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth, We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth. His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd, And inclination fondly took for taste; Hence bath the Town so often seen display'd Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade. But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays, Cold and correct in these insipid days

Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore, Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kinds of shaper Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, stri

scrapes:
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, baved, parson, auctioneer.
His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, distort,
Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of nature's fault:
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
Even I, whom nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom having made she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward c Wilkinson this, Obrian was that name. Strange to relate, but wonderfully true, That even shadows have their shadows too! With not a single comic power endu'd, The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood. the dull copier simple grace neglects, sts his imitation in defects, dily forgive; but such vile arts uble guilt in men of real parts.

nature form'd in her perversest mood. 10 one requisite of art endu'd, ackson came-Observe that settled glare, better speaks a puppet than a play'r; that voice-did ever discord hear s so well fitted to her untun'd ear? to enforce some very tender part, zht hand sleeps by instinct on the heart, ul, of ev'ry other thought bereft. ious only where to place the left; is and pants to sooth his weeping spouse, th his weeping mother, turns and bows. ard, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill ving gracefully, or standing still, g, as if suspicious of his brother, us seems to run away from th' other.

ie errors, handed down from age to age, custom's force, and still possess the stage. vile-should we a parent's faul's adore, r, because our fathers err'd before? ttentive to the author's mind, actors made the jest they could not find, low tricks they marr'd fair nature's mien, lurr'd the graces of the simple scene, we, if reason rightly is employ?! e their faults, or seeing not avoid? Falstaff stands detected in a lie, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye? -There's no cause—at least no cause we know: the fashion twenty years, ago. an-a word which knaves and fools may use, knavery and folly to excuse, py beauties, forfeits all pretence ne-to copy faults, is want of sense.

An act of toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unsorew their features,
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once at
And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name, Who, being from one part possess? do fame, Whother they are to laugh, cry, whine, or brawl, Still introduce that fav'rite part in all. Here, Love, he cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd To call in that was Falstaff's clang'rous aid; Like Gothe of old, howe'er he seems a friend, He'll seins that throne you wish him to defined. In a poculiar mould by humour cast, For Falstaff fam'd—himself the first and last—He stands aloof from all—maintains his state, And scorne, like Shotemen, to assimilate. Vain all disquise—too plain we see the trick, Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominie, And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack, In Anne Dominie, of Falstaff's mok.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet mar alow, they rise with impotence of fage, ier small stings, and buzz about the stage. reach of privilege!—Shall any dare satiric truth against a play'r? tive rights we plead time out of mind; unhash'd themselves, may lash mankind."

I shall opinion then, of nature free ral as the vagrant air, agree in chains like these, impos'd by things less than nothing, ape the pride of kings? ough half-poets with half-players join e the freedom of each honest line; rage and malice dim their faded cheek; in muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak, at disdain of ev'ry pairty sneer, ralike to flattery and to fear, see fix'd, and to herself a rule, ontempt shall wait the public fool.

a would always glisten in French silks, a would Norris be, and Packer, Wilkes, o, like Ackman, can with humour please? In like Packer, charm with sprightly ease? than all the rest, see Bransby strut: ty Gulliver in Lilliput? us nature! which at once could show so very high, so very low.

rget thee, Blakes, or if I say uurful, may I never see thee play. ics, with a supercilious air, hy various merit, and declare nan is still at top;—but scorn that rage in attacking thee, attacks the age. follies, universally embrac'd, provoke our mirth, and form our taste.

from a nation ever hardly us'd, om censur'd, wantonly abus'd, Have Britons drawn their sports, with partial view Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few; Condemn'd a people, as for vices known, Which from their country banish'd, seek our own. At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke, And sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke: Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praise.

Next came the legion, which our summer Bayes, From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise, Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed, With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read. Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause, No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause. Each on himself determines to rely, Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly Never did play'rs so well an Author fit, To nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit, So loud each tongue, so empty was each head, So much they talk'd, so very little said, So wond'rous dull, and yet so wond'rous vain, At once so willing and unfit to reign, That reason swore, nor would the oath recall, Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad, Whom duliness only kept from being mad, Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame. What though the sons of nonsense hail him sire, Auditor, Auditor, and 'Squirs, His restless soul's ambition stops not there, To make his triumphs perfect, dubb him Plat's

In person tall, a figure form'd to please, If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease, When motionless he stands, we all approve; What pity 'tis the thing was made to move. His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound, Jeems to break forth from caverns under ground. From hollow chest the low sepulchral note Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace, All must to him resign the foremost place. When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part, To ape the feelings of a manly heart, His honest features the disguise defy, And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean, Or raving mad, or stupidly serene. In cold wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags, In passion tears the passion into rags. Can none remember? Ycs,—I know all must—When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust, When o'er the stage he folly's standard bore, Whilst common-sense stood treinbling at the door.

How few are found with real talents bless'd, Fewer with nature's gifts contented rest. Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray; All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way. Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade, The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made, With various reading stor'd his empty skull, Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull; Or at some banker's desk, like many more, Content to tell that two and two make four, His name had stood in city annals fair, And prudent dullness mark'd him for a Mayor.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age, Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage? Could it be worth thy wond rous waste of pains, To publish to the world thy lack of brains? Or might not reason, even to thee, have shown Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?

.. jerer-vorn uuc j

muner with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor lear a rival the
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's n
Whilst Vaughan' or Dapper, call him whi
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the b

There rule secure from critics and from Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore, And little factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuou Whom the muse knows not, nor desires to a Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no Than if, till that time, arms they never bore Like Westminster militia train'd to fight. They scarcely knew the left hand from the r Asham'd among such troops to show their h Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile fron Smith, the genteel, the airy and the smart, Smith was just gone to school to say his par Ross (a misfortune which we offen mark) Was feet and the smith sm

e set, inflexible, and coarse, w the workings of united force, ly soften to each other's aid, the mingled powers of light and shade, for a thankless stage concern'd, er thoughts his mighty Genius turn'd, i, gave lectures, made each simple elf good a speaker as himself; whole town, mad with mistaken zeal. ard rage for Elocution feel : nd grave divines his praise proclaim, vith Sheridan's their Macklin's name; ho never car'd a single pin, ie left out nonsense, or put in; d at wit though levell'd in the dark, m arrow seldom hit the mark, m, all by the placid stream y swains in lap of dullness dream, niet as her strains their strains do flow, e patron by the bards may know, night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid, of future operations laid, schemes the summer months to cheer, out happy folly through the year.

ik not though these dastard chiefs are fled, int-Garden troops shall want a head: a comes their chief!—See, from afar, seated in fantastic car! novelty, his only arms in swords, wands, talismans and charms; le folly sits, by some call'd fun, e other, his arch patron, Lun. r liberty athirst in vain, lpless captive, drags the galling chain, misshapen beats the chariot draw, soon loathes, and nature never saw; with tails of ice and heads of fire; and Hydras, and chimeras dire. bestrode by full as monstrous wight, arf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.

The town, as usual, met him in full cry; The town, as usual, knew no reason why. But fashion so directs, and moderns raise On fashion's mould'ring base their transient prais

Next to the field a band of females draw Their force; for Britain owns no salique law : Just to their worth, we female rights admit, Nor bar their claim to empire or to wir.

First, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive, Roydena and romps led on by Gen'ral Clive. In spite of outward blemishes, she shone, For humour fam'd, and humour all her own. Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod, Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod. Original in spirit and in ease, She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please. No comic actress ever yet could raise, On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

W. C. W. L.



THE BOSCIAD.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style, Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile, Who meanly pilfering here and there a bit, Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit, Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe, And chaunt the praise of an Italian tribe; Let him reverse kind nature's first decrees. And teach e'en Brent a method not to please : But never shall a truly British age Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage. The boasted work's call'd national in vain. If one Italian voice pollutes the strain, Where tyrants rule and slaves with joy obey, Let slavish minetrels pour th' enervate lay; To Britons far more noble pleasures spring. In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim;
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand and hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show:
For through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of passions trace:
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still fix'd on sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person, or a beautoous face, Unless deportment gives them decent grace? Bless'd with all other requisites to please, Some want the striking elegance of ease; The curious eye their awkward movement tires; They seem like puppets led about by wires. Others, like statues, in one posture still, Give great ideas of the workman's skill; Wond'ring, his art we praise the mose we visw, And only grieve he gave not motion too.

If all the wonders of external grace, A person finely turn'd, a mould of face, Where, union rare, expression's lively force With beauty's softest rangio holds discourse, Auract the eye; if feelings void of art, the heart; Rouse the quick passions, and enfame the heart; If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue, Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.

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When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit, By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat; When judgment, mtord by experience sage, Shall shoot abroad and gather strength from age; When Heav's in mercy shall the stage release From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece; When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk, When some state now, assgnerur to the wink, which long hath hung, though wither'd, on the stall shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way, And merit find a passage to the day; Brought into action, she at once shall raise Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage, With rival excellence of love and rage, Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill To turn and wind the passions as she will; To melt the heart with sympathetic wo, Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow; To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare, And freeze the soul with horror and despair; With just desert enroll'd in endless fame. Conscious of worth superior, Gibber came

When poor Alicia's medd'ning brains are rack'd, And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract; Struck with the grief. I catch the madness too! My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view! The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—New horrors rise And reason buried in the rum lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art, She makes her first attack upon the heart; Pleas'd with the summons it receives her laws, And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside, Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride, She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence To comic merit, breaks down nature's fence; I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes, Or find out Gibber through the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by nature for the stage design'd, In person graceful, and in sense refin'd; Her art as much as nature's friend became, Her voice as free from blemish as her fame. Who knows so well in majesty to please, Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace, She comes a captive queen of Moorish race; When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage, With wildest tumults in her breast engage; Still equal to herself is Zara seen; Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous thane, I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein; Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue, My heart grows flint, and every nerve's new strung.

In comedy—Nay, there," cries critic, "held, Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.

Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette, Or force a laugh with overgrown Julet ! Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just; But then, her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles then, and graces of the mind, In real life to size or age confin'd Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding plac'd In any set circumference of waist? As we grow old, doth affectation cease, Or gives not age new vigour to caprice? If in originals these things appear, Why should we bar them in the copy here? The nice punctilio-mongers of this age, The grand minute reformers of the stage, Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind, Some standard measure for each part should find, Which when the best of actors shall exceed, Let it devolve to one of smaller breed. All actors too upon the back should bear Certificate of birth ;-time, when ;-place, where, For how can critics rightly fix their worth, Unless they know the minute of their birth? An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence, And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense; But when perfections of the mind break forth, Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth; When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught, Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought; Before such merit all objections fly: Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wond'rous skill, Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still. That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before. Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r. The jealous wife! on that thy trophies raise, Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance For mighty-magic of enchanted lance, With which her beroes arm'd victorious prove, And like a fined rush o'er the land of love. Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd By fate in the same sentence to be join'd. Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim, They mounted to the pinnable of fame; There the weak brain made giddy with the height, Spur'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight. Thus aportive boys, around some bason's brim, Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim: But if from lungs more potent, there arise Two bubbles of a more than common size, **Eager for honour they for fight prepare,** Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb joinTo stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
His, sun, IT, Alog wejye, Thery, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common size, Befold where Bazzy draws admiring eyes! When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent, Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent; Secutions, with imagin'd terrors warm, and the passet the bursting of the storm But all unfit in such a pile to dwell, His voice comes forth, like Echo from her sell; To swell the tempest needful aid denies, And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

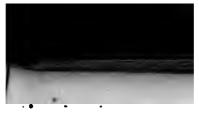
What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err In elecution, action, character? What man could give, if Barry was not here, Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear? Who else can speak so very, very fine, That sense may kindly end with every line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there, Behold him for the solemn scene prepare, See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb, Puts the whole body into proper trim.— From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art, Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind, Whatever lights upon a part are thrown, We see too plainly they are not his own. No flame from nature ever yet he caught; Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught; He rais'd his trophies on the base of art, And com'd his passion, as he com'd his part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his favourite cause.





TER ROCCIAD.

Far be it from the candid muse to tread lineuiting ever the ashes of the dead, But, just to living morit, she maintains, And dares the test, whilst Garrich's genius reigns; Ancients in vain endeavour to excel, Happily prais'd, if they could act as well. But though prescription's force we disallow, Nor to antiquity submissive how; Though we deny imaginary grace, Founded on accidents of time and place; Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.

His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong, In manly tides of sense they roll'd along. Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence. To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense. No actor ever greater heights could reach in all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech! is that all?—And shall an actor found An universal fame on partial ground? Parrots themselves speak properly by rote, And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note. I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread, Neglect the heart, to compliment the head; With strict propriety their care's confin'd To weigh out words, while passion halts behind. To syllable-dissectors they appeal, Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel; But, spite of all the criticising elves, Those who appeal make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll, Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul. Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage, Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage. When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears, Or Hows's gay rake dependant virtue jeers, With the same cast of features he is seen To shide the libertine; and court the queen. When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view. With equal praise the actor labour'd too; With equal praise the actor labour'd too; For still you'll find, trace passions to their root, Small diff'rence 'twixt the stoic and the brute. In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan, He could not, for a moment, sink the man. In whate'er cast his character was laid, Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd. Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in: Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quia.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name, As yet unsettled in the ranks of fame, This, fondly lavish in his praises grown, Gives him all merit: That allows him none. Between them both we'll steer the middle course, Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feeling strong, his words enforc'd with weigh
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him spe
Envy would drive the colour from his check:
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grape,
Denied the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,

His actions always strong, but sometimes such, That candour must declare he acts too much. Why must impatience fall three paces back? Why paces three return to the attack? Why is the right leg too forbid to stir. Unless in motion semicircular? Why must the hero with the nailor vie. And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye? In royal John, with Philip angry grown, I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down. Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame To fright a king so harmless and so tame. But, spite of all defects, his glories rise; And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies : Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul, Whilst in his own contending passions roll; View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan, And then deny him merit if you can. Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone; Where he succeeds the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat low, Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, critic.—" Serjeant Kite.'

Another can't forgive the paltry arts

By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;

Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—

"Avaunt, unnal'ral start, affected pause."

For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm, I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The heat things carried to excess are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, muse too long;
But, only us'd in proper time to blace,
Severest judgment must allower my grace.

But when from nature flow with gen'rous force, These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force, When in the features all the soul's portray'd, And passions, such as Garrick's are display'd, To me they seem from quickest feelings caught: Each start is nature, and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the play'r,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain; The gods,—a kindness I with thanks must pay,—Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay; Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd, A poor dull creature, still with nature pleas'd; Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree, And, pleas'd with nature, must be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout, And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout!



THE ROSCIAD,

187

And, in their sentence happily agreed, 'In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed.

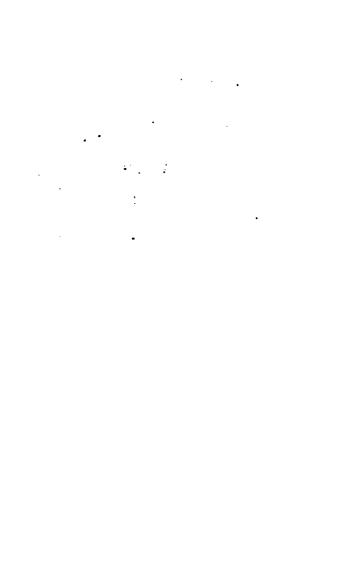
"If manly sanse; if nature link'd with art; If thorough knowledge of the human ficert; If pow'ns of acting vast and unconfin'd; If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd; If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie Within the magic circle of the eye; If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know, And which no face so well as his can show; Deserve the pref'resce;—Garrick, take the chair; Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there,"



RETALIATION:

A Poem.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.





Or old, when Scarron his companions invited, Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united; If our landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish, Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:

Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains; Ours Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains: Our! Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour, And T Dick with his pepper shall heighten the savour:

- * Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends frequently met at the St. James's Coffee-House.—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dislect, and per-sea, farminhed subjects of witidelies. He was called on for Retaliation, and at their next meeting produced the following poem
- † The master of the St. James's Coffee-house, where the hostor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, eccasionally dined.
 - 2 Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.
 - 4 The Right Hon. Edmund Burke.
- il Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, a member for Bedwin.

The Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

Our* Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain, And † Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain: Our ‡ Garrick's a salad; for in him we see Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saliness agree: To make out the dinner, full certain I am, That § Ridge is anchovy, and || Reynolds is lamb; That ¶ Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule, Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool. At a dinner so various, at such a repast, Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ! Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able Till all my companions sink under the table; Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good **Dean, reunited to earth, Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt, At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out; Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em. That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Mr. Richard Comberland, author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and various other productions.(a)

- † Dr. Douglas, canon of Windsor, (now Bishop of Salisbury) an ingenious Scotch Gentieman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mistakes (or rather forgeries) of his countrymen; particularly Lauder on Milton, and Bower's History of the Popes.
 - 7 David Garrick, Esq.
- § Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.
 - || Sir Joshua Reynolds.
 - 7 An eminent attorney.
 - " Vide page 191.
- (a) Since this note was written, of "Calvary, or the Death of Christ."

fere lies our good *Edmund, whose genius was such. scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much; 10. born for the universe, narrow'd his mind, d to party gave up what was meant for mankind. ough fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat, persuade †Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote; no, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining. d thought of convincing, while they thought of dining; ough equal to all things, for all things unfit, o nice for a stateman, too proud for a wit; r a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient, d too fond of the right to pursue the expedient. short: 'twas his fale, unemploy'd or in place, sir, | eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

re lies honest ‡William, whose heart was a mint, hile the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't; a pupil of impulse, it fore'd him along, s conduct still right, with his argument wrong: ill aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam, a coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home; puld you ask for his merits? alas! he had none; hat was good was spontaneous, his faults were his; own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at as, that such frolic should now be so quiet! hat spirits were his! what wit and what whim! low breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!

Vide page 191.

Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitechurch.

Vide page 292.

Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 191. This gentleman ving slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at difent times, the doctor has rallied him on these accidents, a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon ver people.

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexuag, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts, The Terence of England, the mender of hearts; A flattering painter, who made it his care To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are. His gallants are all faultless, his women divine, And comedy wonders at being so fine; Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out, Or rather like tragedy giving a rout. His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud, And coxcombs alike in their failings alone, Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own: Say, where has our poet this malady caught, Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault? Say, was it that vainly directing his view To find out men's virtues, and finding them few, Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf, He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant r
clines:

When satire and censure encircled his throne, I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own; But now he is gone, and we want a detector, Our *Dodds shall be plous, our *Kenricks shall le ture;

^{*} The Rev. Dr. Dodd. † Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Taves under the title of "The School of Shakspeare,"

distribution write bombast, and call it a style, or Townshand make specifies, and I shall compile; ow Landers and Bowers the Twelst shall erges over, is sometymen living their trights to discover; otherwise her taper shall quench to a spark, this Scotphysian meet Soutchings, and cheat in the derik.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can An abridgment of all that was pleasent in man As an actor, confest without rival to shine : As a wit, if not first, in the very first line : Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart, The man had his failings, a dupe to his art. Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread, And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red, On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting; 'Twas only, that when he was off, he was acting. With no reason on earth to go out of his way, He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day: Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick, If they were not his own by finessing and trick : He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack, For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what same, And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame. Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease, Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please. But let us be cashid, and speak out our mind. If dunces applicated, he paid them is lind. Ye Kanticki, ye tikeliya, and a Woodfills so grave, What a commerce was yours, while you got and you

gave I How did Grub-street re-eche the shouts that you rais'd While he was be-Roseius'd, and you were be-prais'd.

^{*} James Macpherson, Esq. who intely, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

t Mr. Hagh Kelley, author of False Delicacy, Word to the Wise, Clementha, School for Wises, do. ; Mr. William Woodfall, pulleter of the Morning Chronicle.

But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies;
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skiff,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumouts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature, And slander itself must allow him good nature; He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper; Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper. Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser? I answer no, no, for he always was wiser;

* The following poems by Mr. Garrick, may in some measure account for the severity exercised by Dr. Goldsmith, in respect to that gentleman.

JUPITER AND MERCURY, A FABLE.

Here Hermes, says Jove, who with Nectar was mellow, Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow! Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—much gold and some dross;

dross; Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he cross; Be sure, as I work; to throw in contradictions. A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions; Now mix these ingredients, which warm'd in the baking. Turn'd to learning and gaming, religion and raking. With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste; Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with face taile; That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail, Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail: For the joy of each sex, on the world 'I'l bestow it, This scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester and poet, Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame, And among brother mortals—be Goldsmith his name; When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear. You Hermes, shall fetch him—to make us sport here.

On Dr. Goldsmith's Characteristical Cookery.

- A JUE D'ESPRIT.

Are these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us to this the great poet whose works so content us? This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine boots? Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks.



RETALIATION.

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? ah no?
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His penoil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His penoil our faces, his manners our heart:
To coxcombs adverse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of
hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and
stuff,
He shifted his* trumpet, and only took snuff.

* Sir Joshua Reyno'de was so remarkably deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear-trumpet in company.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this poem was printed the publisher received the following epitaph on *Mr. Whitefoord, from a friend of Goldsmith's.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and deny it who can, Though he merrily lived, he is nowf a grave man: Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun! Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun; Whose temper was generous, open, sincere; A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear; Whose scatter'd around wit and humour at will; Whose daily bons mote half a column might fill: A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free; A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confin'd?
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar;"
Whose talents to fill any station was fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall? confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks! Who copied his sqibs, and re-echoed his jokes;

Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous es-

[†] Mr. W. was so notorious a punster, that Doctor Gold smith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

⁷ Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

ame imitators, ye servile herd, come,

I follow your master, and visit his tomb:

deck it, bring with you festcons of the vine,
and copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all round it (you can do no less)

**Cross-readings, ship-ness, and mistakes of the press.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit. That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit. This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse, "Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd muse."

* Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

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THE

STATE DUNCES:

A Satire.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE.

BY MR. P. WHITEHEAD.

"I from my soul sincerely hate."—Swift. Both kings and ministers of state."—Swift.

TESTION STATE

STATE DUNCES,

åcc

WHILE oringing crowds at faithless levees wait, Fond to be feels of fame, or slaves of itsets; And others, studious to increase their stees, Plough the rough coean for Puruwin are: How blest sky late, whom calmer hours attend, Peace thy-companion, fame thy faithful friend, While in sky Twick'nham how'rs, devoid of care, You feest the facey, and enchant the ear; Themes gently rolls her silver tide along, And the charm'd Nainde listes to thy song.

Here peaceful pass the gentle hours away, While tuneful science measures out the day! Here, happy bard, as various fancies lead, You paint the blooming maid, or flow'ry mead! Sound the rough clangour of tunultuous war,* Or sing the ravish'd tendrils of the fair! How melting move the tender tear to flow, And wake our sights with Eloisa's wo.‡ But chief, to dulness ever foe decreed, The apes of soience with thy satire bleed; 5

" Monney, - 7 Respo of the Lord ? Monne to Abelend. 9 Postific Peers, poets, panders, mingle in the throng, Smart with thy touch, and tremble at thy song.*

Yet vain, O Pope! is all thy sharpest rage, Still starv'ling dunces persecute the age; Faithful to folly, or enrag'd with spite; Still tasteless Timons build, and Tibbalds write; Still Welsted† tunes his beer-inspired lays, And Ralph, in metre, holds forth Stanhope's praise. Ah! hapless victim to the poet's flame, While his eulogiums crucify thy fame.

Shall embryo wits thy studious hours engage,
Live in thy labours, and profane thy page;
While virtue, ever lov'd, demands thy laye,
And claims the tuneful tribute of thy praise?
Can Pope be silent, and not grateful lend
One strain to sing the patriot and the friend,
Who, nobly anxious in his country's cause,
Maintains her honours, and defends her laws?
Could I, my bard, but equal numbers raise,
Then would I sing—for, oh! I burn to praise—
Sing how a Pult'ney‡ charms the listening throng,
While senates lang enraptur'd on his tongue;
With Tully's fire how each oration glows,
With Tully's music how each period flows;
Instruct each babe to lisp the patriot's name,
Who in each bosom breathes a Roman flame.

So, when the genius of the Roman age Stemm'd the strong current of tyrannic rage, In freedom's cause each glowing breast he warm'd, And, like a Pult'ncy, then a Brutus charm'd

How blest, while we a British Brutus see, And all the Roman stands confess'd in thee!

^{*} Epistles.

[†] Two authors remarkable for nothing so much as the figure they make in the Dunciad. ‡ Afterwards Earl of Bath.

Equal thy worth, but equal were thy doom, To save Britannia, as he rescu'd Rome: He from a Tarquin snatch'd a destin'd prey: Britannia still laments a Walpole's sway.

Aries, my tuneful bard, nor thus in yain
Let thy Britannia, whom thou loves, complain:
If the in mountful lays relate her we,
Each heart shall bleed, each eye with pixy flow:
If to revenge you swell the sounding strain,
Revenge and fury fire each British swain:
Obsequious to thy verse each breast shall move,
Or burn with rage or soften into love.

O let Britannia be her poet's care!
And leah the spoilen, while you save the fair.
Lo! where he stands, and the servile crew,
Nor-blushes stain his check with erizacon has;
While dire corruption all around he spreads,
And ev'ry duetile conscience captive leads;
Brib'd by his booms, behold the venal band
Worship the idel they could once command!
So Britain's now, as Judah's sons before,
First raise a golden calf, and then adore.

Let dull Parnassian sons of rhyme no more Provoke thy satire, and employ thy pow'r;
New objects rise to share an equal fate,
The big, rich, mighty dunces of the state.
Shall Ralph, Cooke, Welsted, then engross thy rage,
While courts afford a Hervey, York, or Gage?
Dulness no more roosts only near the sky,
But senates, drawing-rooms, with garrets vie;
Plump peers, and breadless bards, alike are dull;
St. James's and Rag-fair club fool for fool.

Amidst the mighty dull, hehold how great An Appius swells the Tibbald of the state ! Long had he strove to spread his lawless sway O'er Britain's sons, and force them to obey; There, gloomy Osburn's quantity with these the statesman strove to ease his care, To sooth his sorrows, and divert despair: Rut long his grief sleep's gentle aid denies; At length a slumb'rous Briton closed his eyes.

Yet vain the healing balm of downy rest, To chase his wo, or ease his lab'ring breast: Now frightful forms rise hideous to his view, More, Stafford, Laud, and all the headless crew; Daggers and Halters boding terror breeds, And here a Dudley swings, there Villiers bleeds.

Now goddess Dulness, watchful o'er his fate, And ever anxious for her child of state, From couch of down slow rais'd her drowsy head, Forsook her slumbers and to Appius sped.

Awake, my son, awake, the goddess cries,
Nor longer mourn thy darling lost excise;
(Here the sad sound unseal'd the statesman's eyes)
Why slumbers thus my son, opprest with care?
While Dulness rules, say, shall her sons despair?
O'er all I spread my universal sway;
Kings, prelates, peers, and rulers, all obey;

'a' in the church my mighty pow'r I show,

At court behold me strut in pupil pride, At Hockley roar, and in Crane-court preside. But chief in thee my mighty pow's is seen; "Tis I inspire thy mind, and fill thy mien; On thee, my child, my duller blessings shed, And pour my opium o'er thy fav'rite head; Rais'd thee a ruler of Britannia's fate, And led thee blund'ring to the helm of state.

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Here bow'd the stateman low, and thus addrest; O goddess, sole inspirer of my breast! To gall the British neck with Gallic chain, Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain; While Caleb,* rebel to thy sacred pow'r, Unveils those eyes which thou hast curtain'd o'er; Makes Britain's sons my dark designs foresee, Blast all my schemes, and struggle to be free. O, had my projects met a milder fate, How had I reign'd a bashaw of the state! How o'er Britannia spread imperial sway! How taught each free-born Briton to obey ! No smiling freedom then had cheer'd her swains! But Asia's deserts vied with Albion's plains : Turks, Vandals, Britain! then compar'd with thee, Had hugg'd their chains, and joy'd that they wer free : While wond'ring nations all around had seen

Me rise a great Mogul, or Mazarin rather then had I taught Britannia to affore,
Then had I taught Britannia to affore,
Then had her captive to my lawless pow'r.
Methinks I view her now no more appear
First in the train, and fairest 'midst the fair:
Joyless I see the lovely mourner lie,
Nor glow her cheek, nor sparkle now her eye;
Faded each grace, no smiling feature warm;
Torn all her tresses, blighted every charm;
Nor teeming plenty now each valley crowns;
Slayes are her sons, and tradeless all her towns.

Caleb & Afters, the name assumed by the writers of Craffinan.

For this, behold yon peaceful army fed;
For this, on senates see my bounty shed;
For this, what wonders, goddess, have I wrought?
For this, what wonders, goddess, have I wrought?
How bullied, begg'd, how treated, and how fought?
What wand'ring maze of error blunder'd through,
And how repair'd old blunders still by new!
Hence the long train of never-ending jars,
Of warful peaces, and of peaceful wars,
Each mystic treaty of the mighty store,
Which to explain demands ten treaties more;
Hence scaracrow navies, floating raree-shows;
And hence Iberia's pride, and Britain's woes.
These wondrous works, O goddess! have I done,
Works ever worthy dulness' fav'rite son.

Lo! on thy sons alone my favours show'r; None share my bounty that disdain thy pow'r: Yon feathers, ribbons, titles light as air, Behold thy choicest children only share: Each views the pageant with admiring eyes, See Harrington secure in silense sit; No empty words betray his want of wit; If sense in hiding folly is express'd. O Harrington! thy wisdom stands confess'd.

To dulness, sacred cause for ever true,
Thy darling Caledonian, goddess, view;
The pride and glory of thy Scotia's plains,
And faithful leader of her venal swains:
Loaded he moves beneath a servile weight,
The dull laborious packhorse of the state;
Thrudges through tracks of infamy fir pay,
And hackneys out his conscience by the day:
Yonder behold the busy peerless peer,
With aspect meagre and important air;
His form how Gothic, and his looks how sage!
He seems the living Plato of the age.
Blest form! in which alone thy merit's seen,
Since all thy wisdom centres in thy mien!

Here Egmont, Albemarle (for senates fit,)
And W—— by the wise in council sit;
Here looby G——, Gr——m eves dull;
By birth a senator, by fate a fool.

While the Britannia, watchful o'er thy state, Maintain the honours, and direct thy fate, How shall admiring nations round adore, Behold thy greatness, tremble at thy pow'r; New Shebas come, invited by thy fame, Revere thy wisdom, and extol thy name!

Lo! to yon bench now, goddess, turn thine eyes, And view thy sons in solemn dulness rise; All doting, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, see Each form confess thy dull divinity; True to thy cause behold each trencher'd sage increas'd in folly as advanc'd in age:

Here Ch.———, learn'd in mystic prophecy, Confuting Collins, makes each prophet lie:

Poor Woolston by thy Smallbrook there assail'd; Gaols sure convinc'd him, though the prelate fail'd.

But chief Pastorius, ever grave and dull, Devoid of sense, of zeal divinely full, Retails his squibs of science o'er the town, While charges, past'rals through each street resound; These teach a heav'nly Jesus to obey, While those maintain an earthly Appius' sway. Thy gospel truth, Pastorius, crost we see, While God and Mammon's serv'd at once by thee.

Who would not trim, speak, vote, or conscience pawn,
To lord it o'er a see, and swell in lawn?
If arts like those, O Sherlock, honours claim,
Than thee none merits more the prelate's name:
Wond'ring behold him faithful to his fee,



Full plac'd and pension'd, see! Horatio stands, Begrim'd his-face, unpurified his hands:
To decency he scorns all nice pretence,
And reigns firm foe to cleanliness and sanse.
How did Horatio Britain's cause advance!
How shines the sloven and buffon of France!
In senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,
Of treatise run the tedious train-trew o'er!
How blunder out whate'er should be conceal'd,
And how keep secret what should be reveal'd!
True child of dulness! see him, goddess, claim
Pow'r next thyself, as next in birth and fame.

Silence! ye senates, while enribbon'd Young Pours forth melodious nothings from his tongue! How sweet the accente play assume the ear. Form'd of smooth periods, and of well-turn'd air! Leave, gentle Young, the senate's dry debate, Nor labour 'midst the labyrinths of state; Suit thy soft genius to more tender themes, And sing of cooling shedds; and purling streams; With modern sing-song murder ancient plays,* Or warble in sweet ode a Brunswick's praise: So shall thy strains in purset dulness flow, And laurels wither on a Cibber's brow.

Say, can the statesman wield the poet's quill, And quit the senate for Parnessus' hill?

Since there no wenel vote a pension shares, Nor wants Apollo lords commissioners.

There W——— and P———, goldess, view, Firm in thy cause, and to thy Appius true!

Lo! from their labours what reward betides!

One pays my army, one my navy guides.

This gentleman, with the assistance of Roome, Concanen, and several others, committed a barbarous murder on the body of an old comedy, by turning it into a modera failed opera; which was scarce exhibited on the stage, before it was thought necessary to be contracted into one act. As this is the only living instance of the surprising genius and abilities of these wits, I could not forbear mentioning it. In senates prattle, and with patriots fight! Thy fond ambition, pretty youth, give o'er, Preside at balls, old fashions lost restore; So shall each toilette in thy cause engage, And H—ey shine a P—re of the age.

Behold a star emblazon C——n's coat!
Not that the knight has merit, but a vote.
And here, O goddess, num'rous wrongheads trace,
Lur'd by a pension, ribbon, or a place.

To murder science, and my cause defend, I Now shoals of Grub-street garreteers descend; From schools and desks the writing insects crawl, Unlade their dulness, and for Appius bawl.

Lo! to thy darling Osborne turn thine eyes, See him o'er politics superior rise: While Caleb feels the venom of his quill, And wond'ring ministers reward his skill: Unlearn'd in logic, yet he writes by rule, And proves himself in syllogism—a fool; Now the soldier, war with sense to wage, And drags th' idea through the painful page; Unread, unanswer'd, still he writes again, Still spins the endless soldier.

For bread to libel liberty and sense,
And damn thy patron weekly with defence,
Drench'd in the sable flood, O hadet thou still
O'er skins of parohment drove thy venal quill,
At Temple ale-house told an idle tale, 4
And pawn'd thy credit for a mag of ale;
Unknown to Appias then had been thy name,
Unlac'd thy cost, unsacrific'd his fame;
Nor vast unvended reams would Peels deplore,
As victims destin'd to the common shore.

As dunce to dunce in endless numbers breed, So to Concanen see a Raiph succeed:
A tiny withing of these writing days,
Full-fam'd for tuncless rhymns, and short-liv'd plays.
Write on, my luckless bard, still unasham'd,
Though burnt thy jousnals, and thy dramas damn'd;
This bread inspires thy polities and lays,
Not thirst of immortality or praise.

These, goddess, view, the choicest of the train, While yet unnumbered dunces still remain; Deans, critics, lawyers, bards, a motley crew, To duliness faithful, as to Appins true. Enough, the goddess cries, exposith I've seen; While these support, secure my lim shall reign; Still shall thou blund'ring ruly Britannia's fate, Still Grub-street hall thee millimet of state.

ADVICE AND REPROOF:

Two Satires.

BY TOBIAS SMOLLET, M. D.

Ibid.

ADVICE,

POET, FRIEND.

PORT.

Enough; all this we knew before: 'Tis infamous, I grant it, to be poer: And who so much to sense and glory lost, Will hug the curse that not one joy can boast! From the pale hag, O! could I ones break loos: Divorc'd, all Hell should not re-tie the noose! Not with more care shall H---- avoid his wife, Not Cope* fly swifter, lashing for his life; Than I to leave the meagre fiend behind,

PRINKS.

Exèrt your talents; nature, ever kind, Enough for happiness, bestows on all;
'Tis sloth or pride that finds her gifts too small— Why sleeps the muse?----is there no room for praise,
When such bright constellations blaze?
When suce Newcastle, abstinently great,
The state of the state Neglects his food to cater for the state:

A general famous for an expeditious retreat, though not quite so deliberate as that of the ten thousand Greeks from Persis; having unfortunately forgot to bring his ar-my along with him.

Alluding to the philosophical contempt which this great personage manifested for the sensual delights of the sto-

mach.

And Grafton,* tow'ring Atlas of the throne, So well rewards a genius like his own; Granville and Batht illustrious, need I name For sober dignity and spotless fame; Or Pitt th' unshaken Abdiel‡ yet unsung: Thy candour, Chomdly! and thy truth, O Young!

POET.

Th' advice is good; the question only, whether These names and virtues ever dwelt together? But what of that? the more the bard shall claim, Who can create as well as cherish fame. But one thing more, - how loud must I repeat, To rouse th' engag'd attention of the great ; Amus'd, perhaps, with C---'s prolific bum,\$ Or rapt amidst the transports of a drum; Il

* This noble peer, remarkable for sublimity of parts, by virtue of his office, Lord Chamberlain, conferred the laureat on Colley Cibber, Esq. a delectable bard, whose character has already employed, together with his own, the greatest pens of the age.

Two noblemen famous in their day, for nothing more than their fortitude in bearing the scorn and reproach of their country.

t Abdiel, according to Milton, was the only seraph that preserved his integrity in the midst of corruption-

Among the innumerable false, unmov'd, Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd.

of This alludes to a phenomenon, not more strange than true. The person here meant, having actually laid upward of forty eggs, as several physicians and fellows of the Royal Society can attest; one of whom, we hear, has undertaken the incubation, and will, no doubt, favour the world with an account of his success. Some virtuosi affirm, that such productions must be the effect of a certain intercourse of organs not fit to be named.

I This is a riotous assembly of fashionable people, of both sexes, at a private house, consisting of some hundreds; not unaptly styled a drum, from the noise and emptiness of the entertainment. There are also drum-major, rout, tempest, and hurricane, differing only in degrees of multitude and uproar, as the significant name of each declares.

While the grim porter watches ev'ry door, Stern foe to tradesmen, poets and the poor. Th' Hesperian dragon not more fierce and fell; Nor the gaunt growling janitor of Hell. Ev'n Atticus, so wills the voice of fate. Enshrines in clouded majesty, his state; Nor to th' adoring crowd vouchsafes regard, Though priests adore, and ev'ry priest a bard. Shall I then follow with the venal tribe, And on the threshold the base mongrel bribe? Bribe him, to feast my mute imploring eye, With some proud lord, who smiles a gracious lie! A lie to captivate my heedless youth, Degrade my talents, and debauch my truth: While fool'd with hope, revolves my joyless day, And friends, and fame, and fortune fleet away; 'Till scandal, indigence, and scorn, my lot, The dreary jail entombs me, where I rot! Is there, ye varnish'd ruffians of the state! Not one, among the millions whom ye cheat, Who, while he totters on the brink of wo. Dares, ere he fall, attempt th' avenging blow ! A steady blow! his languid soul to feast; And rid his country of one curse at least!

FRIEND.

What! turn assassin?

POET.

Let th' assassin bleed:

My fearless verse shall justify the deed.
'Tis he, who lures th' unpractis'd mind astray,
Then leaves the wretch to misery, a prey;
Perverts the race of virtue just begun,
And stabs the public in her ruin'd son.

FRIEND.

Heavens, how you rail! the man's consum'd by spi If Lockman's fate attends you, when you write;*

* To be little read, and less approved !

Let prudence more propitious arts inspire : The lower still you crawl, you'll climb the higher. Go then, with ev'ry supple virtue stor'd, And thrive, the favour'd valet of my lord. Is that denied? a boon more humble crave; And minister to him who serves a slave: Be sure you fasten on promotion's scale; Ev'n if you seize some footman by the tail: Th' ascent is easy, and the prospect clear, From the smirch'd scullion to th' embroider'd pee 'Th' ambitious drudge preferr'd, postillion rides, Advanc'd again, the chair benighted guides ; Here doom'd, if nature strung his sinewy frame, The slave (perhaps) of some insatiate dame; But if exempted from th' Herculean toil, A fairer field awaits him, rich with spoil; There shall he shine, with ming'ling honours t His master's pathic, pimp, and parasite; Then strut a captain, if his wish be war, And grasp in hope, a truncheon and a star Or if the sweets of peace his soul allure, Bask at his ease in some warm sinecure; His fate in consul, clerk, or agent, vary, Or cross the seas, an envoy's secretary : Compos'd of falsehood, ignorance, and pride A prostrate sycophant shall rise a L -d: And won from kennels to th' empure embrace, Accomplish'd Warrent triumph o'er disgrace.

Eternal infamy his dame surround, Who planted first that vice on British ground! A vice that spite of sense and nature reigns, And poisons genial love, and manhood stains!

* This child of dirt (to use a greet author's expression) without any other quality than grovelling adulation, has arrived at the power of insulting his betters every day.

† Another son of fortune, who owes his present affluence to the most infamous qualifications; commonly called Brush Warren, from having been a shoe black; it is said he was kept by both sexes at one time. Pollio! the pride of science and its shame. The muse weeps o'er thee, while she brands thy name! Abhorrent views that prostituted groom, Th' indecent grotto and polluted dome! There only may the spurious passion glow, Where not one laurel decks the caitiff's brow. Obscene with critics avow'd, of every dyer-Corruption, last, oppression, perjury Let Chardin* with a chaples round his head The taste of Mare and Anacreon plead, "Sir, Flaccus knew to live as well as write And kept, like mer two bays array'd in white. Worthy to feel that apparence of time Which rivals Horace only in his shame! Let Isis wall in murmurs, t as shorums, Her tempting fathers and her yielding sons; While dulness screens the failings of the church, ‡ Nor leaves one sliding Rabbi in the lurch; Far other raptures let the breast contain, Where heaven born taste and emulation reign.

FRIEND.

Shall not a thousand vigues then atoms?
In thy strict censure for the breach of one ?
If Bubo keeps a catamite or whore,
His bounty feeds the beggar at his doors And though no mortal credits Curio's word,
A score of lacquies fatten at his beard:

This genial knight wore at his own hanquet a garland of flowers, in imitation of the ancients; and kept two rosy boys robed in white, for the chtertainment of his guests.

† In allusion to the unnatural orgies said to be follownized on the banks of this river; particularly at one place, where a much greater sanctity of morals and taste might be expected.

This is a decent and parental office, in which dulness is employed; namely to conceal the failings of her children; and exactly conformable to that matance of filled piety, which we meet with in the son of Noah, who went backward, to cover the nakedness of his father, when he lay usposed, from the scott and insults of a malicious world.

16

To Christian meekness sacrifice thy spleen. And strive thy neighbour's weaknesses to scree

POET.

Scorn'd be the bard, and wither'd all his fame; Who wounds a brother weeping o'er his shame ! But if an impious wretch with frantic pride, Throws honour, truth, and decency aside, If nor by reason aw'd, nor check'd by fears, He counts his glories from the stains he bears; Th' indignant muse to virtue's aid shall rise, And fix the brand of infamy on vice. What if arous'd at his imperious call, An hundred footsteps echo through his hall; And on high columns rear'd his lofty dome; Proclaims th' united art of Greece and Rome :

What though whole hecatombs his crew regale, And each dependant slumbers o'er his ale; While the remains through months unnumber'd past, Indulge the beggar and the dogs at last; Say, friend, is it benevolence of soul,

Or pompous vanity, that prompts the whole? These sons of sloth who by profusion thrive His pride inveigled from the public hive; And numbers pine in solitary wo. Who furnish'd out this phantasy of show. When silent misery assail'd his eyes, Did e'er his throbbing bosom sympathize?

Or his extensive charity pervade To those who languish in the barren shade, Where oft by want and modesty suppress'd, The bootless talent warms the lonely breast? No! petrified by dulness and disdain,

Beyond the feeling of another's pain, The tear of pity ne'er bedew'd his eye. Nor his lewd bosom felt the social sigh :

FRIEND. Alike to thee his virtue or his vice, If his hand lib'ral owns thy merit's price.

POET.

Sooner, in hopeless anguish would I mourn, Than owe my fortune to the man I scorn!— What new resource?

FRIEND.

A thousand yet remain? That bloom with honours, or that teem with gain : These arts, -are they beneath-beyond thy care ? Devote thy studies to th' auspicious fair : Of truth divested, let thy tongue supply The hinted slander, and the whisper'd lie; All merit mock, all qualities depress, Save those that grace th' excelling patroness; Trophies to her, on others follies raise, And heard with joy, by defamation praise; To this collect each faculty of face, And ev'ry feat perform of sly grimace: Let the grave sacer sarcastic speak thee shrewd, The smutty joke ridiculously lewd; And the loud laugh through all its changes rung, Applaud th' abortive sellies of her tongue : Enroll'd a member in the sacred list, Soon shalt thou sharp in company at whist: Her midnight rites and revalls regulate.* Priest of her love, and demoh of her hate.

POET.

But say, what recompense for all this waste Of honour, truth, admittion, time, and taste? To shine confess'd, her sany and her tool, And fall by what I rose, low ridicule? Again shall Handel raise his laurell'd brow, Again shall harmony with rapture glow? The spells dissolve, the combination breaks And Punch no longer Frasi's rival squeaks.

[•] These are mysteries performed like those of the Dea Bona, by females only; consequently it cannot be expected that we should here explain them; we have, notwithstanding, found means to learn some anecdotes concerning them, which we shall reserve for another opportunity.

Lo Russel falls a sacrifice to whim,* And starts amaz'd in Newgate from his dream : With trembling hands implores their promis'd aid ; And sees their favour like a vision fade! Is this, ye faithless syrens !- this the joy To which your smiles th' unwary wretch decoy ? Naked and shackled, on the pavement prone, His mangled flesh devouring from the bone; Rage in his heart, distraction in his eye! Behold, inhuman hags! your minion lie! Behold his gay careeer to ruin run, By you seduc'd, abandon'd and undone! Rather in garret pent, secure from harm,† My muse with murders shall the town alarm; Or plunge in politics with patriot zeal, And snarl like Guthrie for the public weal, Than crawl an insect in a beldame's power, And dread the crush of caprice ev'ry hour!

FRIEND.

'Tis well;—enjoy that petulance of style, And, like the envious adder, lick the file:

* A famous mimic and singer. The person here meant, by the qualifications above described, had insinuated himself into the confidence of certain ladies of quality, who engaged him to set up a puppet show, in opposition to the oratorios of Handel, against whom they were unreasonably prejudiced. But the town not seconding the caprictous undertaking, they deserted their manager, whom they had promised to support, and let him sink under the expense they had entailed upon him: he was accordingly thrown into prison, where his disappointment got the better of his reason, and he remained in all the ecstacy of despair; till at last, his generous patronesses, after much solicitation, were prevailed upon to collect five pounds, on the payment of which, he was admitted into Bedlam, where he continued bereft of his understanding, and died in the utmost misery.

1 These are the dreams and fictions of Grub street, with which the good people of this metropolis are daily alarmed and entertained.

1 This alludes to the fable of the viper and file, applicable to all the unsuccessful efforts of malice and envy.

What though success will not attend on all !
Who bravely dares, must sometimes risk a fall.
Behold the bounteous board of fortune spread;
Each weakness, vice and folly yields thee bread;
Would'st thou with prudent condescension strive
On the long-settled terms of life to thrive.

POET.

What! join the crew that pilfer one another, Betray my friend, and persecute my brother: Turn usurer, o'er cent per cent, to brood, Or quack, to feed like fleas on human blood?

FRIEND.

Or if thy soul can brook the gilded curse, Some changeling heiress steal—

POET.

Why not a purse?
Two things I dread, my conscience and the law.

FRIEND.

How ? dread a mumbling bear without a claw?
Nor this, nor that, is standard right or wrong,
Till minted by the mercenary tongue;
And what is conscience but a fiend of strife,
That chills the joys, and damps the scenes of life?
The wayward child of vanity and fear,
The peevish dam of poverty and care;
Unnumber'd wees engender in the breast
That entertains the rude, ungrateful guest.

POET.

Hail, sacred pow'r! my glory and my guide! Fair source of mental peace, whate'er betide; Safe in thy shelter, let disaster roll Eternal hurricanes around my soul; My soul serene amidst the storms shall reign, And smile to see their fury burst in vain!

FRIEND.

Too coy to flatter, and too proud to serve,* Thine be the joyless dignity to starve.

POET.

No;-thanks to discord, war shall be my friend: And moral rage, heroic courage lend To pierce the gleaming squadron of the foe, And win renown by some distinguish'd blow.

FRIEND.

Renown! ay, do-unkennel the whole pack Of military cowards on thy back, What difference, say, 'twixt him who bravely stood, And him who sought the bosom of the wood ?t Envenom'd calumny the first shall brand, The last enjoy a ribbon and command.

POET.

If such be life, its wretches I deplore, And long to quit th' inhospitable shore.

This, surely, occasioned Churchill's

"Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie."

This relates to the behaviour of a general on a certain occasion, who discovered an extreme passion for the cool shade during the heat of the day; the Hanoverian general,

REPROOF,

åc

Pour

Hown'mn I turn, or whenever I tread, This giddy world still rattles round my liced.— I pant for silence ev'n in this retreat— Good Heav'n I what demon thunders at the gate?

FRIEND.

In vain you strive in this sequester'd nook, To shreud you from an injur'd friend's rebuke.

PORT.

An injur'd friend! who challenges the name? If you, what title justifies the claim? Did e'er your heart o'er my affliction grieve, Your intrest prop me, or your praise relieve? Or ceald my wants my soul so far subdue, That in distress she crawl'd for aid to you? But let us grant th' indulgence e'er so strong; Display without reserve th' imagin'd wrong; Among your kindred have I kindred strife, Deflow'r'd your daughter, or debauch'd your wife; Traduc'd your credit, bubbled you at game; Or soil'd with infamous reproach your name?

PRIMITO.

No; but your synic vanity, you'll own, Expos'd my private council to the town.

POET.

Such fair advice 'twere pity sure to lose; I grant I printed it for public use.

FRIEND.

Yes, season'd with your own remarks between, Inflam'd with so much virulence of spicen, That the mild town (to give the devil his due) Ascrib'd the whole performance to a jew.

POET.

Jews, Turks, or Pagans, hallowed be the mouth That teems with moral zeal and dauntiess truth P Prove that my partial strain adopts one lie, No penitent more mortified than I; Not ev'n the wretch in shackles, doom'd to groun Beneath th' mhuman scoffs of Williamson.

FRIEND.

Hold—let us see this boasted self-denial— The vanquish'd knight has triumph'd in his trial.

POET.

What then?

FRIEND.

Your own sarcastic verse unsay, That brands him as a trembling runaway.

POET.

With all my soul!—th' imputed charge rehears: I'll own my error and expunge my verse.

Come, come,—howe'er the day was lost or wou.

The world allows the race was fairly run.

But lest the truth too naked should appear,

A robe of sable shall the goddess wear;

When sheep were subject to the lion's reign.

Bre man acquir'd dominion o'er the plain.

† Bir John Cope.

[.] Governor of the Tower.

BEPROOF.

Veracious wolves fields rushing from the rocks, Devour'd withous southed the ungualided flocks: The sufferers crowding round the royal save, Their monarch's pity and protection crave: Not that they wanted valou Not that they wanted value, force or arms, To shield their lambs from danger and alarms; A thousand same the champions of the folk In strength of horn, and patriot vigue bold, Engag'd in firm execcis ion, stop Their lives devoted to the public good : A warlike chieftain was their sole request, To marshal, guide, instruct, and rule the rest; Their pray'r was beard, and by consent of all, A courtier are appointed general.—
He went, he led, arranged the battle stood.
The savage for same pouring like a fixed.
Then Pug aginat, But spiling data the w Nor dign'd in threescore mile a to look behind While every band for officers bleat in ville, And fall in cleaghter d heaps upon the plain: The sear'd baboon to cut the matter shorty With all his speed could not outrun report; And, to appears the clamours of the nation, 'Twas fit his case should stand examination. The board was nam'd—each worthy took his place; All senior members of the horned race.*-The wedder, goat, ram, elk, and ox were there, And a grave heary stag possess 4 the chair.—

[&]quot;It is not to be wondered at that this board consisted of longed cattle only, since, before the use of arms, every creature yes colleged in war is fight with such weapons as nature inflatible R, consequently those supplied with horns bid fairest for signalising themselves in the fields and carrying off the first picts in the army.—But I observe, that among the members of this court, there is no mention made of such of the horsed family as were chiefly celebrated for valour; hassely, the bull, unloom, rhimocores, &c. which gives reason to suspect, that these last were either out of favour with the ministry, had aside on account of their great age, or that the ups had integer enough at court to exclude them from the number of his judges.

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RFPROOF.

Th' inquiry past, each in his turn began The culprit's conduct variously to scan. At length the sage uprear'd his awful crest And pausing, thus his fellow-chiefs address'd. If age, that from this head its honours stole, Hath not impair'd the functions of my soul, But sacred wisdom with experience bought, While this weak frame decays, matures my though Th' important issue of this grand debate May furnish precedent for your own fate; Should ever fortune call you to repel The shaggy foe, so desperate and fell-Tis plain, you say, his excellence Sir Ape From the dire field accomplish'd an escape; Alas! our fellow-subjects ne'er had bled, If every ram that fell like him had fled; Certes, those sheep were rather mad than brave, Which scorn'd th' example their wise leader gave. Let us then ev'ry vulgar hint disdain, And from our brother's laurel wash the stain. Th' admiring court applauds the president, And Pug was clear'd by general consent.

FRIEND.

There needs no magic to divine your scope, Mark'd as you are a flagrant misanthrope: Sworn foe to good and bad, to great and small, Thy rankling pen produces nought but gall: Let virtue struggle or let glory shine, Thy verse affords not one approving line.

POET.

Hail, sacred themes! the muse's chief delight!
O bring the darling objects to my sight!
My breast with elevated thought shall glow,
My fancy brighten, and my numbers flow!
Th' Aonian grove with rapture would I tread.
To crop unfading wreaths for Williams' head!

But that my strain, unheard amidst the throng, Must yield to Lockman's ede, and Hanbury's song,* Nor would the enameur'd muse neglect to pay To Stanhope's worth the tributary lay;†
The soul unstain'd, the sense sublime to paint, A people's patron, pride, and ernament! Did not his virtues eternized remain The boasted theme of Pope's immortal strain. Not ev'n the pleasing task is left, to raise A grateful monument to Barnard's praise; Else should the venerable patriot stand Th' unshaken piller of a sinking land. The gladd'ning prospect let me still pursue, And bring fair virtue's triumph to the view! Alike to me, by fortune blest or not, From soaring Cobham to the malting Scot. But, lo! a swarm of harpies intervene, To ravage, mangle, and pollute the scene! Gorg'd with our plunder, yet still graunt for spoil, Rapacious Gideon fastens on our Isle is Insatiate Lascelles, and the fiend Vaneck, Rise on our ruins, and enjoy the wreck; While griping Jasper gleries in his prize, Wrung from the widow's tears and orphan's cries.

^{*} Two productions resembling one emother very much in that cloying medicarity, which Hornes compares to—Craesum ungentum, et sards cum malle papareer.

[†] The Earl of Chesterfield.

t Daniel Mackercher, Ess. a mes of such primitive simplicity, that he may be said to have exceeded the scripture injunction, by not only parting with his clock and coat, but with his shirt also, to relieve a brother in distress: Mr. Annesley, who claimed the Anglesca title and estate.

[§] A triumvirate of contraction, who, scorning the narrow views of private usury, found means to lay a whole state under contribution, and pillage a kingdom of immense sums, under the protection of law.

^{||} A Christian of bowels, who lends money to his friends in want, at the moderate interest of 50°, per cent. A man famous for buying poor seamen's tickets.

FRIEND.

Relaps'd again! strange tendency to rail! I fear'd this meekness would not long prevail.

POET.

You deem it rancour then ?- Look round and see What vices flourish still, unprun'd by me: Corruption, roll'd in a triumphant car, Displays his burnish'd front and glitt'ring star; Nor heeds the public scorn, or transient curse, Unknown alike to honour and remorse. Behold the leering belle, caress'd by all,* Adorn each private feast and public ball; Where peers attentive listen and adore, And not one matron shun the titled whore.' At Peter's obsequies I sung no dirge;† Nor has my satire yet supply'd a scourge For the vile tribe of usurers and bites, Who sneak at Jonathan's and swear at White's. Each low pursuit, and slighter folly bred, Within the selfish heart and hollow head, Thrives uncontroll'd, and blossoms o'er the land, Nor feels the rigour of my chast'ning hand : While Codrus shivers o'er his bag of gold, By famine wither'd, and benumb'd by cold; I mark his haggard eyes with frenzy roll, And feast upon the terrors of his soul ; The wrecks of war, the perils of the deep, That curse with hideous dreams the caltfl's sleep; Insolvent debtors, thieves and civil strife, Which daily persecute his wretched life; With all the horrors of prophetic dread. That rack his bosom while the mail is read. Safe from the road, untainted by the school, A judge by birth, by destiny a fool,

to need description.

A wit of the first water, celebrated for her talent of repartee and double entendre. Peter Waters, Esq. whose character is too well known

While the young lordling struts in native pride. His party-colour'd tutor by his side,* Pleas'd let me own the pious mother's care, Who to the brawny sire commits her heir. Fraught with the spirit of a Gothic monk. Let Rich, with dulness and devotion drunk, Enjoy the peal so barbarous and loud, While his brain spues new monsters to the crowd † I see with joy the vaticide deplore An hell-denouncing priest and sov'reign where, Let ev'ry polish'd dame, and genial lord, Employ the social chair and venal board : Debauch'd from sense, let doubtful meanings run, The vague conundrum and the prurient pun; While the vain fop, with apish grin, regards. The giggling minx half-chok'd behind her cards.

- Whether it be for the reason essigned in the subsequent lines, or the frugality of the parents, who are unwilling to throw away money in making their children wiser than themselves, I know not; but certain it is, that many people of fashion commit the education of their heirs to some trusty footman, with a perticular command to keep master out of the stable.
 - † Monsters of absurdity.
 - "He look'd, and saw a sable soro'rer rise, Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies; All sudden, sorgons hiss, and dragons glare, And ten-horn'd flends and glants rush to war. Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth, Gods, imps, and monsters, 'music, rage, and mirth, A fire, a jig, a battle, and a best, Till one wide configeration syallows all."

Dunciad.

- ‡ This is no other than an empty chair, consided about with great formality to perform visits; by the help of which, a decent correspondence is often maintained among people of fashion, many years together, without one personal interview, to the great honour of hospitality and good neighbourhood.
- § Equally applicable to the dining and earl-table, where every guest must pay an extravagant price for what he has.

These, and a thousandidle pranks, I deem
The motley spawn of ignorance and whim.
Let pride conceive' and folly propagate,
The fashion still adopts the spuriuos brat;
Nothing so strange that fashion cannot tame;
By this dishonour ceases to be shame;
This weans from blushes lewd Tyrawly's face,
Gives Hawley* praise, and Ingoldsby disgrace,
From Mead to Tompson shifts the palm at once
A neddling, prating, blund'ring, busy dunce!
And may (should taste a little more decline)
Transform the nation to an herd of swine.

FRIEND.
The fatal period hastens on apace!
Nor will thy verse th' obscene event disgrace:
Thy flow'rs of poetry, that smell so strong,
The keenest appetites have louth'd the song;
Condemn'd by Clark, Banks, Barrowby, and Chittyt,
And all the crop ear'd critics of the city;
While sagely neutral sits thy silent friend,
Alike averse to censure or commend.

POET.

Peace to the gentle soul that could deny
His invocated voice to fill the cry!
And let me still the sentiment disdain
Of him who never speaks but to arraign;
The sneering son of calumny and scorn,
Whom neither arts, nor sense, nor soul, adord.
Or his, who, to maintain a critic's rank,
Though conscious of his own internal blank,
His want of taste unwilling to betray,
'Twixt sense and nonsense hesitates all day;

† A fraternity of wits, whose virtue, modesty, and taste, are much of the same dimensions.

A general so renowned for conduct and discipline, that during an action in which he had a considerable command, he is said to have been seen rallying three fugitive dragoons, five miles from the field of battle.

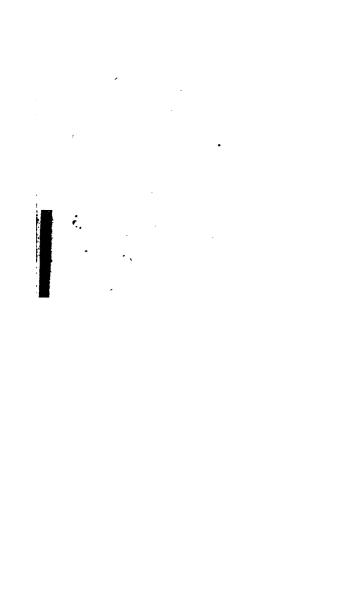
With brow contracted hears each passage read, And often hums and shakes his empty head; Until some oracle ador'd pronounce The passive bard a poet or a dunce; Then in loud clamour echoes back the word, 'Tis bold! insipid—soaring or absurd. These, and th' unnumber'd shoals of smaller fry, That nibble round, I pity and defy.



TASTE: AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG CI

By John Armstrong, M. D

"Proferre que sentiat cur quisquam liber dubi lim, mehercule, solus insanire, quam sobrius aut patrum delirationibus ignaviter assentari."





TASTE,

&c.

RANGE from Tower-hill all London to the Fleet,
Thence round the Temple, t' utmost Grosvenor-street:
Take in your route both Gray's and Lineoln's Inn;
Miss.not, be sure, my lords and gentlemen;
You'll hardly raise, as I with Petty* guess,
Above twelve thousand men of taste, unless
In desperate times a Connoisseur may pass.

"A connoisseur! what's that?" 'Tis hard to say:
But you must oft, amidst the fair and gay,
Have seen a would-be rake, a fluttering fool,
Who swears he loves the sex with all his soul.
Alsa, vain youth! dost thou admire sweet Jones?
Thou would-be gallant without blood or bones!
You'd split to hear th' insipid coxcomb cry
Ah, charming Nanny! 'tis too much! I die!—
Die and be d—n'd, says one; but let me tell ye,
I'll pay the loss if ever rapture kill ye.

'Tis easy learnt the art to talk by rote:
At Nando's 'twill but cost you half a great;
The Bedford school at threepence is not dear, Sir;
At White's—the stare instruct you for a tester.
But he, whom Nature never meant to share
One spark of Taste, will never eatch it there—]
Nor nowhere else, howe'er the booby beau
Grows great with Pope, and Horace, and Boileau.

^{*} Sir William Petty, author of The Political Arithmetic.

Good native Taste, though rude, is seldom wrong, Be it in music, painting, or in song : But this, as well as other faculties, Improves with age, and ripens by degrees. I know, my dear, 'tis needless to deny't, You like Voiture; you think him wondrous bright: But seven years hence, your relish more matur'd, What now delights will hardly be endur'd. The boy may live to taste Racine's fine charms, Whom Lee's bald orb, or Rowe's dry rapture warms : But he, enfranchis'd from his tutor's care, Who places Butler near Cervantes' chair, Or with Erasmus can admit to vie Brown of Squabhall, of merry memory, Will die a Goth, and nod at Woden's* feast Th' eternal winter long on Gregory'st breast.

Long may he swill, this patriarch of the dull, The drowsy mum-but touch not Maro's skull! His holy barb'rous dotage sought to doom, Good Heav'n! th' immortal Classics to the tomb! Those sacred lights shall bid new genius rise, When all Rome's saints have rotted from the skies. Be these your guides, if at the ivy crown You aim; each country's classics and your own. But chiefly with the Ancients pass your prime, And drink Castalia at the fountain's brim. The man to genuine Burgundy bred up, Soon starts the dash of Methuen in his cup. 1

Those sov'reign masters of the Muse's skill, Are the true patterns of good writing still :

* Alluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's Hall, where

Aluding to the Gothic heaven, Woden's Han, where the happy are for ever employed in drinking beer, mum, and other comfortable liquors, out of the skulls of those whom they had slain in battle.

† Pope Gregory the VIth distinguished by the name of St. Gregory; whose pious zeal in the cause of barbarous ignorance and priestly tyranny, exerted itself in demolishing, to the utmost of his power, all the remains of heathen genius.

Their ore was rich, and seven times purg'd of lead; Their art seem'd Nature, 'twas so finely hid. Though born with all the pow'rs of writing well,' What pains it cost they did not blush to tell. Their ease, my Lords, ne'er loung'd for want of fire, Nor did their rage through affectation tire; Free from all tawdry and imposing glare, They trusted to their native grace of air: Rapt'rous and wild the trembling soul they seize, Or like coy beauties steal it by degrees: The more you view them still the more they please.

Yet there are thousands of scholastic merit,! — Who worm their sense out, but ne'er taste their spirit. Witness each pedant under Bentley bred, Each commentator that e'er commented: (You scarce can seize a spot of classic ground, With leagues of Dutch morass so floated round) Witness—But, Sir, I hold a cautious pen, Lest I should serong some honourable men. They grow enthusiasts too—'Tis true! 'its pity! But 'tis not ev'ry lunatic that's witty.

Some have run Maro—and some Milton—mad; Ashley once turn'd a solid barbar's head: Hear all that's said, or printed, if you can, Ashley has turn'd more solid heads than one.

Let such admire each great or specious name; For right or wrong the joy to them's the same. "Right!" Yes, a thousand times.—Each fool has heard That Homer was a wonder of a bard.
Despise them civilly with all my heart—But to convince them is a desp'rate part.
Why should you tease me for what secret cause One dotes on Horace, or on Hudibras?
"Tis crue!, Sir, 'tis needless to endeavour To teach a set of Taste—he knows no flavour. To disunite I neither wish nor hope
A stubborn blockhead from his fav'rite fop:

TASTE.

Yes—fop, I say, were Maro's self before 'em For Maro's self grows dull as they pore o'er him. 244

But hear their raptures o'er some specious rhyme, Dubb'd by the musk'd and greasy mob sublime; For spleen's dear sake hear how a coxcomb prates, As clam'rous o'er his joys as fifty cats: " Music has charms to sooth a savage breast, To soften rocks and oaks," -and all the rest; " Fre heard" Bless, these long ears !- " Heav'ns,!

Good God! what thunders burst in this Campaign! Hark! Waller warbles! Ah! how sweetly killing! Rowe breathes all Shakspeare here!—That ode of Prior Is Spenser quite! egad, his very fire!— Then that inimitable Splendid Shilling ! As like"—Yes, faith! as gumflowers to the rose, Or as to claret flat Minorca's dose; As like as (if I am not grossly wrong) Erle Robert's Mice to aught e'er Chaucer sung.

Read boldly, and unprejudic'd peruse Each fay'rite modern, e'en each ancient Muse.
With all the comic salt and tragic rage, The great stupendous genius of our stage, Boast of our island, pride of humankind, Had faults to which the boxes are not blind: His frailties are to ev'ry gossip known, Yet Milton's pedantries don't shock the town. Ne'er be the dupe of names, however high, For some outlive good parts, some misapply : Each elegant Spectator you admire, But must you therefore swear by Cato's fire? Masks for the court, and oft a clumsy jest, Disgrae d the Muse that wrought the Alchemist. "But to the Ancients." Faith! I am not clear, For all the smooth round type of Elzevir, That ev'ry work which lasts in prose or song Two thousand years deserves to last so long

For not to mention some eternal blades Known enly now in academic shades, (Those sacred groves where raptur'd spirits stray. And in word-hunting waste the live-long day) Ancients whom none but carlous critics scan, Do read Messala's* praises if you can. Ah! who but feels the sweet contagious smart While soft Tibullus pours his tender heart? With him the Loves and Muses melt in tears, But not a word of some hexameters. "You grow so squeamish and so dev'lish dry, You'll call Lucretius vapid next." Not I: Some find him tedious, others think him lame. But if he lags, his subject is to blame. Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried. Yet still he marches with true Roman pride; Sometimes a meteor, gorgeous, rapid, bright, He streams athwart the philosophic night. Find you in Horace no insipid odes ?-He dar'd to tell us Homer sometimes nods; And but for such a critic's hardy skill Homer might slumber unsuspected still.

Tasteless, insipid, indolent, and tame,
At second-hand we chiefly praise or blame:
Hence 'is, for else one knows not why nor how,
Some authors flourish for a year or two;
For many some; more wondrous still to tall,
Farquhar yet ingers on the brink of hell.
Of solid merits others pine unknown;
At first, though Carlost swimmingly went down,
Poor Belviders, fail'd to melt the town:

A poem of Tibulius's in hexameter verse; as yawning and insipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

and insipid as his elegies are tender and natural.

† Don Carlos, a tragedy of Otway's, now long and justly forgotten, went off with great applause; while his Orphan, a soutewhat better performance, and what is yet more strange, his Venice Preserved, according to the theatrical anecdotes of those times, met with a very cold reception.

Led to the downs, or from the wave-worn Reluctant hurl'd, the tame implicit train, Or crop the downs, or headlong seek the As blindly we our solemn leaders follow, And good, and bad, and execrable swallow

Pray, on the first throng'd evening of a. That wears the facies Hippocratica,* Strong lines of death, signs dire of reprobe Have you not seen the angel of salvation Appear sublime, with wise and solemn ray To teach the doubtful rabble where to clap The rabble knows not where our dramas But where the cane goes pat—" By G—t.

Judge for yourself, nor wait with timid; Till some illustrious pedant hum or item. The lords who starv'd Old Ben were learn of Chaucer, whom with bungling toil the Their sons, whose ears bold Milton could Would laugh o'er Ben like mad, and snuff And swear, and seem as tickled as you ples Their spawn, the pride of this sublimer agfeel to the toes and horns grave Milton's ra Though lived he now he might appeal with To lords, knights, 'squires, and doctors, yet Or justly mad to Maloch's highes and doctors, yet or institute of the second s

A mumbling ape of taste, prescribe us lawal To try the poets, for no better cause. Than that he boasts per ass. ten thousand clear, Yelps in the House, or barely sits a poer? For shame! for shame! etha, libral firitish soul To stoop to any state Dictater's rule!

"I may be wrong, and often am ne doubt,
But right or wrong, with friends, with foes 'twill out.
Thus 'tis perhaps my fault if I complain.
Of trite invention and a filmsy vein,
Tame characters, uninteresting, jejune,
And passions drily copied from Le Brun:
For I would rather never judge than wrong
That friend of all men, gen'rous Fenselon.
But in the name of goodness! must I be
The dupe of charms I never yet could see?
And then to flatter where there's no reward—
Better be any patron-bunting bard,
Who half our lords with filthy praise besmears
And sing an anthem to all ministers,
Taste th' Attic salt in ev'ry peer's poor rebus,
And crown each Gothie idea for a Phosbus.

Alas! so far from free, so far from brave, We dare not show the little taste we have.

First painter to Louis XIV. who, to speak in fashionable English, called himself Louis the great. Our sovereign lords the passions, Love, Rage, Despair, &c. were graciously pleased to sit to him in their turns for their portraits, which he was generous enough to communicate to the public, to the great improvement no doubt of history painting. It was he who they said poisoned Le Sueur; who, without half his advantages, in many other respects, was so unreasonable and provoking as to display a genius with which his own could stand no comparison. It was he and his Gothic disciples who with sly scratches defaced the most masterly of this Le Sueur's performances as often as their barbarous envy could snugly reach them. Yet after all these achievements, he died in his bed! a catastrophe which could not have happened to him in a country like this, where the fine arts are as zealously and judiciously patronised as they are well understood.

248 TASTE.

With us you'll see ev'n vanity control! The most refin'd sensations of the soul. Sad Otway's scenes, great Shakspeare's we defy: "Lard, Madem! 'tis so unpolite to cry!— For shame, my Dear! d'ye credit all this stuff?— I vow—Well, this is innocent enough?" At Athens long ago the ladies—(married) Dreamt not they misbehav'd though they miscarried, When a wild poet with licentious rage Turn'd fifty Furies loose upon the stage.

They were so tender and so eas'ly mov'd. Heav'ns! how the Grecian ladies must have lov'd! For all the fine sensations still have dwelt Perhaps where one was exquisitely felt: Thus he who heav nly Maro truly feels Stands fix'd on Raphael, and at Handel thrills. The grosser senses too, the taste, the smell, Are likely truest where the fine prevail: Who doubts that Horace must have cater'd well? Friend, I'm a shrewd observer, and will guess What books you dote on from your fav'rite mess. Brown and L'Estrange will surely charm whome'er The frothy pertness strikes of weak small beer. Who steeps the calf's fat loin in greasy sauce Will hardly loathe the praise that bastes an ass; Who riots on Scotch collops scorns not any Insipid, fulsome, trashy, miscellany; And who devours whate'er the cook can dish up, Will for a classic consecrate each bishop.*

But I am sick of pen and ink; and you Will find this letter long enough. Adieu!

* See Felton's Classics

A DAY:

AN EPISTLE TO J. WILKES OF AYLESBURY, ESQ.

Bz John Armstrong, D. D.





A DAY,

&c.

Escar'd from London now four moons, and more, I greet gay Wilkes from Fulde's wasted shore, Where, cloth'd with woods, a hundred hills ascend, Where nature many a paradise has plann'd:

A land that, e'en amid contending arms, Late smil'd with culture, and luxuriant charms: But now the hostile scythe has bared her soil, And her sad peasants starve for all their toil.

What news to day?—I ask you not what rogue, What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue; What forward blundering fool was last preferr'd, By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd; With what new cheat the gaping town is smit; What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit; What stuff for winter the two booths have mix'd; What bouncing mimic grows a Roscius next. Waive all such news: I've seen too much, my friend, To stare at any wonders of that kind.

News, none have I: you know I never had; I never long'd the day's dull lie to spread; I left to goesips that sweet luxury, More in the secrets of the great than I; To nurses, midwives, all the slippery train, That swallow all, and bring all up again: Or did I e'er a brief event relate, You found it soon at length in the Gazette.

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A DAY.

Now for the weather—this is England still, For aught I find, as good, and quite as ill. Even now the pond'rous rain perpetual falls, Drowns every camp, and crowds our hospitals. This soaking deluge all unstrings my frame, Dilutes my sense, and suffocates my flame—'Tis that which makes these present lines so tame. The parching east wind still pursues me too—Is there no climate where this fiend ne'er flew? By Heaven, it flays Japan, perhaps Peru! It blasts all earth with its envenom'd breath, That scatters discord, rage, diseases, death. 4 Twas the first plague that burst Pandora's chest, And with a livid smile sow'd all around the rest.

Heaven guard my friend from every plague flies, Still grant him health, whence all the pleasures But oft diseases from slow causes creep, And in this doctrine as (thank Heaven) I'm deep,

Meantime excuse me that I slily snatch The only theme in which I shine your match,

You study early: some indulge at night, Their prudish muse steals in by candlelight; Shy as th' Athenian bird, she shuns the day, And finds December genial more than May. But happier you who court the early sun, For morning visits no debauch draw on; Nor so the spirits, health, or sight impair, As those that pass in the raw midnight air.

The task of breakfast o'er; that peevish, pale, That lounging, yawning, most ungenial meal; Rush out before those fools rush in to worry ye, Whose business is to be idle in a hurry, Who kill your time as frankly as their own, And feel no civil hints e'er to be gone.

These flies all fairly flung, whene'er the house,
Your country's business, or your friend's, allows,
Rush out, enjoy the fields and the fresh air;
Ride, walk, or drive, the weather foul or fair.
Yet in the torrid months I would reverse
This method, leave behind both proce and verse;
With the gray dawn the hills and forest roam,
And wait the sultry noon embower'd at home,
While every rural sound improves the breeze,
The brawling stream, the busy rooks, and murmur of
the bees.

You'll hardly choose these cheerful jaunts alone, Except when some deep scheme is carrying on. With you at Chelsea oft may I behold The hopeful bud of sense her bloom unfold, With you I'd walk to * * * To rich, insipid Hackney, if you will; With you no matter where, while we're together, I scorn no spot on earth, and curse no weather:

When dinner comes, amid the various feast,
That crowns your genial board, where every guest,
Or grave, or gay, is happy, and at home,
An once e'er sigh'd for the mind's elbow-room;
I warn you still to make your chief repast
On one plain dish, and trike with the rest.

Beef, in a fever, if your stomach crave it, Ox-cheek, or mawirish cod, be sure you have it; For still the constitution, even the case, Directs the stomach; this informs the taste; And what the taste in her capricious fits Coyly, or even indifferently admits, The peevish stomach, or disdains to toil, Or indolently works to vapid chyle. This instinct of the taste so soldom errs, That if you love, yet smart for cucumbers, Or plums of bad reputs, you'll likely find "Twas for you separated what nature join'd, The spicy kernel here, and there the rind.

254 A DAY.

'Tis strange how blindly we from nature stray! The only creatures we that miss their way! To err is human, man's prerogative, Who's too much sense by nature's laws to live : Wiser than nature, he must thwart her plan, And ever will be spoiling, where he can. 'Tis well he cannot ocean change to cream, Nor earth to gilded cake; nor e'en could tame Niagara's steep abyss to crawl down stairs,* Or dress in roses the dire Cordelliers :t But what he can he does: well can he trim A charming spot into a childish whim; Can every generous gift of nature spoil, And rates their merits by his cost and toil. Whate'er the land, whate'er the seas produce, Of perfect texture, and exalted juice, He pampers, or to fulsome fat, or drains, Refines and bleaches, till no taste remains.

Enough to fatten fools, or drive the dray. But plagues and death to those of finer clay.

No corner else, 'tis not to be denied,'
Of all our isle so rankly is supplied
With gross productions, and adulterate fare,
As one renown'd abode, whose name I spare.
They cram all poultry, that the hungry fox
Would lothe to touch them; e'en their boasted ox
Sometimes is glutted so with unctuous spoil,
That what seems beef is rather rape-seed oil.
D'ye know what brawn is?——O th' unhappy be
He stands eternal, and is doom'd to feast,
Till—but the nauseous process I forbear—
Only, beware of brawn—be sure, beware!
Yet brawn has taste—it has: their veal has none,
Save what the butcher's breath inspires alone:

Vide Chatsworth, 1753.

TLes Cordalleiras des Andes are a chain of hills w run through South America.

Just Heaven one day may send them hail for wheat. Who spoil all veal because it should be white. Tis hard to say of what compounded paste Their bread is wrought, for it betrays no tasta. Whether tis flour and chalk, or chalk and flour Shell'd and refin'd till it has taste no more; But if the lump be white, and white enough, No matter how insipid, dry, or tough. In salt itself the sapid savour fails. Burnt alum for the love of white prevails: While tasteless cole-seed we for mustard swallow. 'Tis void of zest indeed-but still 'tis yellow. Parsnip, parsley root, the rogues will soon Scrape for horse radish, and twill pass unknown. For by the colour, not the taste, we prove all, As hens will sit on chalk, if 'tis but oval,

I must with caution the cook's reign invade, Hot as the fire, and hasty from his trade,

A cook of genius, bid him roast a hare,
By all that's hot and horrible would swear,
Parch native dryness! zounds, that's not the thing—
But stew him, and he might half dine a king.
His gen'rous broth 1 should almost preser
To Turtle Soup, though Turtle travels far.

You think me nice berhaps: yet I could dine On roasted rabbits; or fat turkey and chine; Or fulsome haslet; or most drily eram My throat with tasteless fillet and wet ham: But let me no'er of mutton-saidle eat, That solid phantom, that most specious cheat; Yet loin is passable, he was no fool Who said the half is better than the whole:

But I have cook'd and carv'd enough and more, We come to drinking next. 'Till dinner's o'er, 18

I would all Claret, even Champaign forbear, Give me fresh water-bless me with small-beer. But still whate'er you drink with cautious lip Approach, survey, and e'er you swallow, sip; For often, O defend all honest throats ! The reeling wasp on the drench'd borage floats. I've known a dame, sage else as a divine, For brandy whip off Ipecacuan wine; And I'm as sure amid your careless glee, You'll swallow Port one time for Cote-rotie. But you aware of that Lethean flood, Will scarce repeat the dose-forbid you should I 'Tis such a deadly foe to all that's bright, 'Twould soon encumber e'en your fancy's flight : And if 'tis true what some wise preacher says, That we our gen'rous ancestors disgrace, The fault from this pernicious fountain flows, Hence half our follies, half our crimes and woes ; And ere our maudlin genius mounts again, 'Twill cause a sea of Claret and Champaign Of this retarding glue to rinse the nation's brain. The mud-fed carp refines amid the springs, And time and Burgundy might do great things; But health and pleasure we for trade despise, For Portugal's grudg'd gold our genius dies. O hapless race ! O land to be bewail'd ! With murders, treasons, horrid deaths appall'd: Where dark red skies with livid thunders frown. While earth convulsive shakes her cities down; Where Hell in Heaven's name holds her impious co And the grape bleeds out that black poison, Port : Sad poison to themselves, to us still worse, Brew'd and rebrew'd, a doubled, trebled curse.

Toss'd in the crowd of various rules, I find Still some material business left behind :

The fig, the gooseberry, beyond all grapes, Mellower to eat, as rich to drink perhaps. But pleasures of this kind are best enjoy'd, Beneath the tree, or by the fountain side, E'er the quick soul, and dewy bloom exhale, And vainly melt into the thankless gale.

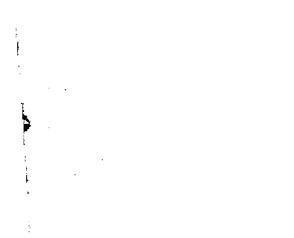
Who from the full meal yield to natural rest,
A short repose; 'tis strange how soon you'll find
A second morn rise cheerful on your mind:
Besides, it softly, kindly, sooths away
The saddest hour to some that damps the day.
But if you're coy to sleep, before you spread
Some easy-trotting poet's lines—you're dead
At once: even these may hasten your repose,
Now rapid verse, now halting nearer prose;
There smooth, here rough, what I suppose you'd
choose.

As men of taste hate sameness in the muse: Yes, I'd adjourn all drinking till 'tis late, And then indulge, but at a moderate rate. By Heaven not ***, with all his genial wit, Should ever tempt me after twelve to sit— You laugh—at noon you say: I mean at night.

I long to read your name once more again,
But while at Cassel, all such longing's vain.
Yet Cassel else no sad retreat I find,
While good and amiable * Gayot's my friend,
Generons and plain, the friend of human kind;
Who scorns the little-minded's partial view;
Once you would love, one that would relish you.
With him sometimes I sup, and often dine,
And find his presence cordial more than wine.
There lively, genial, friendly, Goy and I,
Touch glasses oft to one, whose company
Would—but what's this ?———Farewell—within two
hours

We march for Hoxter-ever, ever yours.

^{*} Mons. de Gayot, fils, conseiller d'etzt, et intendant de l'armee Françoise en Allemagne.



ON POETRY:

A Rhapsody.

By Dr. Jonathan Swift.



ON POETRY,

· &c.

All human race would fain be wits, And millions miss for one that hits. Young's universal passion, prite, Was never known to spread so wide. Say, Britain, could you ever boast. Three poets in one age at most? Our chilling climate hardly bears. A sprig of bays in fifty years: While every fool his claim alleges, As if it grew in common hedges. What reason can there be assign'd For this perverseness in the mid? Brutes find out where their talents lis: A bear will not attempt to fly: A founder'd horse will oft debate Before he tries a five-barr'd gate; A dog by instinct turns saide,

Not highest wisdom in debates For framing laws to govern states # Not skill in sciences profound So large to grasp the circle round : Such heav'nly influence require, As how to strike the muse's lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot:
Not bastard of a pedler Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell, or the stews;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies litt'ring under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phæbus in his ire,
Hath bhasted with poetic fire.

What hope of custom in the fair, While not a soul demands your ware ! Where you have nothing to produce For private life or public use ? Court, city, country, want you not ; You cannot bribe, betray, or plot; For poets' law makes no provision; The wealthy have you in derision; Of state affairs you cannot smatter; Are awkward, when you try to flatter : Your portion, taking Britain round, Was just one annual hundred pound; Now not so much as in remainder, Since Cibber brought in an attainder; For ever fix'd by right divine (A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.

Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains ! How unproportion'd to thy pains !

^{*} Paid to the poet-laureat, which place was given to Colley Cibber, a player, 3

And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half-an-hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise.
Thy labours grow the critic's prey,
Are swallowed o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.

How shall a new attempter learn of diff'rent spirits to discere, And how distinguish which is which, The poet's vein, or scribbling itch? Then hear an old experienc'd stance, Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself, and if you find
A pow'rful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breastWhat subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or hum'rous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then rising with Aurora's light,
The muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when mvention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe & fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with num'rous breaks—and dashes.—

To statement would you give a wipe, You print it in Italie type.

When letters are in vulgar shapes,
Tis ten to one the wit escapes;
But when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot,*
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost, !
You need not fear the labour lost : }
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The produce of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will'st the foll'wing day, Lie snug, and hear what critics say. And if you find the gen'ral vogue Pronounces you a stupid rogue, Damns all your thoughts as low and little, Sit still, and swallow down your spittle. Be silent as a politician, For talking may beget suspicion: Or praise the judgment of the town, And help yourself to run it down. Give up your fond paternal pride, Nor argue on the weaker side; For poems read without a name We justly praise, or justly blame; And critics have no partial views, Except they know whom they abuse :

> A bookseller in London, † The poet's coffee-house.

And since you no'er provok'd their spite,
Depend upon't their judgment's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run;
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggre! Grub-street sends
Will pass for yours with foce and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk, And sent in quires to line a trunk, If still you be disposed to rhyme, Go try your hand a second time. Again you fail; yet Safe's the word; Take courage, and attempt a third. But first with care employ your thoughts, Where critics mark'd your former faults: The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit, The similes that nothing fit; The cant which ev'ry fool repeats, Town jests, and coffee-house conceits; Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry, And introduc'd the Lord knows why: Or where you find your fury set Against the harmless alphabet; On A's and B's your malice vent, While readers wonder whom you meant; A public or a private robber; A statesman, or a South-sea jobber; A prelate who no god believes; A parliament, or den of thisves; A pick-purse at the bar, or beach; A dutchess, or a suburb wench; Or oft when epitaphs you link In gaping lines to fill a chink; Like stepping-stones to save a stride In streets where kennels are too with; Or, like a heel-piece, to support A cripple with one foot too short;

Or like a bridge that joins a marish To moorlands of a diff'rent parish. So have I seen ill-coupled hounds Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds. So geographers in Afric maps With savage pictures fill their gaps, And o'er unhabitable downs Place elephants for want of towns.

But though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party-merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence;
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince, the moment he is crown'd, Inherits ev'ry virtue round. As emblems of the sov'reign power, Like other baubles in the Tower; Is gen'rous, valiant, just, and wise, And so continues till he dies: His humble senate this professes In all their speeches, votes, addresses. But once you fix him in a tomb, His virtues fade, his vices bloom; And each perfection wrong imputed, Is fully at his death confuted. The loads of poems in his praise, Ascending, make one funeral blaze: As soon as you can hear his knell, This god on earth turns d-l in hell; And lo! his ministers of state, Transform'd to imps, his levee wait; Where in the scenes of endless wo, They ply their former arts below;



ON POSTRY.

267:

And as they sail in Charon's boat, Contrive to bribe the judge's vote; To Cerberus they give a sop, His triple-barking mouth to stop; Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams* Project excise and South-sea schemes; Or hire their party pamphleteers To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive, Employ your muse on kings alive; With prudence gath'ring up a cluster Of all the virtues you can muster, Which form'd into a garland sweet, Lay humbly at your monarch's feet; Who, as the odours reach his throne, Will smile, and think them all his own; For law and gospel both determine All virtues lodge in royal ermine. (I mean the oracles of both, Who shall depose it upon oath.) Your garland in the following reign, Change but the names, will do again.

But if you think this trade too base, (Which seldom is the dunce's case,) Put on the critic's brow, and sit At Will's the puny judge of wit. A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile, With caution us'd, may serve a while. Proceed no further in your part, Before you learn the terms of art; For you can never be too far gone In all our modern critics' jargon: Then talk with more authentic face Of unities, in time and place; Get scraps of Horace from your friends, And have them at your fingers' ends;

Sunt geminæ somni portæ, &c.
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephante.

Learn Aristotle's rules by rote, And at all hazards boldly quote; Judicious Rymer oft review, Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu. Read all the prefaces of Dryden, For these our critics much confide in, (Though merely writ at first for filling, To raise the volume's price a shilling.)

A forward critic often dupes us With sham quotations peri hupsous. And if we have not read Longinus, Will magisterially outshine us. Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye, Procure the book for love or money, Translated from Boileau's translation, And quote quotation on quotation.

At Will's you hear a poem read, Where Battus from the table-head, Reclining on his elbow-chair, Gives judgment with decisive air; To whom the tribe of circling wits As to an oracle submits. He gives directions to the town To cry it up, or run it down; Like courtiers, when they send a note, Instructing members how to vote. He sets the stamp of bad and good, Though not a word he understood. Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure To get the name of connoisseur : And when your merits once are known Procure disciples of your own. For poets (you can never want 'em) Spread through Augusta Trinobantu

A famous treatise of Longinus The ancient name of London

Computing by their peck of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sov'reign.
In ev'ry street a city-bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bord'ring wits contend for glory; And one is Whig and one is Tory : And this for epics claims the bays, And that for elegiac lays: Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth, By lovers spoke in Punch's booth: And some as justly fame extols For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls, Bavius in Wapping gains renown, And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish-town : Tigellius plac'd in Phæbus' car From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar: Harmonious Cibber entertains The court with annual birthday-strains; Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace, Where Pope will never show his face; Where Y-g must torture his invention To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination;
Through ev'ry alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground:
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.

Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature.
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smallest watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of mod'rate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams,
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;
But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base,
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit.
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticise;
And strive to tear you limb from limb,
While others do as much for him.

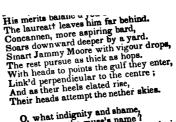
The vermin only teaze and pinch Their foes superior by an inch. So, nat'ralists observe, a flea Hath smaller fleas that on him prey : And these have smaller still to bite 'em, And so proceed ad infinitum. Thus ev'ry poet in his kind Is bit by him that comes behind; Who, though too little to be seen, Can teaze and gall and give the spleen ; Call dunces fools, and sons of whores, Lay Grub-street at each other's doors; Extol the Greek and Roman masters, And curse our modern poetasters: Complain, as many an ancient bard did, How genius is no more rewarded; How wrong a taste prevails among us; How much our ancestors outsung us: Can personate on awkward scorn, For those who are not poets born, And all their brother-dunces lash, Who crowd the press with hourly trash. O Grub-street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace
They scon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them than they of thee,
Degeu'rate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still, To purchase fame by writing ill. From Flecknoe down to Howard's time. How few have reach'd the low sublime: For when our high born Howard died, Blackmore alone his place supplied; And lest a chasm should intervene, When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign, The leaden crown devolv'd to thee, Great poet of the hollow tree.* But ah! how unsecure thy throne! A thousand bards thy right disown; They plot to turn, in factious zeal, Duncenia to a common-weal; And with rebellious arms pretend An equal priv'lege to descend.

In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants, to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite,
In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.

19

Lord Grimston, author of a play called Love in a hollow tree.



O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the muse's name?
By flatt'ring k.—s, whom heav'n design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And ev'ry vice that nurses both.

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter?
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquiring hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,



ON POETRY.

From him the Tartar and Chinese, Short by the knees intreat for peace.* The consort of his throne and bed, A perfect goddes born and bred, Appointed sov'reign judge to sit. On learning, eloquence, and wit. Our eldest hope, divine Iulus, (Late, very late, O may he rule us!) What early manhood has he shown, Before his downy beard was grown! Then think what wonders will be done By going on as he begun, An heir for Britain to secure As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood Comes pouring on me like a flood. Bright goddesses in number five; Duke William, sweetest prince alive.

Now sing the minister of state,† Who shines alone without a mate. Observe with what majestic port This Atlas stands to prop the court : Intent the public debts to pay, Like prudent Fabius, 1 by delay, Thou great vicegerent of the King, Thy praises every muse shall sing ! In all affairs thou sole director, Of wit and learning chief protector; Though small the time thou hast to spare The church is thy peculiar care. Of pious prelates what a stock You choose to rule the sable flock ! You raise the honour of the peerage, Proud to attend you at the steerage.

[&]quot;Genibus minor," &c.
† Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

"Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."

You dignify the noble race, Content yourself with humbler place. Now learning, valour, virtue, sense, To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight Vouchsafe to be an azure knight, When on thy breast and sides Herculean He fix'd the star and string cerulean.

Say, poet, in what other nation Shone ever such a constellation! Attend ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays, And tune your harps, and strew your bays : Your panegyrics here provide; You cannot err on flatt'ry's side. Above the stars exalt your style, You still are low ten thousand mile. On Lewis all his bards bestow'd Of incense many a thousand load; But Europe mortified his pride, And swore the fawning rascals lied. Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis, Applied to George exactly true is. Exactly true! invidious poet! 'Tis fifty thousand times below it. Translate me now some lines, if you can From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan. They could all pow'r in heav'n divide, And do no wrong to either side; They teach you how to split a hair, Give G-e and Jove an equal share. Yet why should we be lac'd so strait? I'll give my m-n-ch butter-weight. And reason good; for many a year Jove never intermeddled here; Nor though his priests be duly paid, Did ever we desire his aid: We now can better do without him, Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him. Catera desiderantur.

[&]quot;Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."



Α

CHARACTER, PANEGYRIC, AND DESCRIPTION,

OF THE

LEGION CLUB. .

By Dr. Jonathan Swift.

1E 3E



A CHARACTER

OF

THE LEGION CLUB.*

As I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the College;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jest,
Near the church †———you know the rest.

Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of Legion-club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such harangeing,
When a brother thief is haaging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jack-padding gabble;

* I have written a very masterly poem on the l Club—it is 240 lines.

t The nearer the church the farther from God.

Such a crowd their ordere throws On a far less villain's nose.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the Devil upon the roof
(If the Devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on ev'ry scull,
While the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy that harpies' nest,
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow that God
Sometimes makes the Devil his rod;
And the gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools For his lunatics and fools, With a rood or two of land, I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so? But it is with this proviso:

Since the house is like to last.
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell Each within his proper cell,
With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in, Sell the nation for a pin; While they sit a picking straws, Let them rave at making laws; While they never hold their tongue, Let them dabble in their dong; Let them form a grand committee, flow to plague and serve the city,

White trademake co. to a.

Let them stars, and storm, and frown,
When they see a clergy-gown;
Let them, res they crack a louse,
Call for the orders of the house;
Let them with their gosting quills
Scribble semeless heads of hills
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a-a with their votes

Let Sir T——m, that ramoant ass, Stuff his guts with flax and grass; But before the priest he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tora, holloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser;
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide;

Come assist me muse o effect, Let us try some new ex edisht; Shift he seese for half an hour. Time and place are in they tower, Thither, gessle muse conduct me. I shall sak, and you conflict me.

See, the muse unhars the gate? Hark, the monkeys, how they prate?

All ye gods, who rule the soul,*
Styr, through Hell whole waterbeell?
Let me be allowed to tell
What I heard in yender Hell.

Near the door an entrance gapes, Crowded round with antic shapes, Poverty, and Grief, and Care, Causeless joy, and, true Despair. Discord periwig'd with snakes, See the dreadful stride she takes

By this odious erew beset, I began to rage and fret, And resolv'd to break their pates, Ere we enter'd at the gates; Had not Clio in the nick Whisper'd me, Lay down your stick. What, said I, is this the mad-house? These, she answer'd, are but shadows, Phantoms bodiless and vain, Empty visions of the brain.

In the porch Briarcus stands, Shows a bribe in all his hands; But we mortals call him C ______y. When the rogues their country fleece, They may hope for pence a piece.

Clio, who had been so wise To put on a fool's disguise. To bespeak some approbation, And be thought a near relation, When she saw three hundred brutes All involved in wild disputes, Roaring till their lungs were spent, Privilege of partiament, Now a new misfortune feels, Dreading to be laid by th' heels.

[·] Vestibulum ante ipsum, &c.

[†] Et, ni docta comes, &c, † Et centum geminus Briarous, &c,

Never durst a muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio stifed with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian streams that flew
From the dire infectious crew;
Not the stench of lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away;
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

When I saw the keeper frown, Tipping him with half a crown, Now, said I, we are alone, Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that Hell-featur'd brawler,
Is it Satan? No, 'tie W——r.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir H——s?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murther;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd T———p

Keeper, show me where to fix,
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren;
Dick Fitz-Beker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, lung and kiss,
Toast old glorious in your piss.
Tie'em, keeper, in a tether,
Let'em starve and stink together;

Near the door an entrance gapes, Crowded round with antic shapes, Poverty, and Grief, and Care, Causeless joy, and, true Despair. Discord periwig'd with snakes, See the dreadful stride she takes.

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To put on a fool's disguise.
To bespeak some approbation,
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All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
Privilege of parliament,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.

Virg. Æn.

^{*} Vestibulum ante ipsum, &ct Et, ni docta comes, &c,

Et centum geminus Briareus, &c.



THE LEGION CHED.

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Toast old glorious in your piss.
Tie'em, keeper, in a tether,
Let'em starve and stink together;



Half the best are still behi You have hardly seen a st I can show two hundred n Keeper, I have seen enoug Taking then a pinch of snt I concluded, looking round "May their god, the d—l,

THE

LIFE AND GENUINE CHARACTER

OF

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.



THE

LIFE AND GENUINE CHARACTER

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THE LEGION CLUB.

Let them stare, and storm, and frown, When they see a clergy-gown; Let them, ere they crack a louse, Call for the orders of the house; Let them with their gosfing quills Scribble senseless heads of hills We may, while they strain their threats, Wipe our a—s with their votes

Let Sir T——m, * that rampant ass, Stuff his guts with flax and grass; But before the priest he fleeces
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tosa, holloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser;
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide;

Come assist me muse o edient, Let us try some new ex edient; Shift the scene for half an hour, Time and place are in thy power, Thither, gentle muse conduct m. I shall ask, and you instruct me.

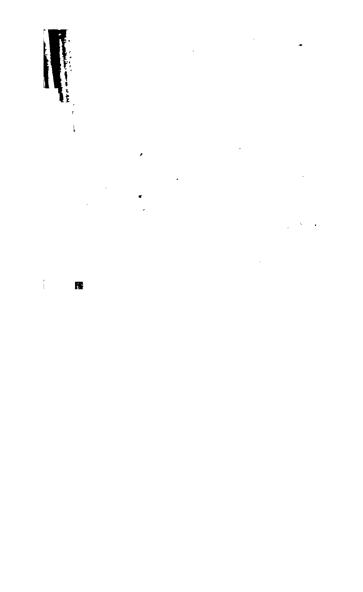
See, the muse unhars the gate! Hark, the monkeys, how they prate?

All ye gods, who rule the soul,†
Styx, through Hell whose waters foll?
Let me be allowed to tell
What I heard in yonder Hall.

[&]quot;Sir Thomas P___st, a P___C__r of Ireland, and son to the informer of that name.

† Di, quibus "mporium (st ani.narum, &c.
Sir mihi fas andita loqui.

Virg. En. lib. 6.



I could give instances enough.
That human friendship it but stuff.
Whene'er a flatt'ring puppy ories,
You are his dearest friend;—he lies !
To lose a guines at picques,
Would make him rage, and storm and fret;
Bring from his heart sincerer groans,
Than if he heard you broke your bones.

Come, tell me truly, would you take well, Suppose your friend and you were squal, 'To see him always foremost stand, Affect to take the upper hand, And strive to pass in public view For a much better man than you?' Envy, I doubt, would powerful prove, And get the better of your love: 'Twould please your palate, like a feast, To see him mortify'd at least—

Tis true, we talk of friendship much, But who are they that can keep touch?— True friendship in two breasts requires The same aversion and desires: My friend should have, when I complain, A fellow-feeling of my pain.

Yet, by experience, oft we find, Our friends are of a different mind; And were I tortur'd with the gout, They'd laugh to see me make a rout, Glad that themselves could walk about.

Let me suppose two special friends, And each to poetry pretends; Would either Poet take it well, To hear the other bore the bell?—His rival for the chiefest reckon'd, Hisself pass only for the second!

"Must we the drapier then forget? Is not our nation in his debt?"
"Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"
He should have left them for his betters; We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen—
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding!
Who in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet:—
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp, all one to him.—

But why would he, except he slobber'd, Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert; Whose councils and the sov'reign pow'r, To save the nation ev'ry hour? What scenes of evil he unravels, In satires, libels, lying travels? Not sparing his own clergy-cloth, But eats into it like a moth.—

"If he makes mankind bad as elves, Answer, they may thank themselves: If vice can never be alash'd, It must be ridicul'd or lash'd," But if I chance to make a sirp, What right had he to hold the whip?

"If you resent it, who's to blame? I he neither knew you, nor your name. Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke, Because its owner is a duke; Vice is a vermin, sportsmen say. No vermin can demand fair play, But ev'ry hand may justly slay."

I envy not the wits, who write Merely to gratify their spite;



The militair cuts.

Let them stare, and store, said frown, When they see a clerify govern; Let them, ere they think a losten, Call for the order of the histor; Let them with their golding inclus Scribble senseless heads of bills We may, while they strain their thouses, Wipe our a-s with their visits.

Come assist me muse o chieft, Let us try some new ex edisat;; Shift the scene for balf an hout, Time and place are in thy power, Thirder, gessle muse conduct my-I shall ask, and you ensired inc.

See, the muse unhars the gate! Hark, the monkeys, how they prace?

All ye gods, who rule the real, t Styr, through Hell whose waterscoil? Let me be allowed to tell What I beard in yender Edit.

Sir Thomas P C Treland, and son in the informer of their class.

† Di, quibod unpertum est and interest and interest like into the anality forms.

—"Whole swarms of sects with grief, he saw More favour'd than the chorch by law: Thought Protestant too good a name. For canting hypocrites to claim, Whose protestation hides a sting Destructive to the church and king; Which might as well, in his opinion, Become an Athlest, or Socinian."

A protestant's a special clinker;
"It serves for sceptic and free-thinker i
It serves for stubble, hay, and wood,
For ev'ry thing—but what it should."

What writings has he left behind?—
"I hear they're of a differnt kind;
"A few in verse; but most in prose'—
Some highflown pamphlets, I suppose:
All scribbel in the worst of 'imes,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
To prase Queen Anne; nay more, defend her
As never fav'ring the vertender:
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,—
Against the court to show his spite:
Perhaps, his travels, part the third;
A lie at ev'ry second word:
Offensive to a loyal ear:—
But—not one sermon, you may swear.

"Sir, our accounts are diffrent quite, And your conjectures are not right; "I's plain his writings were design'd To pleas, and to reform mank nd: And if he often miss'd his aim, The worl! must own it to their shame The praise is his, and their's the blame.

"Then, since you dread no further lashes You freely may forgive his ashes." THE .

DUNCIAD:

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

BOOK I



RGUMENT.

The proposition, the invocation, and the inscription.—Then the original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof.—The college of the goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues.-Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a lord mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. - She fixes her eyes on Bays to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem.

He is described pensive among the books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire.—After debating whether to betake himself to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an alter of per per books, and (making first his solemn prayer and d elaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his un conful writings.—As the pile is kindled, the goddess holding the flame from her seat, files and puts it out, by easting upon it the poem of Thuic.—She forthwith re-veals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden, the poet-laureste, anoints him carries him to court, and proclaims him SUCCESSOT.

THE

DUNCIAD,

&c.

BOOK I.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son who brings* The Smithfield musest to the ear of kings, Say you, her instruments the great ! Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate ;

* The mighty mother, and her son, &c. The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the mother, and not the son, is the principal agent of this poem; the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was anciently the cus-tom in Rome before some great expedition,) the main ac-tion of the poem being by no means the coronation of the laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the empire of Duiness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last.

† The Smithfield muses. Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew-fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were by the hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent garden, Lincoln's inn fields, and the Hay-market, to be the reigning pleasures of the court and town. This happencd in the reigns of king George I. and II. See Book iii. † By Dulness, Jove, and Fate. i. s. by their judgments,

their interests, and their inclinations.



You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the First; Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep, And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read, Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head, Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right, Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night: Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave, Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave. Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, She rul'd in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore* she tries, For born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

Oh thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bæcia though her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swiff, at aught our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Still her old empire to restore. This restoration makes the completion of the poem. Vide Book iv.

† Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair. The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words, give a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The easy chair suits his age: Rabelais' easy chair marks his character; and he filled and possessed it as the right heir and successor of that original genius.

1 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind. Ironice, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both. The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recall.

Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne, And laughs to think Munro would take her down. Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,* Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand; One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye, The cave of Poverty and Poetry. Keen, hollow winds howl through the black recess, Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness. Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down, Escape in monsters, and amaze the town. Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:† Hence Journals, Medleys, Mercuries, MAGAZINES: Sepulchral lies, sour holy walls to grace, And new-year odes, I and all the Grub-street race.

fronce iterum. The politics of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other. Dr. Swift of course was in the interest of the latter, our author of the former.

By his famed father's hand. Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the poet laureate. The two statues of the lunatics over the gates of Redlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.

† Curil's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post. Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.

† Hence hymning 'Tyburn's elegiac lines. It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at same time, or before.

§ Sepuichral lies, is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs: which occasioned the following epigram:

"Friend! in your epitaphs, I am grieved, So very much is said; One haif will never be believed, The other never read."

-new-year odes. Made by the poet-laureate for the

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone; *
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no lears
Of hisses, blowe, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail,
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weight,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos vast and deep, Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep, Till genial Jacob, t on a warm Third day, Call forth each mass, a poem or a play: How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie, How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry, Maggots half form'd in rhyme exactly meet, And learn to crawl upon poetic feet. Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes, And ductile Dulness new meanders takes; There motley images her fancy strike, Figures ill-pair'd and similes unlike. She sees a mob of metaphors advance, Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance: How Tragedy and Comedy embrace: How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race; How Time himself stands still at her command, Realms shift their place, and oceans turn to land,

time being, to be sung at court on every new-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instroments. The new-year odes of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our author to mention them here so particularly.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone. See this cloud removed, or rolled back, or gathered up to her head. Book iv. ver. 17, 18.

iv. ver. 17, 18.

† genial Jacob. Tonson, the famous race of booksellers
of that name.



THE DUNCIAD.

Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs, Or gives to Zembla fruita, to Barca flow'rs; Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, There painted valleys of eternal green, in cold December fragrant chaplets blow, And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling que Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene. She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues, With self-applause her wild creation views; Sees momentary monsters rise and fall, And with her own fool's colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day, when* rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave: (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces, Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners and broad faces:)

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er, But liv'd in Settle's numbers, one day more.*

Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiste lay Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;

While pensive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.

Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls

What city-swans once sung within the walls;

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise:

And sure succession down from Heywood's days.†

She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,

Each sire impress'd and glaring in his son:

† John Heywood, whose interludes were printed in the gime of Heary VIII.

But lived, in Settle's numbers, one day more. Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the lord-mayors, and verses to be spoken in the pageants: butthat part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of city-poet cossess; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.

THE DUNCTAR

hful Bruin forms, with plastic care, rowing lump, and brings it to a bear, wold Pryn in residess Daniel shine; would rive in resucces Joseph Sandless line; MANUELL EINE OUR EMBORATION & EMBORAR THE RESIDENCE PROPERTY. aw suow rumps of the line a suo a feet

each she marks her image full exprest, chief in Bays's monster-preeding brenst;

Old Pryn in restless Daniel. The first edition had it.
"She saw in Norton all his father shine ?"
The first edition had it.
"She saw in Norton all his father shine ?"
The first edition had it.
"She saw in Norton all his father shine?"
The first edition had it.
"She saw in Norton all his father shine ?"
The first edition had it.
"She saw in Norton all his father shine ?"
The first edition had it. great metake ; for transit the fire time parts, the format for mark writer, and never attempted posts for more insite is finally himself small suppose and a rue was a wretched writer, and never attenued poets.

Auch more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. auch giore justy is Daniel minere mene successor to ye eryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as polities; as appeared by the poem de Jirre Dinine, &c., of De. Foe, and but of the lines in Cowley's Miscellanies on the other. And but of the ball a reasonable process and the contract of the co some ones in cowiey's gracemanies on the court, Annual these authors had a resemblance in their fates as welltheir writings, having been alike sentenced to the pilot ? And Fundan ake out. An. Laurence. Enader. their writings, having been alike sentenced to the pure that the traden eke out, &c. Laurence Eusden, poet of reale. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few works, which were very numerous, Mr. Cook, in his in works, which were very numerous.

works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his left for the control of the con of Furius. ... The modern Furius & to be noted unon large an object of pity, than of that which be daily related to the contempt. Old we really know took this outer man 1 which which successes the contempt. nauguer and contemps. Ind we really know from this poor man (I wish that reflection on poverty in any and a surface has been account that a contemp. one poor man it was and contained or which is to spared) supers by being contradicted, or, which is finding in effect, by hearing mother praised; we shape the contradiction of the cont thing in effect, by nearing whomer praises; we stand to bin with a sheat compassion, sometimes attend to bim with a strength let him go away with the trumphs of his ill-nature for the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dispute of the court o

Longon, norn in 1857. The pant course, are the having obtained some correspondence with Mr. V. and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the f and are Congress are numerically suggest the fifther letters. by many admirable schemes and projects, which try many aumitrarie scrientes and projects, son to themselves, put try, for reasons bost known to themselves, put try, for the second to the second to the second try, for the second try, rry, for reasons pest snown to themselvesy entry private. For his character as a writer, it is follows: " Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pinda rm'd by nature stage and town to bless,*
, and be, a coxcomb with success.
: with transport eyes the lively dunce,
'ring she herself was Pertness once.
:ame to fortune!) an ill run at play
his bald visage, and a thin third day:
ig and supperless the hero sat,
m'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fate.
naw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
from thought to thought, a vast profound!
from his sense, but found no bottom there,
se and founder'd on, in mere desnair.

regular in all his performances, and a person of arning. That he is master of a great deal of penend judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Frince do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same it also appears that he writ plays, "more to get in than money." Demnis of himself. See Glies Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 96, compared with

form'd by nature, &c. It is hoped the poet here full justice to his hero's chracter, which it were stake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity; red to have supported it with a wonderful mixacity. This character is helpitened, according desire, in a letter he wrote to our author: "Pert least you might have allowed me. What! am of dull, and dull still and again, and for ever?" emnly appealed to his own sonscience, that "he ink himself so, nor believe that our poet did; pake worse of him than he could possibly think; led it must be merely to show his wit, or for ir lucre to himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. Mr. P. page 15, 40, 53. And to show his claim not was so unwilling to allow him, of being a dull, he declares he will have the last word; ned the following epigram:

r to Pope, 'Though in verse you foreclose, st word; for, by G.—, I'll write prose.' hy feasoning is none of the strongest, last word is the word that lasts longest.' ?

THE DUNGLAD. Round him much embryo, much abortion lays Much future ode, and abdicated play That slipt through cracks and zig-zage of the head; All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, Fruits of dull Heat, and sooterkins of Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll, Next o'er ms books me eyes negan to role.

In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how here he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er like an industrious bug. Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here, The frippery of crueified Moliere, and not the There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore, Wish'd he had blotteds for himself before. The rest on outside merit but presume.

Or serve (like other fools) to fill a room; * Poor Fietcher's half-eat scenes. A great number of

* Poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes. A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.

* The frippery.

* When I fitted up an old play it was as a great number of the frippery.

* When I fitted up an old play it was as a great number of the second old times, when she had no letter employment. When 1217, 80.

* Thapless Shakspare, &c.

* T

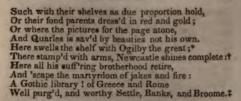
speare, of which he was so bread himself as so say, in of Mist's Journals, ..., And in another, April 27, ..., twast impracticable, ..., And in another, April 27, ..., And in another, April 27, ..., And where care might for the future be laken by any and the state of the speaker of the speaker of the speaker. The speaker of the speake

that shall eacape theirini.

Visit'd be had blotted. It was a ridiredous per which the player gave to Shakspeare, we that he never ted a line.

Ben Jonson to honestly which he had blo the same; if he had lived to see those alterations works, which not the actors only (and especially sing here of this poem) have made on the stage, but ing here of this poem) have made on the stage, but I works, which not work and their editions.

The rest on outside, mer, consists of those authority into three parts; the first consists of those authority. that shall escape them all. late three parts; the first consists of those auth



whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old Eng-

learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, o'd English printers, or old English translations: all very voluninous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.

Ogliby the great. "John Ogliby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter."

—Winstanley, Lives of Poets.

† There stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete. "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in

There stamped with arms, Newcastle status complete.

"The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in
the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in
print three ample volumes of her studious endeavours."

Winstanley, ib. Langbane reckons up eight follos of her
grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers,

and had her coat of arms upon them.

1 --worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome. The poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities; 1. Settle was his brother laureate : only indeed upon balf-pay, for the city instead of the court: but equally famous for unintelligible instead of the court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birthdays, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy (though more successful,) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosale; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Casar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was



Dry bodies of divinit
De Lyra! there a dri
And here the groanin
Of these twelve vol
Redeem'd from tapers
Inspir'd he seizes: Th
A hecatomb of pure ur
That altar crowns: a fi
Guartos, octavos, shape
A twisted birthday ode

a serving man of Ben Joi medy from his letters, or f nuseript, not entirely continuous to the more sold learning. So this sort suit not so with the languaged consisted of novels, they are to consider that he ornament, and read these boo of divinity, which, no doubt, when he designed him for verse 500.

TCARTON. A printer in the t III. and Henry VII.: Wynkin that of Henry VII and VIII. prose Virgil's Enels, as a bi-

Then he, great tamer of all human art! First in my care, and ever at my heart; Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend With whom my muse began, with whom shall end, E'er since Sir Fopling's periwig* was praise, To the last honours of the butt and bays: O thou! of business the directing soul; To this our head like bias to the bowl, Which, as more ponderous, made its aim more true, Obliquely waddling to the mark in view. Ol ever gracious to perplex'd mankind, Still spread a healing mist before the mind; And, lest we err by wit's wild dancing light, Secure us kindly in our native night. Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence. Guard the sure barrier between that and sense; Or quite unravel all the reasoning thread And hang some curious cobweb in its stel As, fore'd from wind guns, lead itself can my, And penderous slugs out swiftly through the sky : As clocks to weight their nimble motions owe, The wheels above urged by the load below: Me Kraptiness and Dulness could inspire, And were my elasticity and fire. Some demon stole my pen, (forgive the offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense: Else all my prose and verse were much the same : This, prose on stilts; that postry fall'n lame. Did on the stage my fops appear confin'd? My life gave ampler lessons to mankind. Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove? The brisk example never fail'd to move.

general of his ago. . The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a country gentleman a complete library."—Winstanley.

"For since Mr Fopling's periwig. The first visible cause of the pession of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bedomed periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in the first play of the Fool of Feathon.

THE DUNCIADO Yet sure had Heaven decreed to save the state, Heaven had decreed these works a longer date. Could Troy be saved by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon that have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletchert cast aside,
Take any the Bible page are butter could 4. Take up the Bible, once my better guide ! Or tread the path by venturous heroes trod, This box my thunder, this right-hand my god t Or chair'd at White's amidst the doctors sit, Teach oaths to gamesters, and to nobles wit? Or bidst thou rather party to embrace ? (A friend to party thou, and all her race; Tis the same rope at different ends they twist; To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.) Shall I, like Curtius, desperate in my zeal, O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal? Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories, And cackling save the monarchy of Tortes ?**

"-gray goose weapon. Alluding to the old English weapon, the arrow of the long bow, which was netched

weapon, the arrow of the fong bow, which was herease with the feathers of the gray goose, l—my Fletcher. A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Take up the Bible, once my better guide? When, so the part of the bible, once my better guide a bis fathers intention, he had been a classroom. Take up the fittle, once my octer some ; cording to his father's intention, he had been a ciergyman or as he thinks himself) a bishop of the church of England of the church of the church of England of the church of the Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of King.
James, the prince of Orange, and myself were on the and
Providence though fit to postpone mine, till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month some the
the university, who knows but that purer founds in
the university, who knows but that purer founds in
the providence of the p have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing instead of plays and annual odes, armons and pastoral is instead of plays and around odes, sermons and pastoral isters "—Apology for his Life, chap, iii.

§ at White's amidst the doctors.

§ nat White's amidst the doctors, a cant phrase use, among gamesters.

So the meaning of those four sources among samesters.

So the meaning of four productions of the production of the

Prory journal.

To rob Rome's nucient geese of all their glories. Reb
to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capit

And cackling save the monarchylof Tories. Not of of which Virgil, Æn. viii.

Hold—to the minister I more incline; To serve his cause, O queen I is serving thine. And see ! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, E'en Raiph repents, and Henley is no more. What then remains? Ourself, Still, still remain Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain. This brazen brightness, to the sequire so dear; This polished hardness, that reflects the peer; This arch abourd, that wit and fool delights; This mess, toss'd up at Hockley-hole and White's; Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown, At once the bear and fiddle of the town.

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought it Works damn'd, or to be damo'd, (your father's fault) Go, purified by flames, ascend the sky, My better and more Christian progeny ! "

any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingeniously confesses of himself, is true of all ministerial writers whatsoever ; "That he defends the supreme powers, as the geese, by their cackling defended the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls if they had been possessed of the Capitol-Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan.

Gazetteers. A band of ministerial writers, hired at the prices mentioned in the note on book it. ver. 316, who on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in poli-

† O born in sin, &c. This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting, like a parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.

t My better and more Christian progeny! "It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some died in their infancy," &c. Life of C. C. p. 271, 8vo. edit.

Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets. While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland, Sent with a pass, and vagrant through the land; Nor sail with Ward to npe-and-monkey climes, Where vile mundungus trucks for viler rhymes: Not, sulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-house fire; Nor, wrap up oranges, to pelt your sire! O! pass more innocent, in mfant state, To the mild limbo of our father Tate: Or peaceably forgot, at once be bless'd In Shadwell's bosom with eternal rest!: Soon to that mass of nonsense to return, Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

With that, a tear (portentous sign of grace!)
Stole from the master of the seven-fold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birthday brand,
And thrice he drop'd it from his quivering hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires!

^{*—}gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a pass. It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlels (in which this B. was a writer), and to send them post-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

^{1—}with Ward to ape-and-monkey climes. "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in fludibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose.

1 Tate—Shadwell. Two of his predecessors in the law-

of Now flames the Cid, &c. In the first notes on the Duciad, it was said that this author was particularly excellent at tragedy. "This," says he, "is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope." But certain it is, that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, laving produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines;) the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment.

No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,*
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.
Tears gush'd again as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heaved the head, Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulet from her bed; Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre; Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place; A veil of fogs dilates her awful face: Great in her charms! as when on shrieves and mayors She looks and breathes herself into their airs. She bids him wait her to her sacred dome; Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home. So spirits, ending their terrestrial race, Ascend, and recognise their native place. This the great mother dearer held than all? The club of quidnunces, or her own Guidhall; Here stood her opium, here she nurs'd her owls, And here she plann'd the imperial seat of fools.

Here to her chosen all her works she shows, Prose swell'd to verse, verse lout'ring into prose: How random thoughts now meaning chance to find, Now leave all memory of sense behind: How prologues into prefaces decay, And these to notes are fritter'd quite away4

to it could only arise from disaffection to the government.

† Thule. An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Philips, a northern author.

^{*—}the dear Nonjuror—Molicre's old stubble. A comedy thrashed out of Molicre's Tartuffe, and/so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government.

^{‡—}great mother. Magna mater here applied to Dulness, The quidnumes, a name given to the ancient members of several political clubs, who were constantly inquiring quilnume? What news?

THE DUNCTAD. How index-learning turns no student pale, 312 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape, Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece, Less human genius than God gives an ape, A past, yamp'd future, old, reviv'd, new piece, A past, vamp a toure, ou, never u, new Pices, orneille, 'Twist Plantus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille, Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

The Goddess then o'er his anointed head, With mystic words, the sacred opium shed. And lo f her bird (a monster of a fowl, Something betwixt a heidegger; and owl) Perch'd on his crown, "All hail! and hail again, My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign. Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise; He sleeps among the dull of ancient days; Safe, where no prince damn, no duns molest, Where wretched Withers, Ward and Gildon rest,

. Tibbald. Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an author of says Mr. Jacob, of Sittenburg, in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was reneered in a paper called the Censor, and a translation of Cent.

of Ovell, Mr. John Ozell, if we credit Mr. Jacob, did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him someschool is Leicestershire, where somebody left him some thing to live on when he should retire from histoss. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priest-bood; but he chose rather to be phead in an office of sci-bounds, in the city, being qualified for the same by his skill application, and arrives the necessary hands. tion of Oyid. in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. in arithmetic, and writing the necessary onnus. The national obliged the world with many translations of French plays

Jacob, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Lives of Pram. Poets, p. 198.

Lives of Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Lives of Pram. Poets, p. 198. become have supposed, the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, as

Gidon. Charles Gidon, a writer of criticisms and libe biter elegantiarum. in the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; in the last age, area at st. Omers, with the Jesuis () tenouncing poperty, he published Blount's books again the divinity of Christ, the Cracks of Reason, &c.

And high-born Howard,* more majestic sire, With Fool of Quality completes the quire. Thou, Cibber! thou, his laurel shalt support, Folly, my son, has still a friend at court. Lift up your gates, ye princes, see him come! Sound, sound, ye viols, be the cat-call dumb! Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine; The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join. And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my sons, Light arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns. Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear, Support his front, and oaths bring up the rear: And under his, and under Archer's wing,† Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the king.

O! when shall rise a monarch all our own,
And I, a nursing mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people close the curtain draw:
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry nurse the land:
'Till senates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be sleen, as at an ode of thine.

She ceas'd. Then swells the chapel-royal throat: God save King Cibber! mounts in every note.

'Howard. Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of

Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

f under Archer's wing, Gaming, &c. When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the king, by ancient qustom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and, therefore, a clause was inserted, with an exemption as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groomporter had a room appropriated to gaining all the summer the court was at Kensington, which his majesty accidentally being acquainted with, with a just indignation, prohibited.

t Chape'-royal. The voices and instruments used in the service of the chapel-royal being also employed in the per-

formance of the birthday and new-year odes.

So when Jove's block descended from on high, (As sings thy great forefather Ogilby,); Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog, And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log

"But plous Needham. A matron of great fame, and ver religious in her way (whose constant prayer it was, the might 'get enough by her profession to leave it of time to make her peace with God." But her fate was no happy) for being convicted, and set in the pillory, a was (to the lusting shame of all her great friends and taries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to in the pillory is the populace, that it put an end to in the pillory is the populace.

Back to the Devil. The Devil Tavern in Fleet-struckers where these odes are usually rehearsed before they are days.

formed at court.

† Ogiby—God save king Log! See Ogiby's Æsop's
bles, where, in the story of the Frogs and their K
this orcellent hemistich is to be found.

THE

DUNCIAD,

&c.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

The king being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds: not instituted by the hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythin, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss, xxiv. proposed the prizes in honour of her son, Achilles.)-Hither flock the poets and critics, attended as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers.-The goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet which they contend to overtake. - The races described, with their divers accidents.—Next, the game for a poetess.—Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving.—The first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers .- Lastly, for the critics, the goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose: deliberately read, without sleeping : the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth : till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present fall fast asleep: which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

THE

DUNCIAD,

dec.

BCOK II.

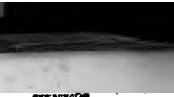
High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone Healey's gilt tub,* or Fleckno's frish throne,* Or that where on her Curlis* the Public pours, All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden show'rs,

• Henley's gilt tub. The pulpit of a dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription: 'The primitive eucharist.' See the history of this person, book ii.

† Or Fleckno's Irish throne. Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels.

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient sophists entertained their anditors, was called by the pompous name of a throne. The misting, Orat. 1.

1 Or that where on her Curlis the public pours. Edmand Curli stood in the pillory at Charingeross, in March, 1727-8.
"This," saith Edmand Curli, "is a false assertion—I had, indeed, the corporal punishment of what the gentlemen of the long robe are pleased jocosely to call mounting the ros-



318 THE DUNCTION

Great Cibber sat: The proud Parnassan sneer,
The conscious simple, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they game;
His peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light, and point their
horns.

Not with more glee, by hands l'ontific crown'd, With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round, Rome in her Capitol sear Querno sit,* Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims By herald hawkers high heroic games. They summon all her race: An endless band Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags, In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in raga

trum for one hour; but that scene of action was not in the month of March, but in February." (Ourlind, 12mo, p. 12) And of the history of his being tossed in a blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou lessest in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a blanket but a rug," p. 35

Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit. Camilia Querno was of Apullia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the laurel; a jest which the court of Rome and the pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to weep for joy. He was everafter a constant frequenter of the popertable, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. laxxiii, Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Procusions.

From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets, On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots: All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, And all who knew those Dunces to reward.

Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'erlook'd the strand,
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call, (The field of glory is a field for all.) Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke; And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.* A poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize; No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin, In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin; But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise, Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days; All as a partridge plump, full fed and fair, She form'd this image of well-hodied air : With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head; A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead; But empty words she gave, and sounding strain, But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain! Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit, t A fool, so just a copy of a wit;

- And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke. This species of mirth, called a joke, arising from a mal-entendu, may be well supposed to be the delight of Dulness.
- t Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit. Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Bulness making a wit (which could be done no other way but by chance.) The fiction is the more reconciled to probability by the known story of Appelles, who, being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.



But lofty Lintort in the circle "This prize is mine: who tem

And call'd the phantom More Dunctad, affirmed this to be Jamit is probably (considering what i monies) that some might fance present this gentleman as a ping himself.

Some time before, he had borre paper called a Historico-physical a and of Mr. Pope, the memoirs of a two years he kept, and read to it Billers, Esq. and many others, as to for them, he pretended they we pening to be another copy of the Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies. was so far mistaken as to confess he deavour to hide it: unguardedly Journal of April 3, 1723, 'That it and others had for those pieces,' (we shown, and handed about as his of being lost, and for that cause only 1 of which as none but he could be to could be the publisher of it. The pla gave occasion to the following epigr

"Moore always smiles whene He smiles (von think) in this genius, and shall end."
nd who with Lintot shall contend?

nem mute Alone, untaught to fear, ss Curll ;* " Behold that rival here ! rigour, not by vaunts is won: indmost, hell, (he said,) and run." rd the bailiff leaves behind, Lintot, and outstript the wind. b-chick waddles through the copse ings, and flies, and wades, and hops , with shoulders, hands, and head, admill all his figure spread. panded Bernard rows his state. d Jacob seems to emulate. ddle way there stood a lake. s Corinnat chanc'd that morn to make: wont, at early dawn to drop, ates before his neighbour's shop.)

rsons, whose names being more known and earned world than those of the authors in herefore need less explanation. The action ierc imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising ner to lay hold on a buil. This eminent ded the Rival Modes before mentioned. Itess Curil. We come now to a character et, that of Mr. Edmund Curil. As a pistin reat actions is the best praise of them, we of this eminent man, that he carried the 19th beyond what it ever before had arrivable who was the envy and admiration of all his possessed himself of a command over all ver: he caused them to write what he pleasnot call their very names their own. He amous among these, he was taken notice of church, and the law, and received particustinction from each.

unna. This name, it seems, was taken by nas, who procured some private letters of almost a hoy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold the consent of either of those gentlemen, to sted them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her sher, in his Key, p. 11.

Her fortun'd Curll to slide; loud shou And Bernard! Bernard! rings through Obscene with filth the miscreant lies be Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had Then first (if poets aught of truth decli The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear, Jove! whose name my bards As much at least as any gods or more And him and his, if more devotion wan Down with the Bible, up with the Pop

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, i Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for There in his seat two spacious vents a On this he sits, to that he leans his ea And hears the various vows of fond me Some beg an eastern, some a western All vain petitions, mounting to the sky With reams abundant this abode supp Amus'd he reads, and then returns the Sign'd with that ichor which from go

In office here fair Cloacina stands, And ministers to Jove with purest han Forth from the heap she pick'd her we And plac'd it next him, a distinction roft had the Goddess heard her servan From her black grottos near the Tem List'ning delighted to the jest unclean Of link-boys vile, and watermen obsce Where as he fish'd her nether realms if She oft had favour'd him, and favours Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic for As oil'd with magic junces for the coul

Down with the Bible, up with the I Bible, Curll's sign; the Cross Keys, Lint t Where, as he fish'd, &c. See the preand Pope's Miscellanies.

ses; from th' effluvia strong ife, and scours and stinks along; tot, vindicates the race, brown dishonours of his face.

e victor stretch'd his eager hand i nothing stood, or seem'd to etand; nade, it melted from his sight, clouds, or visions of the night. apers, Curll, was next thy care; tht, fly diverse, toss'd in air; ts, epigrams the winds uplift, m back to Evans, Young, and Swift.* 'd' suit at least he deem'd his prey, inpaid tailort snatch'd away. rap, of all the beau, or wit, flutter'd, and that once so writ.

gs with laughter; of the laughter vain, Queen, repeats the jest again. imps, of her own Grub-street choir, ke Congreve, Addison, and Prior; r, Wilkins run & delusive thought! Besaleel, ill the varlets caught.

oung, and Swift. Some of those persons, s, epigrams, or jests he had owned. d tailor. This line has been loudly complaind the state of the state of

ond, Besalcel. I foresee it will be objected, that we were in an error in our assertion on

Curll stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone, He grasps an empty Joseph" for a John: So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape, Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddess: Son! thy grieflay do And turn this whole illusion on the town if As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade, By names of toust retails each batter'd jade; (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains Of wrongs from dutchesses and Lady Maries Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift; Cook shall be Prior, ‡ and Concanen, Swift; So shall each hostile name become our own, And we too houst our Garth and Addison.

With that she gave him (piteous of his case Yet smiling at his rueful length of face) A shaggy tapestry, worthy to be spread,

ver. 50 of this book, that More was a fletitious in these persons are equally represented by the poetoms. So at first sight it may be seen; but be not reader; these also are not real persons.

reader; these also are not real persons.

*Joseph Gay, a fictitions name put by Curil'
veral pamphlets, which made them pass with
Mr. Gay's—The ambiguity of the word Joseph, w
wise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much plet
the idea.

t And turn this whole illusion on the town, common practice of this bookseller to publish a of obscure hands under the names of eminent an

of obscure hands under the names of eminent au 4 Cook shell be Prior. The man here specificating called The Battle of the Poets, in which P Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope unded. He also published some maleyolent things itsh, London, and Daily Journals; and at the swrote letters to Mr. Pope, processing his innocecliff work was a translation of Hesiod, in which writ notes and half notes, which he carefully ow

with notes and half notes, which he curefully ow § A shaggy tapestry. A soury kind of tapestry in old inns made of worsted or some coarser that which is spoken of by Donne. Faces as fit theirs who why Christ in old hangings. This woven in it, affudes to the mantle of Cloonthus. drus' old, or Dunton's* modern bed; ctive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture .y'd the fates her confessors endure. s on high, stood unabash'd De Foe, 'utchin' flagrant from the scourge below. Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view, ery worsted still look'd black and blue. If among the storied chiefs he spies,\$ m the blanket, high in air he flies, 1! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows urgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows? y loom our labours shall be seen, ie fresh vomit run for ever green! the circle next Elizall placed, abes of love close clinging to her waist; s before her works she stands confess'd, vers and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd

an Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive er; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on inisters of state; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire: Bishop of Peterborough &c.

Bishop of Peterborough, &c.
1 Tutchin flagrant from the scourge. John Tutchin, of some vite verses, and of a weekly paper called servator. He was sentenced to be whipped through towns in the west of England, upon which he petiking James II. to be hanged.

re Ridpath, Roper. Authors of the Flying-post and y, two scandalous papers on different sides, for hey equally and alternately deserved to be cudgel-l were so.

iself among the storied chiefe he spies. The history 's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the jof Westminster, is well known. Of his purging niting, see a full and true account of a horrid rein the body of Edmund Curll, &c. in Swift's and Miscellanies.

a Haywood: this woman was authoress of those andalous books, called the Court of Carimania, and Utopia. For the two babes of love, see Curil, Key,

kall. The name of an engraver. Some of this larks were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her thus dressed up before them.



Osborne* and Curll accept (Though this his son dissuade One on his manly confidence One on his vigour and super. First Osborne lean'd against It rose, and labour'd to a cur So Jove's bright bow display (Sure sign, that no spectator A second effort brought but r The wild meander wash'd the Thus the small jet, which ha Spirts in the gardener's eyes Not so from shameless Curli The stream, and smoking flo So (famed like thee for turbu Eridanus his humble fountai Through half the heavens h His rapid waters in their pas

Swift as it mounts, all folk Still happy impudence obtair Thou triumph'st, victor of th And the pleas'd dame, soft si Osborne, through perfect mo Crown'd with the iordan. wi



His Honour's meaning Dulness thus express'd, "'He wins this patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state; With ready quills the dedicators wait; Now at his head the dexterous task commence, And instant, fancy feels the imputed sense; Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face, He struts Adonis, and affects grimace: Rolliè the feather to his ear conveys, Then his nice taste directs our operas. Bentley his mouth with classic flattery open, And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes. But Welsted most the poet's healing balm Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm; Unlucky Welsted! It thy unfeeling master, The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain, And quick sensations skip from vein to vein; An unknown youth to Phœbus, in despair, Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and pray'r. What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above. As taught by Venus, Paris learn'd the art To touch Achilles' only tender part; Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry, He marches off, his Grace's secretary.

^{*} Paolo Antonio Rolli. An Italian poet and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

[†] Bentley his mouth, &c. Not spoken of the famous Dr Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic who sped his uncle in a little Horace.

T Welsted. Leonard Welsted, author of the Triumvirate or a Letter in Verse from Palmon to Cella at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1781. He writ other things, which we canno remember.



With thunder rumbling from the With horns and trumpets now Now sink in sorrow with a tol Such happy arts attention can when fancy flags, and sense is Improve we these. Three cat of him, whose chatt'ring sham and his this drum, whose hoars Drowns the loud clarion of the terms.

Now thousand tongues are he The monkey-mimics rush discor "Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mou And noise and Norton, brangling Dennis and Dissonance, and calend and snip-snap short, and interrated the And major, minor, and conclusional the Andrews Holding and the Major Ma

As when the long-ear'd milky
At some sick miser's triple-holte

r defrauded, absent foals they make so loud, that all the guild awake; hs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray, reams of millions, and three groats to pay: lls each wind-pipe; ass intones to ass, nic twang! of leather, horn, and brass; s from lab'ring lungs th' enthusiast blows, sounds, attemper'd to the vocal nose; h as bellow from the deep divine ; , Webster !* peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield !* aine. ar o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain; s, steeples, skies, bray back to him again. ot'nham fields, the brethren, with amaze, k all their ears up, and forget to graze; z Chancery-lanet retentive rolls the sound, courts to courts return it round and round .mes wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, I Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl. hail him victor in both gifts of song, 10 sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

Webster—and Whitefield. The one, the writer of a wapper, called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a field-sacher. This thought the only means of advancing relination was by the new birth of spiritual madness; that by old death of fire and fagot; and therefore they agreed this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the er clergy.

Long Chancery-lane. The place where the offices of incery are kept. The long detention of clients in the court, I the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorized these lines.

Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long. A just racter of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. rden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;" I whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six poems; Prince and King Arthur, twen y books; Eliza, ; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in o; the whole Book of Padins; the Creation, seven books; arrs of Man, three books, and many more.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend, (As morning prayers, and flagellation end,)*
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames, The king of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud With deeper sable blots the silver flood. 'Here strip, my children! here at once leap in, Here prove who best can dash through thick and this, And who the most in love of dirt excel, Or dark dexterity of groping well. Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound; A pig of lead to him who dives the best; A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest.'

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands, # And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands; Then sighing thus, " And am I now threescore? Ah why, ye Gods ! should two and two make four?' He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height, Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright, The senior's judgment all the crowd admire, Who, but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next Smedley dived ;§ slow circles dimpl'd o'er The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.

(As morning prayers and flagellation end.) It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell.

†—the Weekly Journals. Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journals. nat, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c. the conceased witters of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Armil, Concanen, and others: persons never seen by our author-t In naked majesty Oldmixon stands. Mr. John Old-

mixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation.

5 Next Smedley dived. The person here mentioned at Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces: a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722 in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole vo-Inmes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called, Gulliverians, and Alexandrians, printed in octavo, 1728.

All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost; Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

Then *** essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight. He buoys up instant, and returns to light: He bears no tokens of the sabler streams, And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

True to the bottom, see Concanent creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep:
If perseverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.

Next plunged a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, supplied to stone!
And monumental brass this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! these were the Gazetteers!"

[&]quot;Thea " " essay'd. A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipped in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party-quarrels and personal invectives.

-- Concaren. Matthew Conconen, an Irishman, bred to the law. He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist.

t With each a sickly brother at his back :—Sons of a day, &c. These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another.

Osborne. A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who, at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent.

Not so bold Arnall;* with a weight of scull, Furious he dives, precipitately dull. Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest, With all the might of gravitation blest. No crab more active in the dirty dance, Downward to climb, and backward to advance, He brings up half the bottom on his head, And loudly claims the journals and the lead.

The plunging Prelate, and his ponderous grace With holy envy gave one layman place. When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood, Slow rose a form, in majesty of mud; Shaking the horrors of his sable brows, And each ferocious feature grim with ooze. Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares; Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

First he relates, how ainking to the chin, Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in a How young Lutetia, softer than the down, Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown, Vied for his love in jetty bow'rs below, As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago. Then sung, how shown him by the nut-brown maids A branch of Styx here rises from the shades. That, tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams, And wafting vapours from the land of dreams, (As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice Bears Pisa's off'ring to his Arethuse) Pours mto Thames: and hence the mingled wave Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave; Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep, There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repose,. They led him soft; each rev'rend bard arose;

Arnall. William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty, with furious party, papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal.

ilbourns chief,* deputed by the rest, im the cassock, surcingle, and vest. ve (he said) these robes which once were mine, s is sacred in a sound divine." s'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess "rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress. him wide a sable army stand,† orn, cell-bred, selfish, servile band, or to guard or stab, to saint or damn, 's Swiss, who fight for any god, or man.

Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known set black troops, and overshades the street, we'rs of sermons, characters, essays, ing fleeces whiten all the ways; ds replenish'd from some bog below, in dark volumes, and descend in show, opt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims er exercise to close the games.

critics! in whose heads, as equal scales, what author's heav ness prevails; most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers, nley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers; the trial we propose to make; be man, who o'er such works can wake, all-subduing charms who dares defy, asts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;

Milbourne. Luke Milbourne, a clergyman, the fortites; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's id him justice in printing at the same time his own ons of him, which were intolerable. His manner has a great resemblance with that of the gentle the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in liel of Mr. Dryden and him unde, &c. It is to be hoped, that the sahese lines will be understood in the confined sense he he author meant it, of such only of the clergy, ough solemnly engaged in the service of religion, themselves for venal and corrupt ends to that of so or factions.

To him we grant our amplest pow'rs, to sit Judge of all present, past, and future wit; To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong, Full and eternal privilege of tongue."

Three college sophs, and three pert templars came, The same their talents, and their tastes the same ; Each prompt to query, answer, and debate, And smit with love of poesy and prate. The pond'rous books to gentle readers bring ! The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring. The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of mum, Till all, tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum. Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on; Soft creeping words on words, the sense compose, At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze. As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow: Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline, As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.

And now to this side, now to that they nod, As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy god. Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, * but thrice suppr By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast. Toland and Tindal, t prompt at priest to jeer, Yet silent bow'd to, 'Christ's no kingdom! here." Who sat the nearest, by the words o'ercome, Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum; Then down are roll'd the books : stretch'd o'er them

Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.

^{*} Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak. Famous for his speech

on many occasions about the South Sea scheme. &c.
† Toland and Tindal. Toland, the author of the atheist's
liturgy, called Pantheisticon. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation.

I Christ's no kingdom. This is said by Curll, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishon.

As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, One circle first, and then a second makes; What Dulness dropt among her sons impress'd Like motion from one sircle to the rest : So from the midmost the nutation spreads Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads. At last Centlivre* felt her voice to fail, Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale, Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er, † Morgant and Mandevils could prate no more: Norton, | from Daniel and Ostroea sprung, Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue. Hung silent down his never-blushing head; And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day, And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, poets lay. Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews? Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state, To some fam'd round-house' ever-open gate?

* Centlivre. Mrs. 'Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his majesty. She writ many plays, and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32,) before she was seven years old. She also writ a ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.

f Boyer the state, and Law the stage gave o'er. A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c. William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great : their books were printed in 1726.

Morgan. A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title: for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinosa, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a moral philosopher.

§ Mandevil. This writer, who prided himself in the results in the contract of the moral philosopher, we satisfy of a famous

putation of an immoral philosopher, was author of a famous book, called the Fable of the Bees: written to prove, that moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian virtue the imposition of fools; and that vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.

Norton. Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Dapiel, fortes creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the



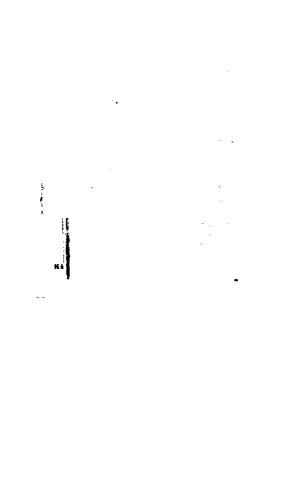
Flying Post, in which well-bred wors, the honour to be abused with his betters; and or scurrilities and daily papers, to which he ne name.

name.
* Fleet. A prison for insolvent debtors on the ditch.

DUNCIAD,

&c.

BOOK III.



THE

DUNCIAD.

&c.

BOOK III.

ner temple's last recess enclos'd,
ness' lap th' annointed head repos'd.
se she curtains round with vapours blue,
besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
ptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow,
nly heads refin'd from Reason know.
from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
s loud oracles, and talks with gods:
ne fool's paradise, the statesman's scheme,
built castle, and the golden dream,
d's romantic wish, the chymist's flame,
t's vision of eternal fame.

ow, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd, g descending, views th' Elysian Shade. nd Sibyl* led his steps along, madness meditating song;

is shod Sybil. This allegory is extremely just, no tion of the mind so much subjecting it to real as that which produces real dulness.

Her tresses storing from poetic dreams, And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams. Taylor,* their better Charon, lends an oar, (Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more Benlowes, + propitious still to blockheads' bows; And Shadwell nods the poppyt on his brows. Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls, Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls, And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull Of solid proof, impenetrably dull: Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight, Where Brown and Meersll unbar the gates of light, Demand new bodies, and in calf's array, Rush to the world, impatient for the day. Millions and millions on these banks he views, Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews, As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly, As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory. I

* Taylor. John Taylor, the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the accidence : a rare example of modesty in a poet!

> "I must confess I do want eloquence, And never scarce did learn my accidence :

For having got from possum to posset,
I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and
Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) keptan alehouse in Long-acre. He died in 1654.

r Benlowes. A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronising bad poets, as may be seen from many dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name Benlowes into Benevolus; to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.

And Shadwell nods the poppy, &c. Shadwell took opium for many years; and died of too large a dose, in the

year 1692.

6 Old Bavius sits. Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like causes as Bays by our author.

I Brown and Meers. Booksellers, printers for any body-The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible. -Ward in pillory. John Ward, of Hackney, Esq. mem-

Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears, By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears, Known by the band and suit which Settle* wore (His only suit) for twice three years before: All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame, Old in new state, another yet the same. Bland and familiar as in life, begun Thus the great Father to the greater Son:

Oh, born to see, what none can see awake! Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake. Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore; The hand of Bayius drench'd thee o'er and o'er. But blind to former as to future fate. What mortal knows his pre-existent state? Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul Might from Bootiant to Bootian roll? How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid? How many stages through old Monks she rid; And all who since, in wild benighted days, Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays. As man's meanders to the vital spring Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring; Or whirligige, twirl'd round by skilful swain, Suck the thread in, then yield it out again: All nonsense thus, of old or modern date, Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate. For this our Queen unfolds to vision true Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:

ber of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first (pelled the house, and then sentenced to the pillory on t 17th of February, 1772.

Settle. Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. A Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to A Dryden, and that in the university of Cambridge there we those who gave him the preference."

† Might from Bœotian, &c. Bœotia lay under the ri

cule of the wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though produced one of the greatest poets, and one of the greate

generals of Greece :

"Bootum crasso jurares aere natum."—Hor.



Her boundless empire over seas and See, round the poles where keener s Where spices smoke, beneath the but (Earth's wide extremes,) her sable fi And all the nations cover'd in her sh

Far eastward cast thine eye, from And orient Science their bright cour One godlike monarch' all that pride He, whose long wall the wand'ring Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages 1 And one bright blaze turns learning Thence to the south extend thy glad There rival flames with equal glory From shelves to shelves see greedy! And lick up all their physic of the s

How little, mark! that portion of Where, faint at best, the beams of si Soon as they dawn, from Hyperbors Imbody'd dark, what clouds of Van Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hard The freezing Tanais through a was The north by myriads pours her mi Great nurse of Goths. of Alans, and

THE DUNCIAD.

Ostrogoths on Latium fall; • Visigoths on Spain and Gaul! he morning gilds the palmy shore t arts and infant letters bore)* ng tribes th' Arabian prophet draws, Ignorance enthrones by laws. ns, Jews, one heavy Sabbath keep, Vestern world believe and sleep.

herself, proud mistress now no more hund'ring against heathen lore; the 'd synods damning books unread, rembling for his brazen head.

sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
Antipodes Virgilius mourn,
ue falls, th' unpillar'd temple nods,
l with heroes, Tyber chok'd with gods;
keys some christen'd Jove adorn,*

Moses lends his pagan horn:

Wenus to a Virgin turn'd,
reken, and Appelles burn'd.

n isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod, l, bald, cowi'd, uncowi'd, shod, unshod, i'd, and piehald, linsey-wolsey brothers, ners ! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.

that arts and infant letters bore.) Phoenicia, iere letters are said to have been invented. In ess Malnomet began his conquests. ing against heathen lore. A strong instance age is placed to Pope Gregory's account. He revenues of the old Roman magnificence to be at those who come to Rome should give more triumphal arches, &c. than to holy things.—

r's keys some christen'd Jove adorn. After int of Rome devolved to the popes, their zeal ie time exerted in demolishing the heathen statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed ents of antiquity out of rage than those out of

And see, my son! the hour is on its way That lifts our goddess to imperial sway: This favourite isle, long sever'd from her r Dove-like she gathers' to her wings again Now look through fate! behold the scene What aids, what armies, to assert her cau See all her progeny, illustrious sight! Behold and count them, as they rise to lig As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie In homage to the mother of the sky. Surveys around her, in the bless'd abode, A hundred sons, and every son a god: Not with less glory mighty Dulness crow Shall take through Grub-street her trium; And, her Parnassus glancing o'er at once, Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

Mark first that youth who takes the for And thrusts his person full into your face. With all thy father's virtues bless'd, be to And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners know modest as the maid that sips alone;

e strong fate of drams if thou get free, D'Urfey, Ward! shall sing in thec. ill each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn, wering gin-shops sourer sighs return. se scourge of grammar, mark with awe;* revere him, blunderbuss of law. -le's brow, tremendous to the town, 's fierce eye, and Roome'st funereal frown. ring Goode, I half malice and half whim. n glee, ridiculously grim. gnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race, uneful whistling makes the waters pass:5 ngster, riddler, every nameless name, d, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame. ain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks, like the winding of ten thousand jacks; ee from rhyme or reason, rule or check, riscan's head, and Pegasus's neck; own the larum with impetuous whirl, dars and the Miltons of a Curll.

, the scourge of grammar, mark with awe. "This n is son of a considerable master of Romsey in plonshire, and bred to the law under a very emirney; who, between his more laborious studies, timeoff with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets works, which has occasioned him to try his genius. He has writ in proce the Lives of the Poets, Esa great many law books, The Accomplished Conj. Modern Justice, &c."—Giles Jacob of himself, Poets. vol. i.

ick and Roome. These are two very virulent pars, worthly coupled together, and one would think sally, since, after the publishing of this piece, the ylag, the latter succeeded him in honour and em-

e. An ill natured critic, who writ a satire on our alled the Alock Æsop, and anonymous libels in ers, for hire.

se tuneful whistling makes the waters pass. There are successions of these sorts of minor poets at e., Bath, &c. singing the praise of the annuals ig for that season; whose names, indeed, would be, and therefore the poet stars them over with others it.

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph* to Cynthia howls, And makes night hideous-Answer him, ye owls!

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead, Let all give way, -and Morrist may be read. Flow, Welsted, flow I like thine inspirer, beer; Though stale, not ripe; though thin, yet never clear; So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull; Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, though not full. |

Ah Dennis! Gildon, ah !! what ill-starred rage Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age ? Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor, But fool with fool is barbarous civil war. Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more! Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.

Behold you pair, 5 in strict embraces join'd: How like in manners, and how like in mind !

* Balph. James Ralph. These lines allude to a thing of his entitled Night, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyries in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretcher remarks upon that author's account of English Feets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illi

terate, and knew no language, not even French.
† Morris. Besaleel. See Book ii.
† Ah Dennis! Gildon, ah! These men became the pub-lic scorn by a mere mistake of their talents. They weak needs turn critics of their own country writers (just a Aristotle and Longinus did of theirs,) and discourse upor

the beauties and defects of composition.

6 Ah, Dennis, &c. Mr. Dennis was a very old man a this time. By his own account of himself, in Mr. Jacob' Lives, he must have been above threescore, and lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. D'Urfey, who

hitherto, of all poets, enjoyed the longest bodily life.

Behold you pair, &c. One of these was the author of a weekly paper, called The Grumbler, as the other we concerned in mother called Pasquin, in which Mr. Pop was abused with the duke of Buckingham, and bishop

Equal in wit, and equally polite, Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write; Like are their merits, like rewards they shure, That shines a consul, this commissioner.*

But who is he, in closet closely pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,†
On parchment scraps yfed, and Wormius light.‡
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past?

There, dim in clouds, the poring scholiasts mark, Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,§ A lumber-house of books in every head, for ever reading, never to be read!

But, where each science lifts its modern type, History her pot, divinity her pipe,

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this epigram:

"Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing out in verse;
Both were so forward, each would write,
So dull each hung an a——.
Thus Amphisbona (I have read)
At either end assails;
None knows which leads or which is led,

For both heads are but tails."
 That shines a consul, this commissioner. Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.

† — mayster wight. Uncouth mortal.

† Wormles high. Let not this mane, purely fictitious, be conceiled to mean the learned Olaus Wormlus: much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editione) our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many tracts which he had to his great contentment perused.

5 Wits whe, like owls, &c. These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased: like the famous quack doctor, who put up in his bills, he delighted in matters of difficulty. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were

libraries out of order.





While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibs Oh great restorer of the good old Preacher at once, and zany of thy Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise A decent priest, where monkeys v But fate with butchers placed thy Meek modern faith to murder, ha And bade thee live to crown Brits In Toland's, Tindal's, and in We

Yet oh, my sons, a father's wo (So may the fates preserve the e'Tis yours, a Bacon, or a Locke A Newton's genius, or a Milton's But oh! with One, immortal On The source of Newton's light, of Content each emanation of his fi That beams on earth each virtue Each art he prompts, each chart Whate'er he gives, are given for

"-lo! Henley stands, &c. J. I preached on the Sundays upon the the Wednesdays upon all other to dealerment

Persist, by all divine in man unawed, But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God."

Thus he, for then a ray of reason stole Half through the solid darkness of his soul; But soon the cloud returned—and thus the sire: See now, what Dulness and her sons admire! See what the charms, that smites the simple heart, Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.

His never-blushing head he turn'd aside (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesied;)t And look'd, and saw a sable sorcerer rise, Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies; All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare, And ten-horn'd fiends and giants rush to war. Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth: Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth, A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball, Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

* But, " Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God." The hardest lesson a dunce can learn. For being bred to scorn what he does not understand, that which he understands teast he will be apt to scorn most. See this subject pursued

in Book iv.

t (Not half so pleased when Goodman prophesied.) Mr. Cibber tells us, in his Life, p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehenreal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, "If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d-d." "And," says Mr. Cibber, "I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms then I did in mine."

i-a suble sorcerer. Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both play houses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following, were introduced on the stage, and frequently by persons of the best quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.

6 Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth. This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's

Rape of Proserpine.



Lo! one vast egg* produces he

Joy fills his soul, joy innoces "What power," he cries, "w wrought?"

Son; what thou seek'st is in the Each monster meets his liken Yet wouldst thou more? in yet wouldst thou more? in yet wouldst thou more? in yet whose sarsenet skirts are edge A matchless youth! his nod the Wings the red lightning, and Angel of dulness, sent to seat Her magic charms o'er all ur Yon stars, yon suns, he reart Illumes their light, and sets il Immortal Rich! how calm! 'Midst snows of paper, and find, proud, his mistress' ord Rides in the whirlwind and d

But lo! to dark encounter: New wizards rise; I see my Booths in his cloudy tabernac On grinning dragons thou sh

* Lo ! one vast egg. In ano

the conflict, dismal is the din, houts all Drury, there all Lidcoln's-inn; ding theatres our empire raise, heir labours, and alike their praise.

are these wonders, son, to thee unknown? wn to thee? These wonders are thy own. fate reserved to prace thy reign divine. en by me, but, th! withheld from mine. l's old walls slough long I rul'd, renown'd loud Bow's stupendous bells resound h my owr aldermen conferr'd the bays, committing their eternal praise. ull-fer heroes, their pacific mayors, annual trophies, and their monthly wars :* h bng my partyt built on me their hopes. ting pamphlets, and for roasting popes: ! in the what authors have to brag on! d at last to hiss in my own dragon. t, Heaven ! that thou, my Cibber, e'er st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair ! ie vile straw that's blown about the streets, edy poet sticks to all he meets. d, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast, rried off in some dog's tail at last. er thy fortunes! like a rolling stone, ldy dulness still shall lumber on,

ual trophies on the lord-mayor's day; and monthly the Artillery ground.
ugh long my party. Settle, like most political wrise very uncertain in his political principles. He was sot to hold the pen in the character of a popish substanterward printed his inarrative on the other in his political principles. He was a to hold the pen in the character of a popish substanterward printed his inarrative on the other in Managed the ceremony of a famous poper on Nov. 17, 1680; then became a trooper in King a army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where in the drill it. George for England, he acted in his old age has of green leather of his own invention; he was at en into the Charter-house, and there died, aged stay



Her seat imperial Dult Her seat imperial Dult Her seat imperial Dult Already opera prepares The sure forerunner of I Let her thy heart, next. The third mad passion of Teach thou the warbling And scream thyself as no To aid our cause, if heav Hell thou shalt move; for Plutot with Cato thou fo And link the Mourning E Grub-street! thy fall sho Thy stage shall stand, en Another Æchylus appear For new abortions, all ye

Polypheme. He translat but unfortunately lost the w clops sake Illysses his ner Noman: after his eye is put ther Cyclops to his aid, ther Cyclops to his aid wher Our ingenious translator m name; whereby all that for Hencalt appears that Mr. C subscribing to the Fedical In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed, While opening hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow, And place it here! here, all ye heroes, bow!

This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes : The Augustus born to bring Saturnian times, Signs following signs lead on the mighty year; See! the dull stars roll round and reappear. See, see, our own true Phæbus wears thy bays! Our Midas sits lord chancellor of plays! On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ !* Lo! Ambrose Philipst is preferr'd for wit! See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall, While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall :\$

* On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ! W-m Benson (surveyor of the buildings to his majesty King George I.) rave in a report to the lords, that their house and the l'ainted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling.
Whereupon the lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the king against Benson for such a misrepresentation : but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Panl's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced

from his employment at the age of near ninely years.

† Ambrose Philips. "He was," saith Mr. Jacob, "one of
the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace:" but he
hath since met with higher preferment in Iroland: and a
much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's
Complete art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses,
he dare not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present

enjoys."

1 While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall. At the time when this poem was written, the banqueting house of



Proceed, great days!t till Till birch shall blush with a Till Thames see Eton's son Till Westminster's whole ye Till Isis' elders reel, their pu And alma mater lie dissoly

"Enough! enough!" the And through the ivory gate

Whitehall, the church and pite palace and chapel of Somer famous inigo Jones, had been f as to be in danger of ruin. The church had been just then rest expense of the earl of Burlingt by his publication of the design Palladio, as well as by many nel vived the true taste of architect Gay dies unpensioned, &c. Hare and many Friends.

i And Pope's, ten years to con author here plainly laments, tha in translating and commenting, and finished it in 1719. The edit be undertook merely because n

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BOOK IV.



ARGUMENT.

The poet being, in this book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung .- He shows the goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy order and science, and substitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the sciences, and silences the muses: and what they be who succeed in their stead.— All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others who promote her empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of arts; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them .- All these crowd round her; one of them, offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both.—The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge .- Their address, and her gracious answer; with her charge to them, and the universities .- The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education,-The speech of Aristarchus on this subject,-They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors; one of whom delivers to the goddess in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels; presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished .- She receives him graciously, and endues him with the happy quality of want of shame .- She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the antiquary Annius, entreating her to make them virtuosos, and assign them over to him; but Munmius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference.-Then enter a troop of people fautastically adorned, offering her Justines her approbation. per employment for the indoic. ine study of butterflies, shells, bisds-ness, .. with particular caution, not to proceed beyond tri any useful or extensive view of nature, or of the of nature.-Against the last of these apprehension is secured by a hearty address from the minute p. phers and free-thinkers, one of whom speaks in the of the rest.—The youths, thus instructed and prin are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Si and the name of the Magu high priest, which causes a total oblivion of all oblig divine, civil, moral, or rational.-To these, her a she sends priests, attendants, and comforters of v kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and dismissing them with a speech, confirming to ear privileges, and telling what she expects from each cludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue : the pr and effects whereof on all orders of men, and co mation of all in the restoration of night and chao clude the poem.



THE DUNCLAD. dull and venale a new worlds to mould, dull and venue a new world so moud, and gold. & ord She mounts the throne : her head a cloud concest'd, Mot Ch in broad effulgence all below revealed 631 This thus aspiring Dulness ever shines;) Soft on her lap her laureste son reclines. Beneath her footstool, Il science groans in chains, And wit dreads exile, penalties and pains. false in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, science, ad arts.

Of dull and venal. The ullegory continued: dull reference to the evidence of the property of the pro • Of dull and yend. The allegory continued; dull referring to the extinction of light or science; vensi to the destruction of order, and the truth of things.

1-a new world. In allowing world in the heatural world into the dissolution of the patural world into the form the dissolution of the patural. that from the dissolution of the natural two parties and Chaos, a new one should arise: this the poet alluding and Chaos, a new one should arise: this the poet alluding to in the broduction of a new moral world, makes it as and Chaos, a new one should arree; this the post anyone to in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles. Then and gold. i.e. dull and yend.

Then and gold. i.e. dull and yend.

This verse our excellent increate took so to heart, dodn

This verse to all mankit is hoped the poet per dealer in the appealed to all mankit is hoped the poet per dealer in the appealed to all mankit is hoped the poet per dealer in the appealed to all mankit is hoped the per dealer in the appealed to all mankit is hoped the per dealer in the appealed to a surface where the says, the following the per dealer in the appealed to a many where the appealed to a many the appealed to a many the appealed to brisk block here in may yout. It is a many the pealer in the appealed to brisk block here in many to make a many the pealer in the pealer take of its original principles was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth, but the satist with the satist with the satist with the satist with the satist works of this poet, layer to know upon the sany matter works of this poet, layer to know upon the satist my work but profit to himself. For he antion; but me but profit to himself in the but af cribber is more known than most a sate battaf Cribber is some known than most a sate battaf Cribber is lick at hittle readers, Life of Celley at presents lick at hittle readers, Life of We are next satist in the Beneath ther footstool, &c.

| Beneath the footstool, &c. |
| Beneath to those whom the goddess of as to be the pictures of those whom the pictures of those whom the satisfaction is so that the pictures of the pictures and confined so as to be science is only depressed and confined so as to be science is only depressed and confined so. the pictures of those whom the goddess leads in ed.

Science is only depressed and conduct so as to be
ad vanious that wit ar souling as a major of the souling and vanious that with ar souling as a major of the souling and vanious that with ar souling as a major of the souling and vanious that with ar souling as a major of the souling as a s Science is only depressed and contined so as to be educated flut wit or genius, as a more dangerous and provide many retainment of driven agency. The continue agency retainment of the continue agency retainment. ed uscless; but wit or genius, as a more dangerous ive enemy, punished, of driven away; learn to the same darren with learn to the same darren. tive enemy, punished, or griven away: Dumess, ten reconciled in some degree with learning, it was reconciled in some degree And accordingly; it will have accordingly as on upon any terms with wit, like each science, as on that she admits something like wit. onesse alone supplies a set, but nothing like wit. that ane admis something like each science, as each phistry, etc. but nothing like wit, opera stone su

There foam'd rebellious logic, gagg'd and bound; There, stripp'd, fair rhetoric languish'd on the ground; His blunted arms by sophistry are borne, And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn. Morality by her false guardians drawn, Chicane in furs, and casuistry in lawn, Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord, And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word ;* Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd, Too mad for mere material chains to bind, Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare. Now running round the circle, finds it square. But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lie, Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flattery's eye; There to her heart sad Tragedy address'd The dagger wont to pierce the tyrant's breast; But sober Historyt restrained her rage, And promised vengeance on a barbarous age. There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead, Had not her sister Satire held her head: Nor couldst thou, Chesterfield! a tear refuse, \$\frac{1}{2}\$ Thou weptst, and with thee wept each gentle muse.

When lo! a harlot form* soft sliding by, With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:

"-gives her Page the word. There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable ex-

amples, during a long life, even to his dotage.

† But sober History. History attends on tragedy, satire on comedy, as their substitutes in the discharge of their distinct functions; the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great; the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people.

† Nor couldst thou, &c. "This noble person in the year

1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech," says Mr. Cibber, "with a lively spirit, and uncommon cloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, be r, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncomwa on, in the eighth chapter of his Life and Manners.
When lo! a harlot form. The attitude given to this

By singlify and laughed, to She tripp'd and laughed, to Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, Then thus in quaint recitative spoke:

" O Cara! Cara! silence all that train: Joy to great Chaos! let division reign :* Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense One will shall barmonize joy, grief, and rage, Wake the dull church, and full the ranting sta To the same notes thy sons shall hum or snor And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore. Another Phæbus, thy own Phæbus, reigns, Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains. But soon, ah soon! rebellion will commence, If music meanly borrows aid from sense: Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel stand Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands; To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he come And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's dru Arrest him, empress, or you sleep no more-She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian

And now had Fame's posterior trumpet And all the nations summoned to the throt the young, the old, who feel her inward. None want a place, for all their centre found, Hung to the goddess, and cohered around. Not closer, orb in orb, conglobed are seen The bassing hose about their dusky queen.

The gathering number, as it moves along, Involves a vast involuntary throng, Who, gently drawn, and struggling less and less, Roll in her vortex, and her power confess. Not those alone who passive own her laws, But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause. Whate'er of dunce in college or in town Sneers at another, in toupee or gown; Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits, A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

Nor absent they, no members of her state, Who pay her homage in her sons, the great; Who, false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal; Or impious, preach his word without a call, Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, Withhold the pension, and set up the head; Or vest dull flattery in the sacred gown; Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown. And (last and worse) with all the cant of wit, Without the soul, the muses' hypocrite.

There march'd the bard and blockhead side by side, Who rhymed for hire, and patronized for pride. Narcissus, praised with all a parson's power, Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a shower.

It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first, of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the goddess, and are image din the simile of the bees about their queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 61 to 90. The third of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulacess, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribbanes of taste in aris they understand not; from ver. 91 to 32.61.



THE

DUNCIAD,

&c.

BOOK IV.



Had reach'd the work, the all that mortal can; And South beheld that masterpiece of man.*

"Oh," cried the goddess, "for some pedant reign! Some gentle James, to bless the land again: To stick the doctor's chair into the throne, Givelaw to words, or war with words alone. Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule, And turn the council to a grammar-school! For sure, if Dulness sees a gfateful day, "Tis in the shade of arbitrary sway.

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing, Teach but that one, sufficient for a king; That which my priests, and mine alone, maintain, Which, as it dies or lives, we fall or reign: May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long, 'The right divine of kings to govern wrong.'"

Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred heads of Aristotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Though Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]‡

*— that masterpiece of man, viz. an epigram. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "An epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."

† Some gentle James, &c. Wilson tells us that this king, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Malesty, which his loyal clergy transferred from God to him. "The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance," says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8, "which before his time had skulked, perhaps, in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."

\$ (Though Christ-church,) &c. This line is doubtless spu-





THE

DUNCIAD,

&c.

BOOK 1V.

. moment, one dim ray of light read Chaos, and eternal Night 18 ss visible so much be lent, show, half veil the deep intent. 18 whose mysteries restored I sing a Time bears me on his rapid wing, a while your force inertly atrong, to at once the poet and the song-

flam'd the dog-star's unpropitious ray, every brain, and wither'd every buy; as the sun, the owl forsook his bower, oon-struck prophet felt the madding hour, rose the seed of Chaos and of Night, to out order, and extinguish light,

Lread Chaos, and eternal Night! Invoked, as the reson of their empire is the action of the poem.
The two
son blot out order, and extinguish light. The two
encles of her mission; the one in quality of the daughencles of her mission; she one in quality of the here is
CKR asos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is
used descensively, both as civil and moral; the
use derestood extensively to the society, and true and
the on between high and low in society, and true and

Are things which assume, When man's whole frame is obvious to a area.

"Ah, think not, mistress! more true Dulness In Folly's cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise Like buoys, that never sink into the flood, On learning's surface we but lie and nod, Thine is the genuine head of many a house, And much divinity without a vous Nor could a Barrowt work on every block, Nor has one Atterbury' spoil'd the flock. See! still thy own, the heavy canon roll, And metaphysic smokes involve the pole. For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head With all such reading as was never read; For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it. And write about it, goddess, and about it; So spins the silk-worm small its slender store, And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er. What though we let some better sort of fool Thrid every science, run through every school Never by tumbler through the hoops was show Such skill in passing all, and touching none. He may indeed (if sober all this time) Plague with dispute, or persecute with rhyme With the same cement, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develope, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, pupil, and laced governor, from Franc
Walker! our hat''—nor more he deign'd to se
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And tittering push'd the pedants off the plac
Some would have spoken, but the voice was
By the French horn, or by the opening hound
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's† and the queen.
When thus the attendant orator begun,
"Receive, great empress, thy accomplish'd so
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rox
A daunttless infant! It never scared with God.

--laced governor. Why laced? Because go ver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of rank, and the governor must be supposed so countries, to be admitted into courts and other fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to sight that this governor came from France? Knoby the laced coat.

Whore, pupil, and laced governor. Some content of the whore, being of opinion that should have the preference before the whore the pupil. But were he so placed, it might insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the were the pupil placed first, he might be start of the governor to her. But our impartial poet with a governor to her. But our impartial poet with the governor to her. But our impartial poet with the governor to her. But our impartial poet with the governor to her. But our impartial poet with the governor to her. But our impartial poet with the governor to her but placeth the way anally governs both the others.

If he saw St. James's. Reflecting on the didecent behaviour of several forward is a presence, so offensive to all serious near the contest of the contest of



Safe and dusc. Thence bursting glorious, all acoust. Stunn'd with his giddy 'larum half th Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he Europe he saw, and Europe saw hin There all thy gifts and graces we displ Thou, only thou, directing all our way To where the Seine, obsequious as a Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silk Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rol Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls; To happy convents, bosom'd deep in Where slumber abbots, purple as the To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd val Diffusing languor in the panting gal To lands of singing, or of dancing sle Love-whispering woods, and lute-re-But chief her shrine where naked V And Cupids ride the lion of the deer Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic Wafts the smooth eunuch and ena-Led by my hand, he saunter'd Euro And gather'd every vice on Christis Saw every cour, heard every king His roval sense, of operas or the fi

Tried all hors d'œuvres all liqueurs defined. fudicious drank, and greatly-daring dined;* Dropp'd the dull lumber of the Latin store, Spoil'd his own language, and acquired no more; All classic learning lost on classic ground; And last turn'd air, the echo of a sound: See now, half cured, and perfectly well-bred, With nothing but a solo in his head; As much estate, and principles, and wit, As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, t shall think fit; Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun, and if a borough choose him, not undone: See, to my country happy 1 restore This glorious youth, and add one Venus more. Her too receive (for her my soul adores.); So may the sons of sons of sons of whores Prop thine, O empress! like each neighbour throne, And make a long posterity thy own." Pleased she accepts the hero and the dame, Wraps in her veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd and saw a lazy, lolling sort, Inseen at church, at senate, or at court, Df ever-listless loiterers, that attend No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.

- "—greatly-daring dined. It being, indeed, no small risk o eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose insquised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.
- † Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, Three very eminent persons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves at the education of youth; and regulated their wits, their norsals, or their finances, at that period of their age which s the most important, their entrance into the polite world. If the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book ver. 199, &c.
- ‡ Her too receive, &c. This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the goverior, as well as the pupil, had a particular interest in this ady.



But Annius, t crafty seer, with ebon war And well dissembled emerald on his ha False as his gems, and canker'd as his Came, cramm'd with capon, from wher Soft as the wily fox is seen to creep, Where bask on sunny banks the sum; Walk round and round, now prying he So he; but pious, whisper'd first his p

"Grant, gracious goddess! grant m O may thy clouds still cover the decei Thy choicer mists on this assembly sh But pour them thickest on the noble he So shall each youth, assisted by our e See other Cassars, other Homers rise: Through twilight ages hunt the Ather Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call Now see an Attys,‡ now a Cecrops‡ c Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine

Thee too, my Paridel! The poet a this young gentleman with great affecti taken from Spenser, who gives it to a v tient brass, though not in gold, Lares, though his house be sold; 'heebe his fair bride postpone, rian prince above his own; ho, if I vouch it true; e Niger, till he knows of two."

'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,† Cheops† stinks above the ground, artled adder, swell'd and said, ncient sistrum at his head;

thou of Syrian princes? Traitor base !\$ s! mine is all the horned race.

rfeit medal of that impostor, now in the colrned nobleman.

This name is not merely an alkusior to the was so fond of, but probably referred to the lof that name, who burned Coriath, and comious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring hey were lost or broken, he should procure ade in their stead;" by which it should seem y be pretended) that Mummius was no vir-

wn'd. A compound epithet in the Greek manhy fools, or renowned for making fools.
A king of Egypt whose body was certainly to
being buried alone in his pyramid, and is
genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This
being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased
of Alexandria, and transmitted to the muse; for proof of which he brings a passage in
cls, where that accurate and learned voyager
the saw the sepulchire empty, which agrees
to with the time of the their above mentionnits to observe that Herodotus tells the same
is time.

thou of Syrian princes?" &c. The strange, which may be taken for a fiction of the poet, a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vailant, in History of the Syrian kings as it is to be also coming from the Levant, where he had a various coins, and being pursued by a corswallowed down twenty gold medals. A sud-



Received each demi-god, with place Sand Deep in his entrails—I revered them there I bought them, shrouded in that living sh And at their second birth, they issue mine

"Witness great Ammon!* by whose he Replied soft Annius, "this our paunch b Still bears them faithful; and that thus. Is to refund the medals with the meat. To prove me, goddess! clear of all design Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine? There all the learn'd shall at the labour And Douglast lend his soft, obstetric he

The goddess, smiling, seem'd to give So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they

den bourasque freed him from the rover, a with them in his belly. On his road to Avi physicians, of whom he demanded assistat purgations, the other vomits. In this un neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, will ancient friend the famous physician and a to whom he related his adventure. Dufing to inquire about the uneasy symptom to inquire about the uneasy symptom.

THE DUNCIAD.

Then thick as locusts blackening all the gro A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the A nest, a toad, a fungus, or a flower. But far the foremost, two with earnest zeal, And aspect ardent, to the throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: "Hear thy suppliant's Great queen, and common mother of us all! Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flower. Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread, Bright with the gilded button tipp'd its head. Then throned in glass and named it Caroline :* Each maid cried, Charming! and each youth, Divi Did nature's pencil ever blend such rays. Such varied light in one promiscuous blaze? Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline: No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine! And lo, the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust aid this gay daughter of the spring in dust. In punish him, or to the Elysian shades Dismiss my soul, where no carnation fades." le ceased, and wept. With innocence of mien, he accused stood forth, and thus address'd the queen

"Of all the enamell'd race, whose silvery wing aves to the tepid zephyrs of the spring, swims along the fluid atmosphere, ee brightest shined this child of heat and air.

w, and started from its vernal bower rising game, and chased from flower to flower.

ed, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain; opp'd, I stopp'd; it moved, I moved again.

and named it Caroline. It is a compliment which it is usually pay to princes and great persons, to give names to the most curious flowers of their raising have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but nore than that ambitious gardener, at Hammersmitt aused his favourite to be painted on his sign, wit scription. "This is my Queen Catoline."

"My sons!" she answer'd, "both have (

Live happy both, and long promote your art But hear a mother, when she recommends To your fraternal care our sleeping friends. The common soul of Heaven's more frugal m Serves but to keep fools pert and knaves aw A drowsy watchman that just gives a knock, And breaks our rest to tell us what's o'clock. Yet by some object every brain is stirr'd; The dull may waken to a humming bird; The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find Congenial matter in the cockle kind; The mind in-metaphysics at a loss May wander in a wilderness of moss; The head that turns at superlunar things, Poised with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' win

"O! would the sons of men once think the And reason given them but to study flies!

Whose pious hope aspires to see the day When moral evidence shall quite decay, And damns implicit faith and holy lies, Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize: "Let others creep by timid steps and slow, On plain experience lay foundations low. By common sense to common knowledge bred, And last, to nature's cause through nature led. All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide, Mother of arrogance, and source of pride! We nobly take the high priori road, And reason downward, till we doubt of God; Make nature still encroach upon his plan, And shove him off as far as e'er we can; Thrust some mechanic cause into his place. Or bind in matter, or diffuse in space. Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws, Make God man's image, man the final cause, Find virtue local, all relation scorn, See all in self, and but for self be born: Of nought so certain as our reason still, Of nought so doubtful as of soul and will. Oh hide the God still more! and make us see Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee; Wrapp'd up in self, a god without a thought, Regardless of our merit or default. Or that bright image to our fancy draw, Which Theocles in raptured vision saw, Wild through poetic scenes the genius roves, Or wanders wild in Academic groves: That nature our society adores, Wanere Tindal dictates, and Silenus* snores."

Roused at his name up rose the bowzy sire, and shook from out his pipe the seeds of fire; hen snapp'd his box, and stroked his belly down, sy and reverend, though without a gown.

Salenus. Silenus was an Epicurean philsopher, as apears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles that philosophy in his drink.

First slave to words, then ...

First slave to words, then ...

Then dupe to party; child and man the same
Bounded by nature, narrow'd still by art,

A trifling head, and a contracted heart.

Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I se
Smiling on all, and smiled on by a queen!

Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their bi
To thee the most rebellious things on earth;

Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,

All melted down in pension, or in punk!

So K*, so B**, sneak'd into the grave,

A monarch's half, and half a harlot's slave.

Poor W**, nipp'd in folly's broadest bloom,

Who praises now? his chaplain on his tomb

Then take them all, oh take them to thy breat

Thy Magus, goddesså shall perform the rest

With that, a wizard old his cup extends; 1 Which whose tastes, forgets his former frieu. Sire, ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes Up to a star, and like Endymion dies;

First slave to words, &c. A recapitulati whole course of modern education described in "are vonth to the study of words only i

er, shooting from another's head, s his brain; and principle is fled; his God, his country,* every thing; thing left but homage to a king! gar herd turn off to roll with hogs, with horses, or to hunt with dogs; d example! never to escape afamy, still keep the human shape.†

he, good goddess, sent to every child‡ apudence, or stupefaction mild; aight succeeded, leaving shade no room, an forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.§

t is his God, his country—And nothing left but hoa king! So strange as this must seem to a mere reader, the famous Mons. de le Bruyere declares the character of every good subject in a monarch: e, "says he, "there is no such thing as love of our, the interest, the glory, and service of the prince, its place."—De la Republique, chap. x. s duty another celebrated French author speaks in-little more disrespectfully; which for that reason all not trunslate, but give in his own words: ur de la patrie, e grand motif des premiers heros, is regarde que comme ane chimere; l'idee du serroi, etendue susqu'a l'oubli de tout autre principe, u de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois grandeur d'ame et "—Boulainvillier's Hist. des. Anciens Parlements ce, &c. ll keep the human shape. The effects of the Ma-

by the highest the highest and left the same, by which is allegorized a total corruption of heart, contrary to that of Circe, which only represents len plunging into pleasures. Here, therefore, took e shape, and left the human mind; his takes away and leaves the human shape.

she, good goddess, &c. The only comfort people live, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulhich makes some stupid, others impudent, gives ceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependents, ithe false colours of interest to others, and busies as the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till ome easy under any infamy. Each of which speers shadowed under allegorical persons.

berian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom. i. e. She

Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies, Which no one looks in with another's eyes; But, as the flatterer or dependent paint, Beholds himself a patriot, chief, or sunt.

On others Interest her gay livery flings Interest, that waves on party-colour'd wings: Turn'd to the sun, she casts a thousand dyes, And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.

Others the siren sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of fame they hear,
The balm of dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick ambition hastes to ridicule!
The sire is made a peer, the son a fool.

On some, a priest succinct in amice white Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn, And the huge boar is shrunk into an urn: The board with specious miracles he loads. Turns hares to larks and pigeons into toads. Another (for in all what one can shine?) Explains the sere and verdeur* of the vine. What cannot copious sacrifice atone? Thy truffles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne?

communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her ro colleagues. The Cibberian forehead being to fit them self-conceit, self-interest, &cc. and the Cimmerian gloc for the pleasures of opera and the table.

—see and verdeur French terms relating to win

which signify their flavour and poignancy.

Et le gagerois que chez le commandeur, Villandri priseroit sa seve et sa verdeur.— Desprea St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a nobleman disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table, a particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his chapaign.



THE DUNOIAD,

With French libation, and Italian strain, Wash Bladen* white, and expiate Hays's* stain. Knight lifts the head: for what are crowds undone, To three essential partridges in one? Gone every blush, and silent all reproach, Contending princes mount them in their coach.

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees, The queen confers her titles and degrees. Her children first of more distinguish'd sort, Who study Shakspeare at the inns of court, Impale a glow-worm, or vertu profess, Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. Some, deep free-masons, join the silent race,† Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botanists, or florists at the least, Or issue members of an annual feast.
Nor sass'd the meanest unregarded, one Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon,‡ The last, not least in honour or applause, Isis and Cam made Doctors of her laws.

Then blessing all, "Go, children of my care! To practice now from theory repair.

* Bladen—Havs. Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterward pardoned in 1742.) These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality in England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Bladen, &c. The former note of "Bladen is a black man," is very abaurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, Wash black-

moors white, alluding to a known proverb.

† Some deep free-masons, join the silent race. The poet all alone expresses a very particulor concern for this silent race. He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a humming bird or a cockle, yet at worst they may be made free-masons; where taciturnity is the only social qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

A gregorian, one a Gormogon. A sort of lay-brothers,

slips from the root of the free-masons.

This nou com The cap and switcht be With staff and pumps the marquis leave ... From stage to stage the licensed earl may r Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the sun; The learned baron butterflies design, Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line; The judge to dance his brother sergeant ca The senator at cricket urge the ball;

"-each privilege your own, &c. This speech to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of expectation; who may imagine the goddess them a charge of more consequence, and from s as is before delivered, incite them to the pract thing more extraordinary, than to personate r men, jockeys, stage-coachinen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inc might have to do mischief, her sons are genera harmless by their inability; and that it is the co of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to def design; the poet, I am persuaded, will be just will be allowed that these worthy persons, in ranks, do as much as can be expected from the

† The cap and switch, &c. The goddess's poli of favour, in the distribution of her rewards, on otice. It consists of joining with those hone high place, others more adapted to The bishop stow (pontific luxury!)
A hundred souls of turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy 'squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drowa his lands and manors in a soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, * and make senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one monarch more.
And, nobly conscious, princes are but things
Born for first ministers, as slaves for kings,
Tyraut supreme! shall three estates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!"

More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All nature nods: What mortal can resist the yawn of gods?†
Churches and chapels instantly it reach'd: ‡
(St. James's first, for leaden G—preach'd)

- Teach kings to fiddle. An ancient amusement of sovereign princes; (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a republican—Make senates dance, either after their prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia.
- † What mortal can resist the yawn of gods? This verse is truly Homerical: as its the conclusion of the action, where the great mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.—It may, indeed, seem a very singular epistasis of a poem, to end as this does, with a great yawn: but we must consider it as the yawn of a god, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, most long and grave councils concluding in this very manner: nor without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a roar: but then it is the roar of a lion, the effects whereof are described as the catastrophe of the poem.
- thurches and chapels, &c. The progress of the yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the churches and chapels, then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not. Next Westminster-hall, much more hard, indeed, to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the goddess. Then the convocation, which, though extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot. Even the house of commons, justly called the sense of the nation, is lost (that is to say surpended) during

Then catch'd the schools; the Hat The convocation gaped, but could Lost was the nation's sense, nor While the long solemn unison we Wide, and more wide, it spread a E'en Palinurus nodded at the he The vapour mild o'er each comm Unfinish'd treaties in each office and chiefless armies dozed out And navies yawn'd for orders on

O muse! relate (for you can tel Wits have short memories, and d Relate, who first, who last resig Whose heads she partly, whose d What charms could faction, wha The venal quiet, and entrance th Till drown'd was sense, and she

O sing, and hush the nations wit

the yawn: (far be it from our auth lost any longer!) but it spreadeth a of the kingdom, to such a degree, I (though as incapable of sleeping as a moment: the effect of which, thou could not but cause some relaxation, lic affairs.

The convocation gaped, but con a great desire so to do, as the learne rightly observes.—Therefore, hewaithis gape for a yawn, which is attert to go to rest, by no means the disgition: whose melancholy case in sho reported, infected with the general in and while she was yawning careless courtier took her at advantage, and i a gag into her chops. Well, theref meaning by her gaping: and this poet here describes, just as she stan ample of the effects of Duiness and despised.



THE DUNCLADA

in vain, in vain, the all-composing hour sistless falls! the muse obeys the power. e comes! she comes! the sable throne behold# Night primeval; and of Chaos old ! fore her; fancy's gilded clouds decay; id all its varying rainbows die away. it shoots in vain its momentary fires, meteor drops, and in a flash expires. one by one, at dread Medea's strain, ne sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain; Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd; Acced one by one to everlasting rest; Thus at her felt approach, and secret might, Art after art goes out, and all is night: See skulking truth to her old cavern fled,† Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head! Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before. Ahrinks to her second cause, and is no more. Physic of metaphysic begs defence, And metaphysic calls for aid on sense! See mystery to mathematics fly 1 In vain I they gaze, turn giddy, rave and die, Religion blushing veils her sacred fires. And unawares morality expires.

* The sable throne behold. The sable thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of throy, and damp the fire of wit, before they proceed to their work.

Truth to her old cavern fied. Alluding to the saying of Deficeritus, that "Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, finds whence he had drawn her:" though Butler says, "He first her in, before he drew her out."

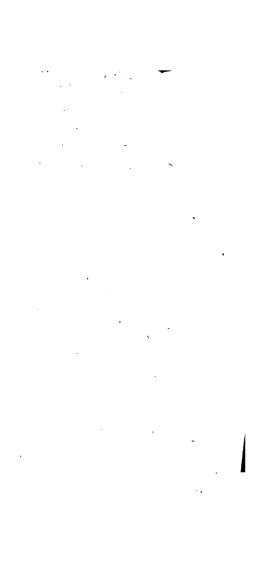
Religion blushing wells her sacred fires. Blushing as well at the memory of the past overflow of Dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the present: of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers! as hers alone in its own mature is unextinguishable and eternal.



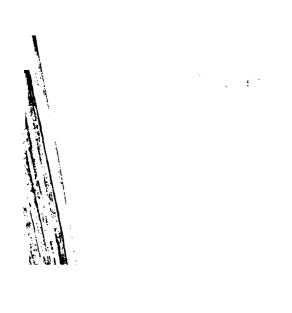
Thy hand, g.c. And universal darkness burses

that our poet was of very different sentime thor of the Characteristics, who has write tise on virtue, to prove it not only real but out the support of religion. The word U to the confidence of those men, who suppwould flourish best without it, and comsurprise such would be in (if any such the deed, love virtue, and yet do all they careligion of their country.

THE END.







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